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"RIGHT OVER THE HOME PLATE"

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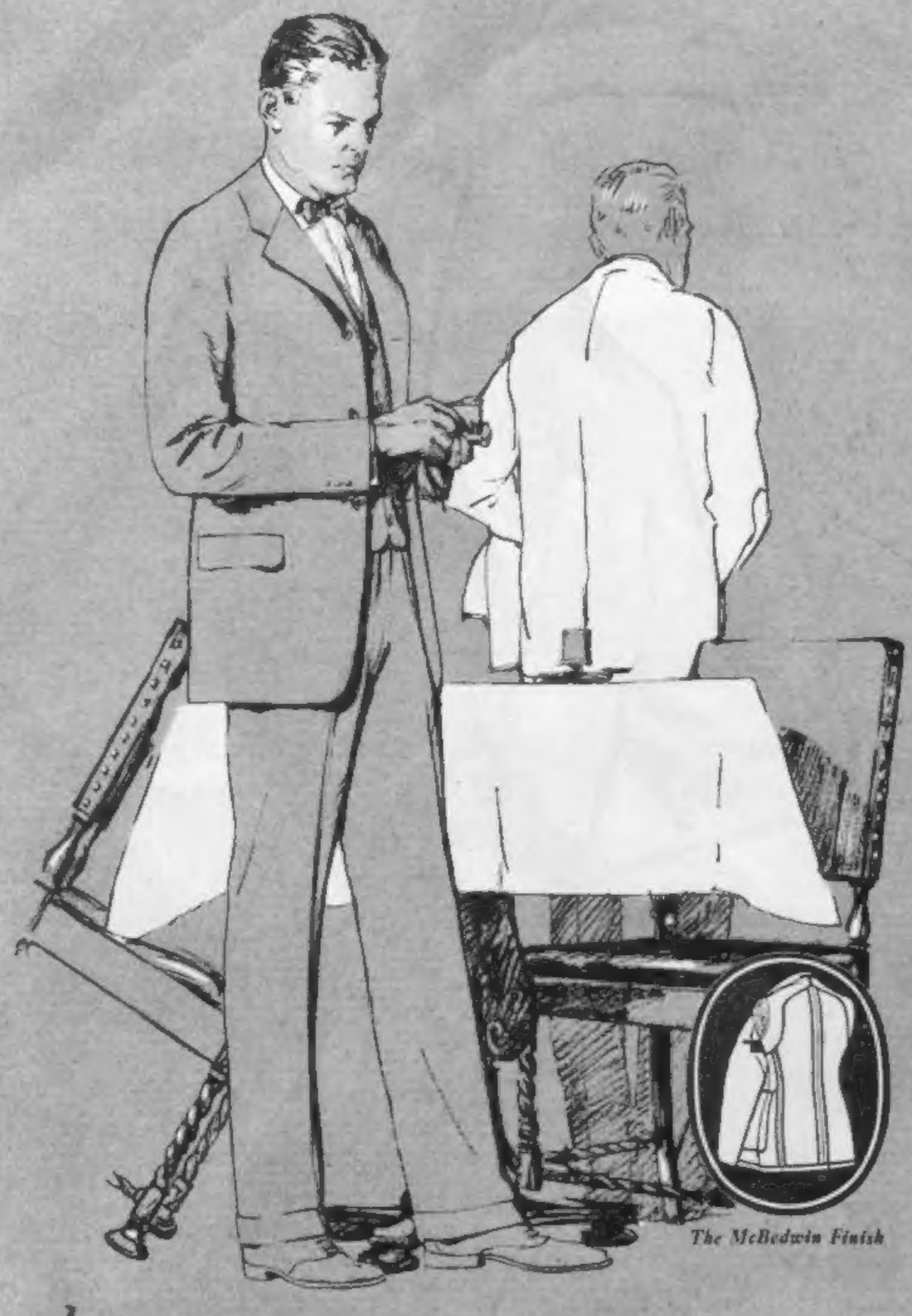
ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST



The McBedwin Finish

The looser, more comfortable cut; the wider spacing of the buttons; the wider trousers; the other late Fall style developments; are certainly well-displayed in this Adler Collegian model . . . Here is a suit that any man can wear with the assurance that the cut of his clothes is exactly in accordance with the accepted ideas of Bond Street and Fifth Avenue.

The Adler Collegian dealer in your community has the above and other smart Fall models in suits and overcoats at moderate prices. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70

It *takes* 550 yards of silk to sew your suit together

That's enough to keep one little silk worm busy for quite some time. Which reminds us that there *is* a big difference in the silk thread that goes into "silk sewn seams."

There is old silk thread that has been exposed for a long time and has become brittle. That kind of silk thread is still "silk" but it won't hold clothes together long. It breaks.

The silk thread that we use is fresh and new—and it *must withstand a pull of seven pounds*, or we will not use it. Such silk thread costs us more than the other kind, but then, we make only good clothes and cannot afford to take any chances even with the thread.

Another thing that can be done to cut down the price of a suit a little is to use cotton thread for the hidden places. Suits so made rip at the seams and lose their shape. But you won't find a single seam stitched with cotton in an Adler Collegian suit or overcoat.

Yet the thread is just one of more than fifty points where workmanship and materials can be varied to turn out a good suit of clothes, or one which is sold on price alone.

Woolens can be shrunk, for instance, in cold water, as we do it, or they can be shrunk at less expense with steam. The steam-shrunk suit may seem all right until it gets caught in a shower and then . . . goodbye fit! It's probably gone forever. * * *

"Little things," you say. Yes, but when you put fifty little things together you have the difference between a good suit that *keeps* you looking your best, and a suit that becomes baggy and old-looking after a few weeks of wear.

Buy good clothes—clothes that are worth what they cost. For every dollar that you invest in Adler Collegian Clothes you get one hundred cents' worth of looks and wear and satisfaction. Our clothes are *moderately* priced—and we don't believe you can get good clothes for less than these moderate prices.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX STYLE
IS RIGHT
WHEN YOU WEAR IT
YOU'RE RIGHT

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A WEEK-END AT WINDSOR

By MARY KING WADDINGTON

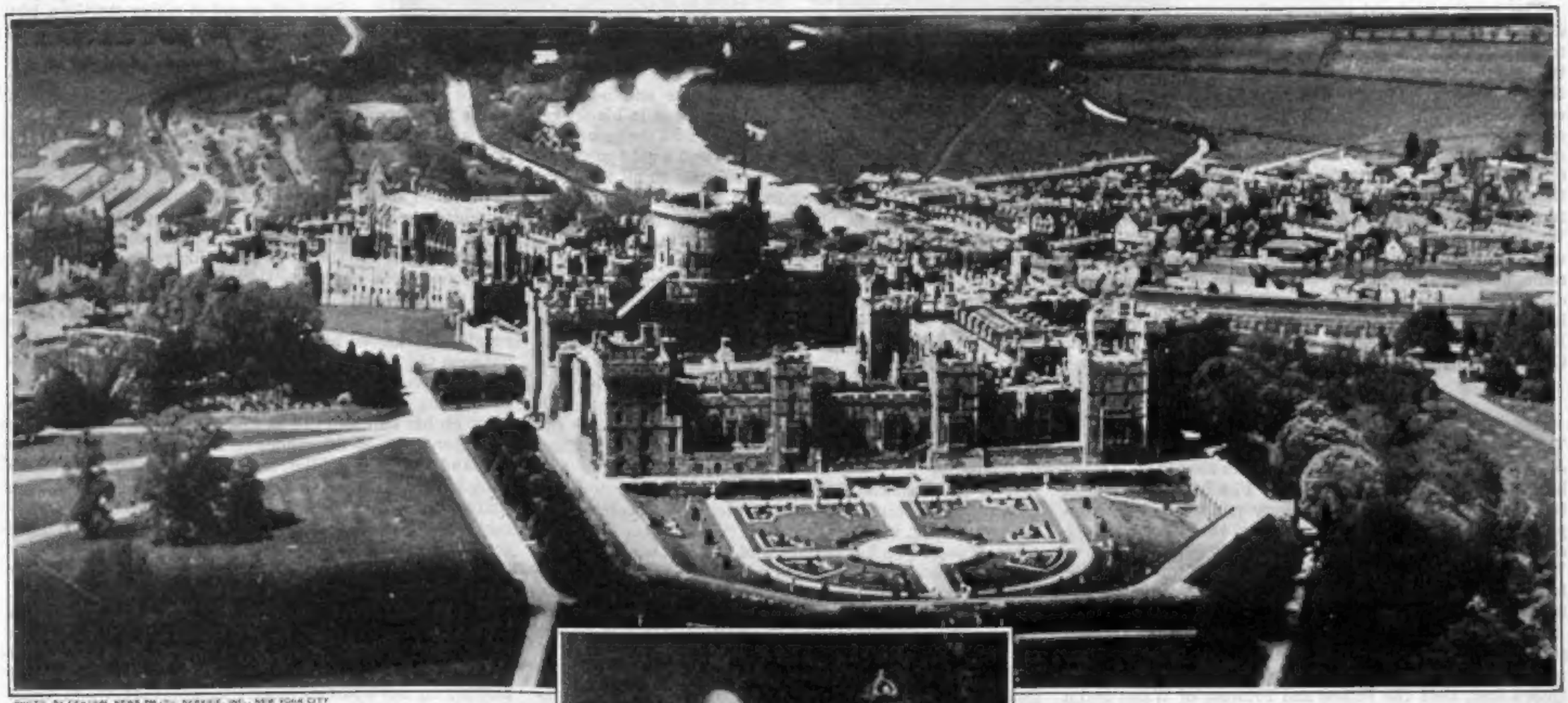


PHOTO. BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

The Chief Residence of British Rulers—An Aeroplane View of Windsor Castle on the Thames, Southwest of London

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

At the Left—The Last Photograph of King Edward and Queen Alexandra Made the Day He Opened His Last Parliament

WINDSOR CASTLE, January 24, 1907.

I ARRIVED last night at 6:30, coming down on the fast train which doesn't stop between London and Windsor. It was very cold, but quite clear—quantities of stars and the sky almost blue. A carriage and one of the gigantic royal footmen were waiting at the station. The castle looked enormous as we drove up the Slope—seemed to begin at the foot of the hill and mount indefinitely into the clouds. We drove into the Quadrangle and stopped at the side entrance where I had been so often.

I was received by Lord Farquhar, master of the household, and Colonel Frederick, deputy master. Lord Farquhar took me up a narrow, winding staircase to my apartment in one of the towers—a sitting room, bedroom, dressing room and spare room, where I put my trunks. The rooms were most comfortable—the sitting room furnished in yellow satin—big fires, flowers and electric lights everywhere. He stayed some little time, told me there was a large family party—forty at dinner—all the princes and princesses who were in England having come down to attend the memorial service for Queen Victoria the day before. He told me the court was in mourning for the Queen of Hannover and that I must wear my decorations; asked me if I would like some tea, which I accepted gladly, said dinner was at 8:45 and that a page would summon me at 8:30, as all the guests assembled in the red drawing-room.

A tall footman in red livery brought me some tea, and a few minutes later I had the visit of Lady Alice Stanley, lady in waiting, who told me exactly who all the party were, that the court was in mourning and that my maid's room was just over mine, a bell connecting the two rooms. As soon as she left I thought I would go and investigate if my servants and trunks had arrived. I heard sounds in the corridor and went out to see how Eugénie and Joseph were getting on with English servants.

They seemed to have managed fairly well about getting the trunks upstairs, but naturally hadn't the slightest idea what the housemaid was saying to them about baths, hot water, and the like. As soon as I appeared they appealed to me. Would madame please explain and tell them what the woman was saying to them? No, madame would not. They must look out for themselves and find somebody in the castle who could speak a little French. They looked rather miserable, but at that moment the page appeared. He had to tell me who he was, as I never could have imagined that a portly, bald-headed gentleman, with blue coat and gilt buttons, acted in that capacity. My idea of a page was a youth in velvet tunic and lace Vandyke collar.

He was a German, an excellent servant, did everything for me during the week at Windsor, from posting my registered letters to America to receiving and looking after the young Ruspoli princes when they came over from Eton to have tea with me at the castle.

He took charge of my two wretched French servants, who were really quite bewildered by the size of the castle and the quantity of staircases, corridors and people about, besides having hardly recovered from the journey from Paris.

The sea was very rough, it was very cold, and they were sick, of course. I slept peacefully all the way over, as I was rather tired. When I came out of my cabin as we were getting into Dover, I was astonished to find the decks quite wet.

I said, "Has it been raining?" and a petulant woman's voice answered, "Raining, madame? Why, every sea has washed over the deck!"

She had evidently been very ill, and looked green.

I was very glad to have a quiet hour before dressing for dinner. I think I have rooms just over those we always had when we were at the embassy. I remember the view over the Slope, with carriages coming and going all day. It seems strange to be here alone without W. I almost think the door will open and I shall see Sir Henry Ponsonby appear with his delightful, courteous manner. The first time we dined at

Windsor, W. wore no decoration. He hadn't the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. It was offered to him under circumstances which made the acceptation difficult, and he didn't think he could wear a foreign order.

The next morning Sir Henry came to see us, and evidently had something to say; which was that the Queen was very surprised to see the French ambassador appear at table without his Grand Cordon. He was astounded when W. told him that he hadn't the Legion of Honor—could hardly believe it. They talked the matter over, and W. suggested that he might in future wear the Danish Order. The Princess of Wales being a Danish princess, there was a reason for that choice. Sir Henry submitted the matter to the Queen, who approved; and W. always wore the Danish Order at all court functions. I think probably there was an idea that as an austere republican ambassador he would not wear an order, but I have never seen in my experience that republicans were averse to orders and titles.

The page came and summoned me about 8:20, saying that I had a long way to walk, as my rooms were at the extreme end of the gallery. I walked miles, through rows of pictures, fine old pieces of furniture, glass cases beautifully lighted and filled with splendid Sèvres china. One with pink china, lighted from the inside, was quite charming. There were footmen and grooms of the chamber at nearly all the doors and private entrances of the royal family as we passed down. Everyone was obliged to go through the Long Gallery to the gala dining room. We walked quite to the end, the page always preceding me, until we came to the anteroom into which the red drawing-room opens. There, there were plenty of servants, the doors open and a large party assembled. Lord Farquhar introduced a good many people to me, and told me Lord Knollys would take me in to dinner, and that I would have Count Gleichen on the other side.

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

St. George's Chapel With the Garter Banners, in Windsor Castle

How Royalty Dines

I FOUND many old friends, among them the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom I had known in the old days when he was chaplain to Queen Victoria. I hadn't time to speak to everyone, as the court was very punctual. The company ranged themselves in two lines, the women on one side, the men on the other. Almost all the men were in Windsor uniform, which is very effective, dark blue or black, with red collars and facings. All the women were in black.

Exactly at 8:45 the doors were opened. Lord Farquhar stepped out in the middle of the room, announcing their majesties. It was a very pretty sight—the King and Queen first, then the Prince and Princess of Wales and a long train of princes and princesses. The Queen was in black, with splendid jewels. She looked just as she did when I last saw her as Princess of Wales, seven years ago—just the same slight, graceful figure and beautiful head. The King looked extremely well, was in black evening clothes, breeches and silk stockings, with the broad blue ribbon of the Garter across his breast and a gold garter on his left leg. They bowed very graciously to all the company, both came and shook hands with me, saying they were pleased to see me at Windsor, and went immediately in to dinner, the King first, with the Princess of Wales, the Queen with the Prince of Wales.

We dined in the big dining room—forty people. It is a large, handsome room with very high ceilings; at one end the picture, by Detaille, of the King and the Duke of Connaught in uniform, on horseback, passing a review, a large suite behind them, soldiers in the distance—the Black Watch, I think they said. The portraits of the King and duke are extremely good and their chargers very spirited. They looked as if they were riding straight down into the dining room. It is an enormous picture—takes all the end of the room.

Over the fireplace is the portrait of Queen Victoria by Benjamin Constant; a beautiful picture, so stately; the Queen in black, with only the blue ribbon of the Garter as color, is seated on her throne, and through a high Gothic window falls a ray of sunlight which lights up the whole picture. It is unmistakably a sovereign who is sitting there, and yet she was a very old lady when it was painted, and she only gave Constant one sitting. Over the doors are *dessus de portes* painted by the Empress Frederick.

The table was beautiful—a gold service, pink and white flowers and dark blue Sèvres, an army of servants, a Highlander in full costume behind the King's chair. The dinner was very good and very quickly served—not at all stiff. The King talked a great deal. He had the Princess Christian on his left. Grace was said by the Archbishop of Canterbury, everyone standing. A military band played all through dinner; but as they were in the next room, the music was not too loud and didn't interfere at all with the conversation.

My two neighbors were very pleasant. Lord Knollys was an old friend and Count Gleichen interesting, as he had just come back from America, where he had been some little time military attaché at the British Embassy. He was most enthusiastic over the country and the pretty American girls. I asked him if he had not fallen in love with any of them and he promptly replied, "With many."

The talk seemed easy and gay all around the table.

The Skirl of Pipes

JUST before dessert the doors were opened wide and a piper in full Highland costume appeared and marched around the table, playing the bagpipes. The first sound is rather startling, but it is certainly very inspiriting, and so absolutely British. It seems that at dinner one night one of the guests, dining for the first time at the castle, was rather taken aback at the first sound of the pipes.

His neighbor said to him, "You don't think that is music, perhaps."

To which he replied, "I am not very artistic and don't know much about music; but I do know that Englishmen have done splendid things to the sound of the bagpipe."

We all left the dining room together, the King going straight through to the farther drawing-room for coffee and cigarettes, some of the gentlemen with him. The Queen and princesses remained in the first drawing-room, where we had assembled before dinner. We all stood and the royal ladies moved about and talked to everyone. I had not seen the Duchess of Albany for years and thought she looked so well—dressed in black velvet, very long, a beautiful string of pearls and a white lace veil fastened in a point on her hair and falling low over her shoulders. Her daughter, Princess Alexander of Teck, was there with her husband. He is a soldier, stationed at Windsor, and the King has given them an apartment in one of the towers. All the princesses were in black—also the ladies in waiting—except the Princess of Wales, who wore white or very light gray, with fine jewels. She is a very handsome, stately figure, rather more matronly, of course, being the mother of six children, than the girl I remembered at White Lodge.

The evening was not very long. The King and Queen both sat down to bridge after about three-quarters of an hour. Then everyone else sat down and I found plenty of people to talk to. The Queen asked me if I would play, so I told her my boy's parting remark to me at the Gare du Nord:

"Mamma, you must not play bridge at Windsor. You know nothing whatever about the game."

(Continued on Page 56)

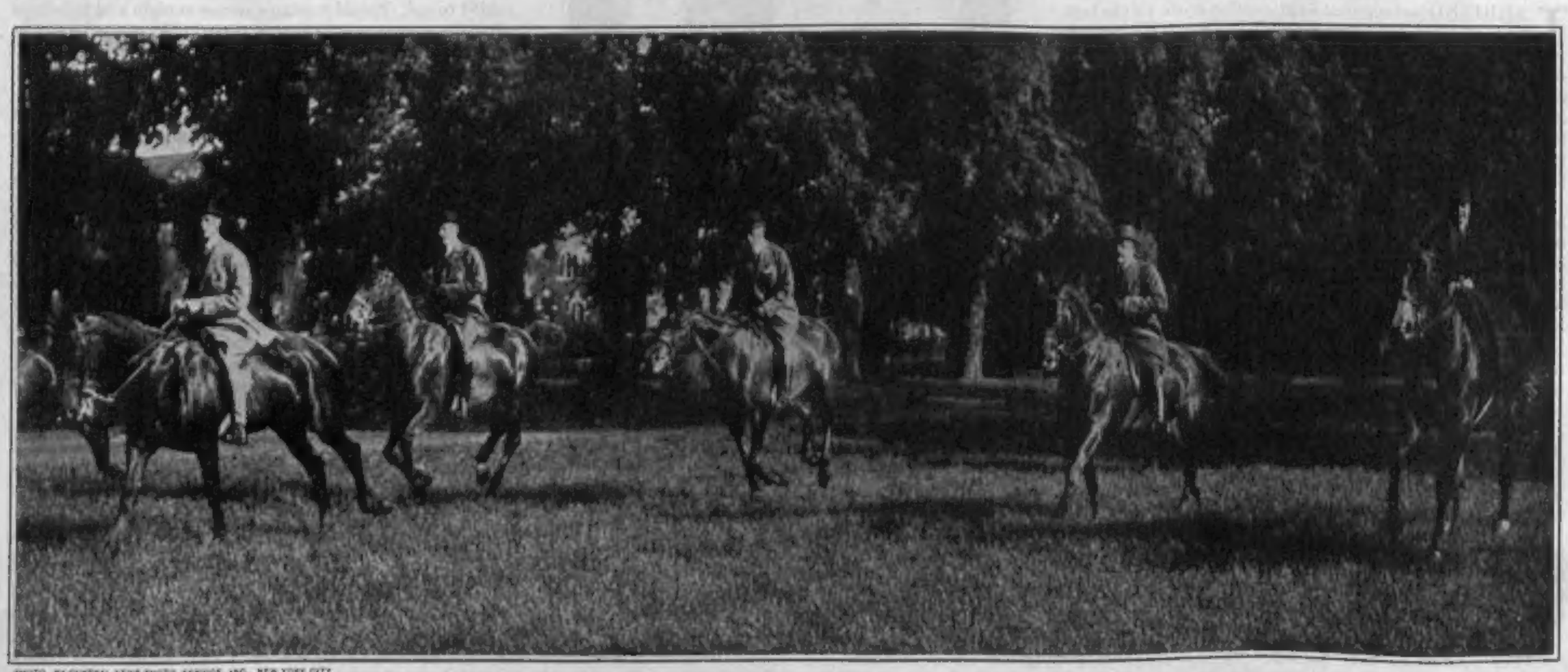


PHOTO. BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

A Royal Quintet Off for a Morning Canter in the Windsor Grounds

European Economic and Reparations Problem

By Martin B. Madden

Chairman Committee on Appropriations, House of Representatives

EARLY in August I returned from a journey to Europe which took me into England, Holland, Belgium, Germany and France, where I made a somewhat exhaustive investigation into the industrial and economic conditions of each of the countries named.

Great distress prevails throughout England among the working people, more than a million and a quarter of whom are idle. This is in a large measure due to the loss of markets in Continental Europe which England supplied before the war but which now, owing to the unsettled conditions there, do not exist. It seems unlikely that conditions in Great Britain will show any marked improvement in the near future and great alarm is felt by captains of industry for Britain's future. I found many of Britain's textile factories closed, while France is supplying the goods which English workmen formerly made, and no one is able to foretell the end.

Britain is essentially a manufacturing nation and must have markets for its manufactured products if it is to prosper. But with France able to make certain goods more cheaply than England can make them, and sell them to the English purchaser for less than he can buy them from the home manufacturer, and the consequent closing of the mills in England, and the loss of the German market, which formerly supplied a large field for a great variety of English products, to say nothing of the situation in Russia, where the transaction of business on a satisfactory basis is no longer possible, it will be seen that the outlook for the early restoration of normal conditions in Britain is not encouraging.

The unemployment compensation paid by Britain seems to injure rather than aid the situation. It encourages idleness and discourages thrift. Many men prefer to live on what they can get from the government rather than to exert themselves to make a living, even when they are able to find employment, and thus a dangerous menace confronts the nation.

France Hard at Work

THE occupation of the Ruhr by France is said to be of some advantage to Britain, since it finds a German market for British coal, which otherwise would not exist. It also has the effect of stopping German exports into Britain of the vast quantities of fabrics which Germany is said to have on hand and which could be sold in the British market for far less than the English manufacturers can produce them. Notwithstanding this, however, there is no present hope for a brighter outlook. Indeed, everything points to greater distress until a complete settlement of the reparations question is effected, and this, with France pulling one way and Britain another, seems some distance off.

England wants the German trade and is not pressing its reparations claims. France wants money and occupies the Ruhr to safeguard its interests. Meanwhile Germany is unable to do business with England and is not paying France.

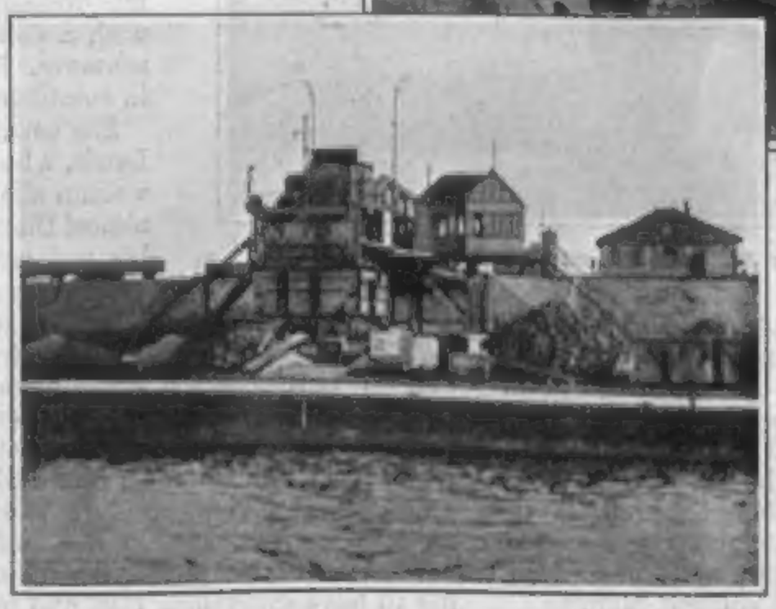
There is great distress in Germany. The occupation of the Ruhr by the French and the passive resistance of the Germans have created a state of idleness which is sure to be followed by serious consequences unless the two countries come to an understanding in the near future.

The inhabitants of the Ruhr refuse to work under military rule. Raw materials for manufacturing purposes are not allowed to enter the Ruhr and finished products are prohibited from being shipped out.

Nine-tenths of the food of the Ruhr population is potatoes and black bread. It has been the past custom to bring into the Ruhr district, from other parts of Germany, between the fifteenth of August and the first of October, a supply of potatoes sufficient to meet the needs of the population for the succeeding year; but it is feared that will not be possible this year, since there is no means to pay for them, and if even that were not the case the transportation facilities are inadequate. If, however, passive resistance to French occupation should cease and the German population should go to work, much of the existing danger of distress during the coming winter would be eliminated, though not entirely overcome. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that such a salutary state of affairs will come to pass.

France is at work. There are few idle men. The work of reconstruction has made wonderful progress. A large percentage of the small towns destroyed has been replaced with new and more modern buildings and there is now little evidence of the devastation produced by the war in the agricultural districts. France is entitled to congratulation on this remarkable progress. It has, however, been accomplished at enormous cost and with little or no assistance from Germany, which has thus far since the war paid but about three billion dollars of its war obligations to the Allies, including supplies of all kinds turned over under the terms of the treaty. Whereas France, when the war closed, owed about one hundred and seventy-one billion francs it now owes well up to three hundred billion francs. It seems, therefore, increasingly important that the Allied nations should get together on some plan which will insure an early settlement of the reparations problem.

A New Ruhr Coal Mine Not Yet on Any Map



The Great Discount Bank of Germany Being Improved. At Left—Loading a Coal Barge in the Ruhrort-Duisburg Harbor. Several New Stations of This Type are Being Built

The agricultural prospects in Europe seem very bright. Crops everywhere are prodigious. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes and all other crops give promise of a greater harvest than Europe has seen for years.

German Finances

HOLLAND everywhere abounds with prolific crops, and a never-ending number of cattle and hogs.

Belgium, where every inch of land is cultivated intensively, is one continuous field of growing crops. The war-devastated fields of France are now sown with wheat, and the harvest, it is said, will yield a supply sufficient to meet the nation's needs without outside purchases.

The crops in Britain are equally large, but not sufficient to meet the needs of the population. The same is true in Germany, where it is said crops have never been better, but here, too, outside purchases will be necessary to supplement the harvest.

It is said that Russia and Poland and Rumania will have a large wheat surplus for export to Britain and Continental Europe. So that I see no hope of a foreign market for any considerable quantity of the surplus wheat crop of the United States. Our farmers should, therefore, understand that they will, for the coming year, be obliged to look to the home market for the sale of their products.

Germany has been living on a boom, produced by the continual emission of paper money, but, as America well knows, a boom is followed by a slump in which all the boom conditions are reversed. A stabilization of the German currency, which must some day come, will introduce this slump with sinking prices, money shortage and timid buying. But the German boom has eaten up the savings of the great mass of Germans or transferred them to the coffers of a few big industrials, has consumed the capital of innumerable small industries and commercial concerns, and will have left the government without money, authority or credit.

But it must not be forgotten that mortgages amounting to eighty billion gold marks—twenty billion dollars—have been paid off in this depreciated currency and that Germany is now free from internal debts and owes nothing outside except its reparations obligations, which it is not paying, while every Allied nation which fought in the war is burdened with enormous internal and external debts on which vast sums are being paid in interest. It would, therefore, seem as if the time had come for Germany to begin paying its obligations. The German authorities admit the obligation to pay, but feel that they should be given a few years' respite before beginning to do so.

It will perhaps interest the reader for me to state the present condition of the reparations problem so that he may better understand it.

(Continued on Page 80)

DEVOTED WOMEN

By Alice Duer Miller

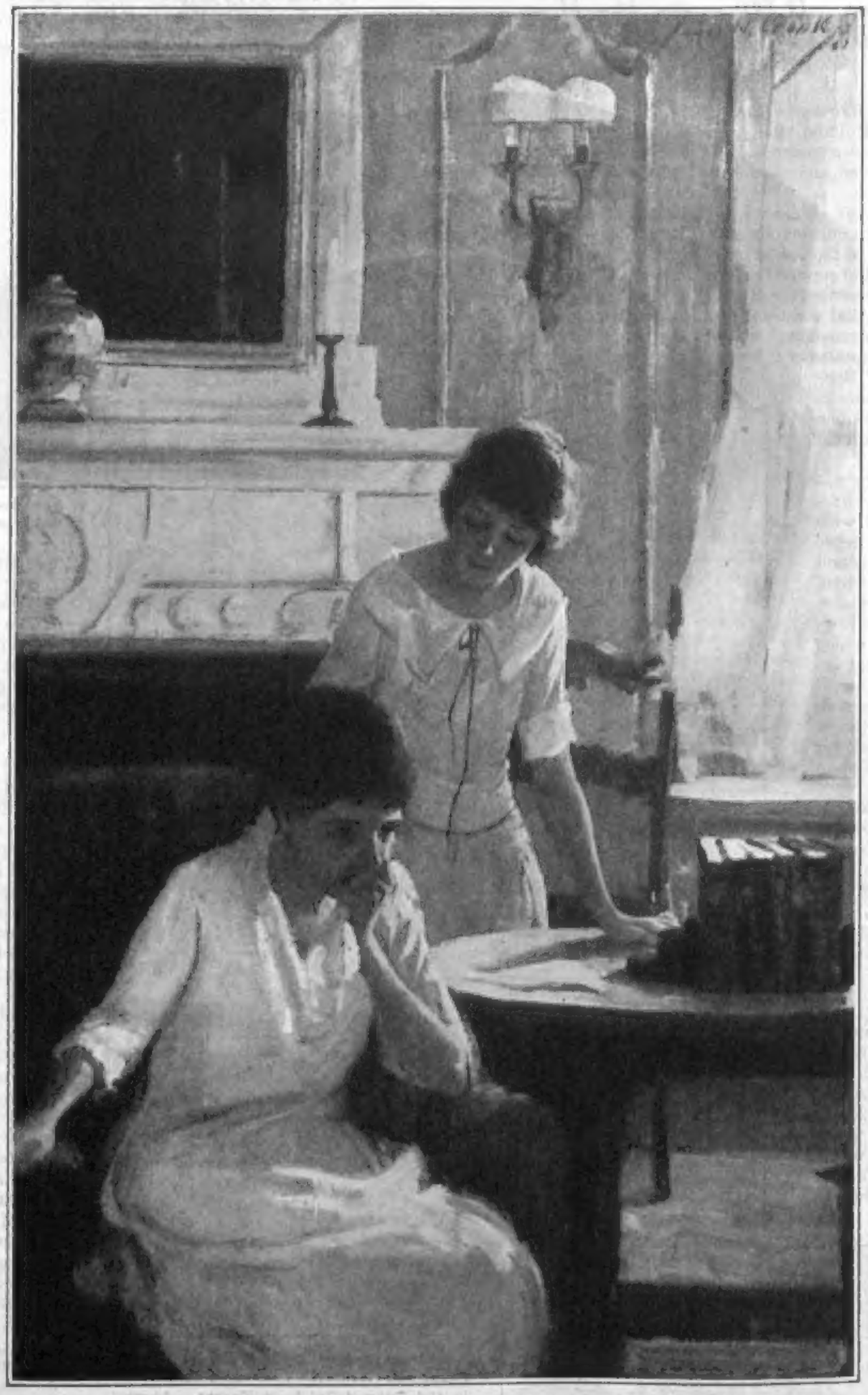
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

NAN felt a sense of drama as she rang the bell of her friend's house. The houses in the row were all exactly alike, built of a new small dark-red brick, and each was set on a little square of new turf, as smooth and neat as an emerald-green handkerchief. To make matters harder, the house numbers were not honest numerals, but loops of silver ribbon festooned above the front door bell, so that Nan had almost mistaken the five she was looking for for the three next door but one.

She had not seen her friend for four years; and four years is a long time—a sixth of your entire life when you are only twenty-four. It seemed to her that they had been immensely young when they had parted; and yet she had never been too young to appreciate Letitia—even that first day back in the dark ages of childhood when they had found their desks next to each other at school. Even then Letitia had been captivating—lovely to look at, and gay; and, though it seemed a strange word to use about a child in short dresses, elegant. She came of the best blood in America; indeed, in the American-history class it was quite embarrassing because so many of the statesmen and generals whom the teacher praised or condemned were ancestors of Letitia's. She was a red-gold creature with deep sky-blue eyes, and, at that remote period, freckles, which she had subsequently succeeded in getting rid of.

She had charmed Nan from the first moment—none the less that Nan understood her weaknesses as well as her charms. No one could say that Letitia was untruthful; to lie was quite outside her code; but if at seven minutes past eight she was late, she said it was barely eight o'clock, and if you were late she said it was almost a quarter past. Someone had once observed to her mother that Letitia distorted facts, and Mrs. Lewis had replied, after an instant of deliberation, "Well, undoubtedly she molds them."

She molded them particularly in conversation with the opposite sex; she could not bear any competition as far as her admirers were concerned. Strangely enough, though Letitia was so much the prettier and more amusing of the two girls, she was always a little jealous of Nan, whereas Nan was never at all jealous of her. Letty herself explained the reason for this once in one of her flashes of vision: "It's because whatever you get from people is your own—founded on a rock, Nan; but I fake it so—I get a lot that doesn't belong to me—and so I'm always in terror of being found out."



"Some People Would Think It Quite a Lot of Fun to be Married to Letitia," Said Nan Gently

After their schooldays the girls had seen a great deal of each other. Nan's father was a professor in a small college, and it was pleasant to be asked to stay with the Lewises in their tiny New York flat. It was also agreeable to Letitia to be invited to share in commencement festivities with their prolonged opportunities to fascinate. Then Nan's father had accepted an appointment in China; but the separation did not lessen the intimacy—perhaps it even increased it; you can write so freely to a person living thousands of miles away. Letitia had written with the utmost freedom to her friend, who at that distance could not in any way be regarded as a competitor.

Letitia always described the new people she was seeing, and Nan noticed that the first mention of Roger in her letters had in it something sharply defined and significant:

"I sat next the most romantic-looking boy I ever saw. No, my dear, no occasion for excitement; he must be years younger than I am; but the most beautiful person you ever saw—hollow-cheeked, broad-browed like that picture you adore so of Father Damien, or perhaps I'm thinking of an illustration of Rossetti; and he can talk, too, I promise you. He's an experimental chemist in some great manufacturing company, which at this age ——"

In the next letter it appeared that he wasn't really years younger—hardly a year; in fact, nothing to speak of. Letitia began to write a good deal about the scientific point of view—its stimulating quality—its powers of observation—its justice—"almost as just as you are, Nan."

Nan waited for each letter as if it were the next installment of a serial. She had seen Letitia through a good many such affairs, and she knew that before long her friend would stage a quarrel. It was a good way, Letty said, of finding out how much he cared; although, as a matter of fact, Nan noticed that she never precipitated it until she was sure the unfortunate man in question cared enough to be at a disadvantage.

But in Roger's case, when she had said sadly, "I'm afraid, Mr. Rossiter, that this means our friendship is ended," he had answered without a word of pleading, "Yes, I'm quite sure it does."

Letitia, a little startled, had asked, "What? You wish it too?"

"No," he had said; "but the fact that you do ends it automatically."

She had some difficulty in extricating herself from her own ultimatum. Naturally, her respect for him increased.

"I'm almost glad you are not here, Nan," she wrote. "He is so honest he could not help loving your honesty. I feel as if together, somehow, you would both find me out."

She inclosed a little photograph of him to show Nan what a splendid-looking person he was; but it was not his beauty she dwelt upon, but his straight, keen eyes and the fine firmness of his mouth—not the determination of the self-conscious bulldog, which so many people assume in a photograph, but just a nice steely fixity of purpose. Yes, Nan, far away in China, with plenty of leisure for reflection, found that for the first time she envied her friend.

A little later a real honest quarrel was reported. Letitia, habitually unpunctual, was three-quarters of an hour late for an appointment, and he simply had not waited for her. Under her anger Nan could catch her admiration for the first man who had dared not to wait.

"I explained to him that I could not help it, and all he said was: 'You could have helped it if I had been a train.' Of course, everything is over—he does not know how to behave."

No letter at all came in the next mail, and the announcement of her engagement in the one following:

"Fortunately—and wonderfully—mamma likes him, for, as you know, it would have been awfully hard to marry a man if she hated him."

It would indeed; or, rather, Nan thought, it would have been difficult for Letitia to fall in love with a man Mrs. Lewis did not approve of, for she had a wonderful gift of phrase—just, but cruel—by which budding sentiments could be cut off as by a knife. Nan had seen her more than once prune away a growing romance from Letitia's life with a deft, hideously descriptive sentence. Each time Nan had been in complete sympathy with her.

She usually did agree with Mrs. Lewis, who was the most brilliant woman she had ever known—and almost the most alarming. She saw life not only steadily and whole, and in the darkest colors, but she reported most frankly on what she saw. Frauds, or even people mildly artificial, dreaded Mrs. Lewis as they did the plague. Letitia herself would have dreaded her if she had not been her daughter. It said a great deal for Roger Rossiter's integrity that his future mother-in-law liked him. It also said something for his financial situation. Mrs. Lewis had always intended her child to marry someone with money.

"It is not exactly that I'm mercenary," she said. "I don't want Letitia to be specially magnificent; but I want her to have everything else, and money too. Why not?"

So when Nan heard the marriage had actually taken place, she felt pretty sure Roger must have enough to support Letty comfortably. It was really astonishing, she thought, how much she knew about him, this man she had never seen, more than she knew about lots of people she saw constantly. And so, as she rang the bell of his house, she had something of the same excitement that she might have had on seeing the curtain rise on a play about which she had heard endless discussion. At last she was going to be able to judge it for herself.

A Swedish maidservant came to the door—a nice-looking woman with an exaggerated opinion of her own

knowledge of English. She almost refused Nan admittance—just to be on the safe side; but Letitia's cheerful shout intervened.

"Is that you at last, Nan?"

The two girls were quickly clasped in each other's arms—not so quickly that Nan did not see that Letitia was lovelier than ever—happier—more alive—more golden.

It was about noon when Nan arrived. She was to stay not only for luncheon but for dinner, so as to see Roger, who never got home until five o'clock, and possibly later today, for he had been in Albany the night before and might find extra things waiting for him at the office when he returned to it. Both mothers were motoring from town for lunch—in Mrs. Rossiter's car—so that the only time the friends could count on was now, immediately, this hour and a half. Letitia was awfully sorry, but she didn't see how she could have arranged it differently.

Nan smiled at that well-remembered phrase of her friend's. As a matter of fact, she was not sorry the mothers were coming. She was curious to see Roger's mother, who, for a mother with an only son, had behaved with the most astonishing cordiality about the marriage. A well-to-do widow, she had given Roger a good part of her income. Letty's letters had referred to her as an angel; and Nan was always eager to see Mrs. Lewis at any time. Only she and Letty must waste no time, but set immediately about a process known to them as catching up. This meant that they each asked questions, listening to the answers only so long as they appeared to contain new matter, and then ruthlessly interrupting with a new question. Thus:

"Have you seen Bee since she ——"

"Oh, I meant to tell you—she never did."

"Isn't that just like her? She always reminds me of ——"

"Yes, you wrote me—Roger simply loved it. You knew that Hubert ——"

"Yes, he cabled me. I thought it was you he ——"

"So did I—so did he, for that matter—only mamma once said of him ——"

"Oh, my dear, that heavenly thing about the scrubbing brush! Isn't she priceless—your mother? And she really likes Roger?"

"Crazy about him—thinks him too good for me."

And so they came to talk about the really important subject—Letty's marriage—Roger's wisdom and kindness and generosity. It amused and delighted Nan to hear her friend talking of men from the point of view of a person who owned one. Mrs. Lewis, who had long ago been obliged to part from an impossible husband, had always been a little more aloof from men, a little more contemptuous of them than of women; and Letitia, although her life was occupied with nothing else, had regarded them as an exciting, possibly hostile and certainly alien tribe. Now it was wonderful to hear her identify herself with a man's point of view —— "We think ——" "We feel ——"

Not for a long time did the old remote tone creep in. They were speaking of men in general, and Letitia said suddenly:

"Tell me something, Nan—you have brothers—do you think the cleverest of them are a little silly about women?"

Nan's heart gave a leap. Letitia was looking intent.

"Running after women, you mean?"

"Oh, no!" Letty was quite shocked at the suggestion. "No, I mean believing everything they say. Roger repeats the most fatuous things women say to him, as if they had any importance."

Letitia twisted her eyebrows in distress only half comic.

Nan hesitated; she knew just the sort of thing Letitia must have in mind.

He Looked Undressed, Out of Place, Menacing

"Well," she said, "I think men often seem rather naïve—particularly scientific men."

"Yes," Letty agreed quickly, "and of course Roger has always been so busy. He has never gone about much; but still, he'll say driving home, 'Did you ever think, Letty, that I was a specially dominating sort of person? Mrs.—somebody or other whom he sat next to—'said I was the kind of man who if I couldn't dominate a woman might kill her.' That old stuff, Nan, that we've all used and discarded. Or he'll look in the glass and say, 'Honestly, I can't see that my eyes ——' It makes me feel ashamed, Nan."

Oh, dear, Nan thought, she could have made Letty understand, if she had had brothers, that these were a man's moments of confidence, attaching and friendly, like the talk she and Letty were having at that moment. It wasn't fair to judge a man by such moments any more than to judge girls by silly giggling confidences to one another. Yes, that was it—men let down the bars of their egotism to the woman they loved, and maintained a certain reserve with their men friends, while women, just the other way ——

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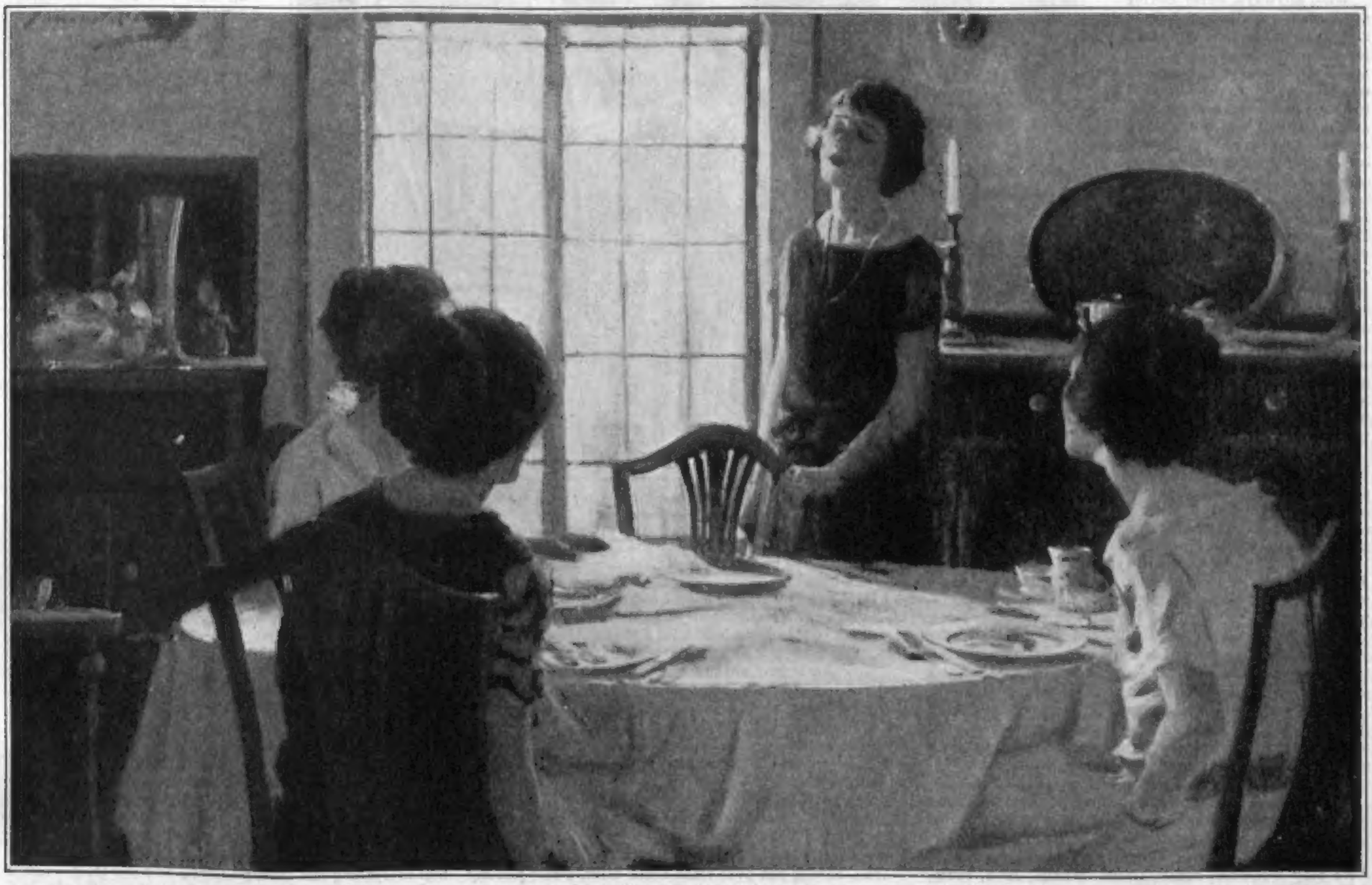


"To Arrest Him!" Cried His Mother. "For What?" "For Murder," Answered Letitia Simply

Silver Threads Among the Dye

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YOU know the way it is with wives and husbands. They will stand for a lot of big important calamities, but the next minute after they have forgive each other for a murder or giving away the last quart of that rye or something, why they will fly in a rage over a mere lost collar button or set up a lifelong sorrow over you forgot it was our wedding anniversary, and suddenly not be speaking a word to each other except, of course, the normal married insults of everyday life.

That was how the whole trouble got started between I and Jim, following my signing a new contract from Brummer. This English Sparrow was a well-known bird over in London, England, and he ran the biggest and only vaudeville circuit in the Orient. The offer he made us to go around the world come through Al Goldringer, and the papers had been drawn up with a few claws to the effect we was to dance before the Maharahrah of Jaipohr, or some such name which sounded like a breakfast-food king to me, but good publicity just the same; and we was also to give exhibition dances before practically all the crowned heads of the Orient; meaning, I suppose, those which the English had thoroughly crowned and then left up for clay pigeons, or whatever you call one of those royalties which are that on newspaper only.

Well, anyways, never having been outside of America only to run up to Canada so's Jim could meet some of the old gang from the Knickerbocker bar once in a while, or down to Bermuda for the same thing, according to season, why, I was not exactly against this circuit of Brummer's, and signed up without saying a word to so-called friend husband until my mark was on the dotted line. Then I flashed the evidence at him, and, considering that it was a big decision, calling on us to give up our life of trying to get into the smart set, and being afraid we might succeed, and so forth, why, he took it pretty quiet and forgiving. We was in the adjoining privacies of our two rooms, which we had them on account all wealthy people do, when I parked the contract before him.

"Big boy," I says, "this innocent-looking paper is not a summons for speeding, like you might suspect; but it merely signs ourselves away for six months in vaudeville. I done it with my little fountain pen."

"Then you can erase it with your little hatchet!" says Jim. "Vaudeville! Why, you couldn't drag me there with a tractor! Who d'yer think is running this ranch, what?"

"You, hon," says I hastily, having been married for years and knowing the admission didn't weaken my position any nor strengthen his. "You are, of course. But I closed so's Al could cable Brummer this afternoon."

Jim give the whearases a careful once-over, and then he sat down in his undershirt and my own particular chair and started off in one of them tones of voice which they can easily get a wife's goat, unless there is something she would rather have, which was the case with me this time.

"Marie La Tour," he says solemnly, "will you please tell me why and the hell you should wear the pants like that? I certainly got good cause to be real mad at you."

"It's one swell contract, Gorgeous," I come back at him. "We play Honolulu, Japan, China, Manila, Java, India, Egypt and all points west—or is it east by then, I dunno?"

"All Right," Says He. "It Does Look Kinda Poor, Don't It? But What You Going to Do? Let It Come Out Natural?"

"But it's a whale of a proposition!" says he, still feeling he had ought to be sore. "You should of talked this over with me first."

"Well," I says, getting a little out of patience, "I would of, if you was ever around here instead of petting the blind tiger over to that low-life of a Ed Kelley's down in the village. Oh, I know it's there all right, big boy!"

"Now don't start anything about my taking a drink or two," snapped Jim. "Lay off, can't you? I thought you had forgive me."

"Well, I have," I says, kind of grudging. "But if you are going to pull any cracks like that, why, no wife on earth could be expected to not remember she has got something on you."

"Say, now!" says Jim. "You lay off me, and I'll lay off about this contract business and sign up. It's a good deal, all right; but I don't like being put in the position where I'm not let to be the head of my own family."

Well, having put over what I was after, I also put my arms around his neck and give him a little kiss on the part of his head where I don't dare to mention the hair is kinda thin.

"There, big boy!" says I. "We don't ever really need to fight, do we, dear?"

"No, sweetie, I should say not," he says. "We certainly get along about as good as any of 'em. Fighting only takes it out of yourself and don't convince the other, I always say."

And I says yeh and made a dive for the Lime Kleansing Kreme on the dresser. I dug out a good slab, slapped it on my face and went to work real earnest, Jim watching me through the smoke of a cigarette.

"I tell you what, big boy," I says smoothly through the grease, "I been reading one of these free-literature pamphlets ma's been bringing home lately. It's got out by a concern called the Back Bay Booking Corp, and it has me all excited about this tower of ours."

"Say, you may not think I look it," says Jim, "but believe me, all my life I have wanted to go around the world, and here somebody is actually going to pay us to do so. Don't we have a hard life, though?"

"Miserable!" I says gayly, commencing to wipe off the cream in smears. "Those Back Bay people are tourist what-d'yer-call-ums; but I don't see why we can't make it on their boat. I got the itinerary off of Al as near as he could give it to me, and I think we could check up with this Boston concern."

"Nix!" says Jim. "No personally conducted stuff for us. We go on our own."

"Read the evidence, Gorgeous," says I, "before you start out around the world on any commutation ticket. Do you realize there is a lot of little things like passports and so forth necessary before you can go through these strange countries? They even have peculiar money especially so's they can gyp Americans, and talk funny languages on purpose just so's we can't understand 'em, and so forth. Not to mention health examinations, which you have to go through them at every port whether you got what they are looking for or not, and ——"

"Are you now writing the publicity for this tower concern?" says Jim. "Where is their free-literature pamphlet, anyways?"

"Over on the desk," says I, bubbling up through astringent lotion by this time; "under those bills, I guess; or maybe it's cuddled among them press clippings; or perhaps I stuck it in the old envelope with my programs; or it might be under the blotter. Anyways, it's right there in plain sight somewheres."

"My but you are untidy!" says Jim. "I wish you knew how it got my goat to see things flung around!"

"Say something original, can't you?" I says, making faces at myself in the mirror while I got the latest shade of rouge from Paris, Crème de Lobster, straight on both cheeks. "You've been cracking that one for so long I should think you would get tired of it yourself. I always know exactly where everything is!"

I twisted on the lip rouge to match my cheeks, tucked my hair up under a gold boudoir cap and made one dive for the desk, and, of course, put my hand on the book. It was right in the top draw, under the writing paper, where anybody could of found it if they had tried.

"There!" says I. "Pictures of elephants, staterooms and everything else from plumbing to palm trees. Leave us flop awhile on the sun porch and give it the official razz."

"All right," says Jim, dressed by this time. "Come on, old lady, let's go. Say, you look like a regular chicken when you get all fixed up like that!"

We had strolled out on the upper sun parlor, and Jim put his arm around me, pulling me down beside him on the sofa.

"Gorgeous," says I, drawing away, "I wish you wouldn't keep rubbing it in about how young I look, like you been doing lately. It makes me feel about a million years old. After all, thirty-two isn't exactly in the cold-storage class."

"I thought you was thirty-five, hon," says he with all the brutal frankness of a typical husband. "Let's see this is 1923 –you were ——"

"James La Tour Smith," says I, "shut up on that and let's talk about the trip!"

"Don't get sore, sweetie," says Jim. "I like you, no matter how old you may be getting. You're a wonder for looks, you know that."

"When I'm all made up," says I. "Thanks a lot!"

"Well, it does make a difference, of course," says the blind dumb-bell; "but I love you, honey, with or without your jazz trimmings."

"I'm not old, Jim," I says, my heart tightening a little the way it does on every wife when her husband starts a line of that sort, however kind he means it. "Why, look at Edna Hopper and—and Sarah Bernhardt! And anyways, who knows my age if you don't tell it?"

"Calm down, calm down, for heaven's sake, can't you?" says Jim. "I don't give a damn if you got a few gray hairs in the front. They hardly show, and they're real pretty in black hair. I always did claim that!"

"Jim, you mean thing!" I shrieked. "All you do lately is try and talk me into thinking I am getting ready for the old ladies' home."

"Now see here, old-timer," says he, very sweet and firmly, making me sit against his side and against my will, but loving him as you might say madly at the same time. "See here," says he, "all I am trying to get over is this: I do hate to see any woman, especially my wife, put up a fool bluff about her age. Of course, in our profession things is different. We got to look young for the public, and will have to right up to the point where I wear a corset to maintain my dress suit properly, and you take the part of a beautiful young bedridden girl on account you are too old to stand up alone any more. But at home I should like we to be our real selves. Sweetie, you would be lovely with a little gray in your hair."

"There is," says I, all melted, and burying my face in his shoulder so's all the powder come off on his coat; but he never mentioned it.

"I know it," says he. "Why not let it come out?"

"I'd have to cut it off and wear a wig," says I. "It's a little gray all over. My family always did get gray premature all except ma, and the peroxide had hers ruined even before she joined the circus."

"I know, hon; I know," says Jim comfortingly; and there isn't anything more comforting than a husband saying that. "Now think it over, and do as I say, and leave us be comfortable and natural at home from now on. Don't you quarrel with me, old darling. We are neither of us any squabs, and if you was to lose me you wouldn't pick up another husband so easy now, or me another wife—remember that, and let's be satisfied."

Well, then I says yes and cried a little to think I hadn't fooled him over my hair; and I fixed my make-up, because I am not a fool about any man's attitude towards that, and we settled down to look the cruise catalogue over. On the surface I was all calm, but the inside of me was pretty well upset.

Old! So that was what Jim thought in his heart. Every time he denied it to me he merely told it all the plainer. So he thought if I was to lose him nobody else would look at me! Huh! I'd simply be obliged to show him different. Maybe all the men in the world wouldn't think I was nearing the million mark—and yet again, maybe he was right. One thing was plain—I had got to know the awful truth. Was I really finished to the point where only the one which legally had to would love me? I had been so busy acting with Jim, fighting with him and loving him I hadn't even give a thought to any other man outside of Al Goldringer, of the Goldringer Productions, Inc., the one which features us, and the sweet ladylike young feller that been designing our costumes, who had merely give me a, as you might say, daughterly devotion. It certainly looked like I was out of luck if I wanted to show Jim a fright or two which would bring him to his senses and make him realize that he was married not alone to a very great actress but to one whose talents far surpassed her years. The only trouble with this plan was that I didn't have even the remotest idea when could I commence work, or on who.

Well, anyways, all this and more was pouring through my seemingly restful head, and Jim was pouring through the pretty picture book which the nice kind tourist company had got up for that very purpose, when Pie-Face, our second man—not meaning the second one we had hired, but the second in command—give one of his sneaky, discreet knocks on the door and we says come in and he did and says a Mr. Rowlyn Blackwell is calling, and Jim asks what is he calling. Old John Bumblebee himself never smiled, but says he thinks it is from Mr. Goldringer's office; so Jim says show him up, but not unkindly, and Bumblebee says very good, sir, and beats it and in a few minutes the very handsomest young man I ever seen in my whole entire life made his entrance into the plot just like that!

The first thought flew into my head was thank goodness this is a swell French negligee and boudoir cap both straight from Maison Rosabell's in Forty-seventh Street, N. Y. C., and she certainly makes 'em becoming. And the second thought was here is my chance—Mister Opportunity himself not merely knocking at the door but being shown in!

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith?" says he over the top of a handsome high-waist racoon-collared coat, and twisting a nervous White Light kelly. "Mr. Goldringer sent me."

"Come in and hold down a place by the fire," says Jim cordially. "Any friend of Al's is welcome I'm sure. This is the Misses, Mr. Blackwell."

"Do take off your things, won't you?" says I in the soft purr a female uses when she is up to some kind of devilment.

"Oh, thanks so much!" says he, shedding the coat.

In the neat dark-blue-serge effect underneath he sure was the cat's whiskers. I commenced to feel my work was getting easier by the minute, as we sat down across from each other while Jim fixed up the fire. This fortunately took him quite some minutes on account the fire tongs was that hateful kind that keeps crossing their legs. The kid's eyes was pretty near hanging out on his cheeks looking at me, and all in my favor.

"You see," he says, nervously tucking a handkerchief up his cuff, "I am to be in charge of your trip as sort of courier, so I thought it would be jolly nice if I were to run over and get acquainted. And I—I'm so frightfully glad I did!"

"So am I," I says. "You don't know the half of it."

"Well, I hope to be useful," says he innocently. "You see, I've done quite a bit of traveling, and know the hotels and about baggage and passports and all that, and speak rather a few languages, and so Mr. Brummer thought that in case you signed up I might be helpful."

"Say, buddy, that's great!" says Jim, having at last won the argument with the tongs. "We been looking at that book here, and it seems we are to make an awful lot of hops. What kind of a wardrobe do we carry?"

"Everything!" says Mister Information Bureau himself. "That is, your regular smart evening things for the main act. Then a costume number or two. As for personal things, let's see—it will be cold in China and Japan. Otherwise you'll want tropical clothes. But don't start out with too many. They make you up a suit of white overnight out there, you know—and not bad, really. How many will there be in your party?"

"Oh, I couldn't go without ma," I says at once. "And of course a camera man, the publicity man and the boy for the production end."

Then I hesitated. I sort of hated to crab my act right at the start by mentioning Junior; but unless I was to make a stowaway of him, I didn't see how I could get out of it. So I mentioned him, seven years and all. But our new nursemaid never even blinked.

(Continued on Page 44)

In the Neat Dark-Blue-Serge Effect He Sure Was the Cat's Whiskers

THE MENTAL ATTITUDE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"Now, You Contankerous Old Grampus, That's Done, and You May Go Sweetly and Rapidly to the Devil!"

MR. JASON WEBB was fifty-two years old, five feet and six inches tall, one hundred and ninety pounds heavy, two million dollars rich; but with all that age, height, weight and wealth he had never been able to break ninety-five. If the curves of his slices should be placed end to end, they would make a design something like a spiral bed spring reaching from, say, Terre Haute, Indiana, to Glens Falls, New York; if the number of improper words he had uttered following dubbed shots should be collected in a volume it would outweigh Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—and he had taken a course of golf lessons from nearly every professional in America and Great Britain.

Young Tim Freer was twenty-five years old, six feet tall, weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, and was just rich enough to delude himself with the theory that two could live as cheaply as one. He played the course in anything between seventy-two and seventy-nine, had never had a golf lesson and didn't know any cuss words, because his disposition was such that he never had need for them.

Mr. Jason Webb had a daughter named Nancy, aged twenty.

Mr. Tim Freer didn't have that daughter, but he was doing all he knew to acquire her. His disposition, already mentioned, was so equable that he could go out on the course, play eighteen holes with Nancy and come in still speaking to her. Mr. Webb could not go out and play golf and come in speaking to anybody.

Mr. Webb had finished a morning round of golf, eaten his lunch, denounced the house committee and demanded the discharge of a waiter, and was sitting in the men's lounge with McWhinney and Weevil, looking out through the big windows at the first tee. He was entertaining his friends with a circumstantial account of his iron play, which, it seemed, had betrayed him in a most treacherous manner.

"You fellows know," he was saying, "that I never miss an iron shot. If there's one thing I can do, it's play my irons. You know it, Mac."

McWhinney nodded and then waggled his head as if overcome at the thought that an iron shot played by Mr. Webb could be otherwise than perfect—and this although he knew that if Webb ever swung at his ball with his mid-iron and hit anything except the turf four inches behind the ball it would be because somebody had sneaked up and tied his right leg to a post to keep it from ducking at the knee.

"Well," said Mr. Webb, "my drive was going better than it has this year; but my second ——" He described his second in language which the house committee would not have approved. "If I could only get all my game going at once I'd shoot this ding-fangled golf course in eighty. But, dog-gone it, every time I get one shot straightened out, some other one goes to blazes. Now take last night—I laid awake two hours, and I got my drive. Yes, sir, I just figured it out in bed, and today—right down the middle every time."

Old Man Arkwright came doddering in, paused with keen ear, searching for a hole in the conversation into which he might dive, perceived it and plunged.

"Speaking," he said, "of holes in one—did I ever tell you fellows about mine? One-shot hole, it was. Kind of an easterly wind blowing. Well, sir, I just took out my mid-iron and sighted for the flag. 'Here's where I lay her dead,' says I to my partner, and then ——"

"And then," snorted Mr. Webb, "you drove out of bounds, hit a tree, bounded in and struck a rock, rolled onto the green, caromed off a lawn mower and trickled in the hole. That's the way all holes-in-one are made. . . . Now, will you look at that!" He glared through the window, an apoplectic flush mantled his jowls, and his pudgy finger quivered. "Say, what kind of a club is this Appletree Golf Club, anyhow? Say! Hand-picked membership! I'll say it is! Now will somebody tell me how that young spriggins ever got in here—and how he manages to pay his dues?"

"Tim Freer?" McWhinney winked at Weevil. "What's wrong with Tim? Fine golfer, clean young fellow."

"Fine golfer! Huh! Say! I've reasoned this game all out, and, by dad, this is the conclusion I've come to: Nobody can play it that's got an ounce of brains. If you've got a glimmer of intelligence you're done. Brains and golf don't go together. Just take a slant at all these top-notchers. Solid ivory, every one. The reason you and I can't play golf is because we got something to think with. We come out here with our brains clicking, and we can think and imagine, and we plumb think ourselves into rotten golf. But these good ones—blah! They don't even know the game's hard to play, so they just walk up as brainless as brickbats and swat the ball. You show me a first-class golfer and I'll show you a half-wit."

"Um"—Weevil chuckled—"at any rate Tim has brains enough to pick good company."

The sound Mr. Webb made in response to this observation reminded one of the Bronx Zoo at mealtime—in the cages devoted to the larger and less amiable carnivora.

"Some day," he said in a strangled voice, "I'm going to up and kick that young pottywamus offn my side stoop."

The mental picture of Mr. Webb offering physical violence to Tim Freer was one which McWhinney and Weevil could with difficulty contemplate unmoved. They turned abruptly toward the window, and there upon the first tee saw Mr. Freer teeing up a ball for Miss Nancy Webb, who resembled her father in nothing, including disposition. Nonchalantly, she spatted the ball down the fairway for a hundred and fifty yards and then smiled up at Tim in a manner every young man hopes some young woman will smile up at him some day. Mr. Webb rumbled threateningly. One rather expected to see a stream of molten lava emerge to devastate the scene. Tim took his stance and sent off a drive that wrenched Mr. Webb's heart-strings.

"Handsome couple, I'd say," Weevil observed.

"Handsome hellbender!" The Appletree Golf Club was a sort of family affair where one might listen to intimate conversations and family details if he listened. "Say," Mr. Webb burst forth, "the ding-gangled young woppus-hopper's got the nerve to want to marry her!"

"Can't blame him," said McWhinney.

"His honorable intentions do him credit," said Weevil.

Mr. Webb glared.

"Had the face to ask me—that's what he did. Made an appointment over the phone and came to the office. Parked his hat on my desk and grinned like a Cheshire cat and patronized me. 'How's the game?' says he.

"'What game?' I says with a frozen stare.

"'Are there any other games?' says he, and I let it lay where it fell. Golf! I'd been awake half the night thinking about a hundred and six I shot the afternoon before."

"He sure picked a bum day to speak his piece," said McWhinney.

Mr. Webb glared down the fairway in the general direction of his daughter.

"Then," said he, "he leaned across the desk like a life-insurance agent and says, 'But I didn't come to talk about golf, Mr. Webb.'

"'No?' says I, kind of sarcastic. 'Then how did you figger to entertain me?'

"'Nancy and I,' says he, 'want to get married.'

"I'll admit I wasn't expecting that, though, Lord knows, he'd been hanging around my house enough. For a minute I couldn't think up anything to say—not anything that would fit. Come to think of it, there ain't anything that would fit right. But I did my best.

"'To who?' says I.

"'To each other,' he says coolly.

"'Well,' says I, 'I can't blame you for wanting Nancy—not from any point of view, including the financial—but she's supposed to be intelligent.'

"He quit smiling so pleasant at that. 'I think,' says he, 'it would be more courteous if we didn't use the word "financial" in this connection.'"

"He didn't hit you or anything?" asked McWhinney.

Again Mr. Webb snorted.

"'Her allowance for clothes,' says I, 'is more'n you're worth on the hoof.'

"'You may trust me,' says he, 'to cut her allowance.'"

"Not bad," observed Weevil.

"'Is that all you came to say?' I asked him.

"'It's about all I shall stay to say,' says he, 'except this: I can support Nancy in a reasonable way. We love each other, and I'm sure she will not object to less of luxury. I shall be glad to give you any information you desire about myself.'

"'I've had you looked up,' says I.

"'In that case,' said he, 'it must be you have taken a personal dislike to me.'

"'And why?' says I.

"'Because,' he said, 'I know you didn't find anything in my record to warrant your manner.'

"'You think well of yourself,' says I.

"'I do,' says he. 'Good afternoon, Mr. Webb.'

"'Listen here!' says I. 'No elopement nonsense!'

"He looked me in the eye and then he said the dog-gonedest most impudent thing I ever sat and listened to. 'Don't worry,' says he. 'I shall report to Miss Webb that I cannot marry her—because her father is objectionable to me. Good afternoon.' And by heck, before I could catch my breath and let loose on him he had picked up his hat and left the room!"

"Webb," said Weevil, "you deserve to have her elope with a head waiter."

"And what did Nancy say?" McWhinney asked.

Mr. Webb squirmed.

"My daughter," he said, "has been spoiled by her mother."

"Webb," said Weevil, "how much were you making when you got married?"

"Forty dollars a month," said Mr. Webb proudly.

"And how old were you?"

"Thirty."

"Um"—Weevil cleared his throat—"Tim Freer's twenty-five and he's earning seven thousand."

"What's that got to do with it?" Webb demanded.

"And he can play golf," said McWhinney. "Reached the semifinals in the Amateur."

"I won't have any golf hound in my family."

Then McWhinney rather strained the privilege of old friendship.

"Webb," he said, "I should think you'd rather have a man in the family play golf three times a week, and play it, than to have to go out seven days the way you do—and play a thing that would make a St. Andrews caddie lose his power of speech."

Mr. Webb choked.

"Mac," he said tensely, "go to the devil."

Then he turned upon the unoffending Mr. Weevil, fixed him with baleful eye and rasped, "And you can go with him."

"The trouble with you," Weevil retorted, "is that you hate anybody who can play eighteen holes under ninety-five."

II

THERE were four golf clubs in the district, and inter-club matches were frequent; but no event of the year was quite so important to those pillars of the game who frequent the lounge and discuss learnedly the defects in the games of their juniors as the Senior Championship. It was an eighteen-hole affair, medal play; and, of course, without handicaps. For two years the cup had been won by Jenks, of the Sand Hill Club. It had been won by each of the other clubs; but the Appletree Golf Club never had been able to exhibit the trophy in its trophy room. No senior had arisen with enough golf in his no longer youthful body to top the field and bring glory to his club mates.

Old Man Arkwright always made a try for it—on the strength of his hole in one—and always explained his failure by making it clear that medal play was not his game.

"I'm a match player," he would say, "and that's golf; every hole a separate game; play it and forget it. That's the way to play—fighting spirit, you know. Most of you fellows start out with a rotten hole and let it ruin your whole round. Now me—suppose I do get a six on Number One. Do I let it worry me? No, sir-ree. I just drop it clean out of my mind."

"And make an eight on Number Two," said Mr. Wills.

"Huh!" said Mr. Arkwright. "A few sixes and eights don't count in match play—not if you have eleven or twelve pars, and maybe a birdie or two. Why, the day I got my hole in one I had two threes and ——"

"—— a total medal score of a hundred and seven," said Weevil.

"Weevil," said McWhinney, "I got an idea." He waited to make sure Arkwright was out of earshot. "Let's groom Webb for the Senior Championship."

"He couldn't win it if he used a steel ball and had magnets in every cup," said Weevil.

"I'm not sure. The old coot's got some golf in him, but it lays in layers. He can only get one of them off at a time. What won last year?"

"Jenks' eighty-seven."

"Um—this is deep, Weevil—devilish deep; but maybe it can come off. I wonder if we can get Webb to train for the next two weeks. Give him a song and dance about club spirit and patriotism, you know. Make him cut out playing, and practice, and take lessons and just point himself for the championship. Every man who has played golf for the years he has is bound to shoot one decent game in his life, and maybe we can pull one out of Webby."

"What's the notion? Something back of it?"

"If there is," said McWhinney, "it's private. Anyhow, it'll be fun. Here comes some of the gang—talk it up. Webb'll be in before we leave. . . . There's young Freer out on the practice tee. Ain't it a shame the way he can whale 'em?"

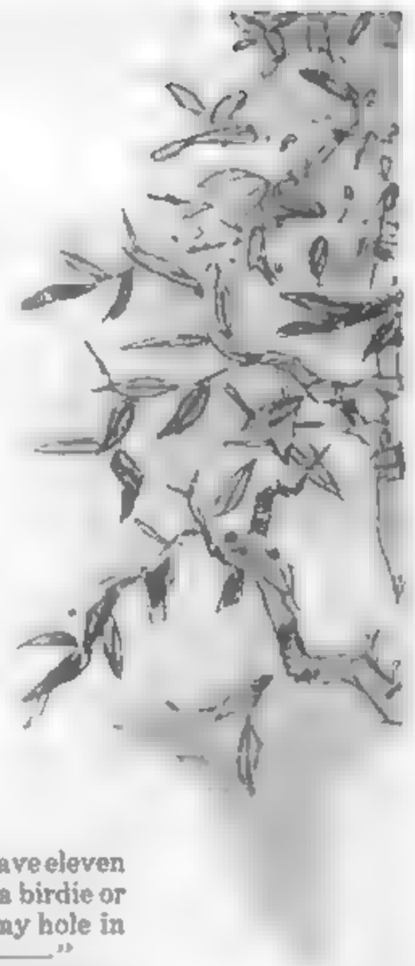
Presently, by ones and twos and fours, the backbone of the club staggered or sauntered into the room, adding cards, paying bets, happy or depressed as the day's fortune had gone with them—but nobody satisfied. Tommy Hoover had just shot his first ninety; but his elation was mixed with grief because it could just as well have been an eighty-eight if he hadn't missed two twenty-inch putts. President Olney dragged in his six feet three of height and had a look in his eye which foretold that the children had better be on their good behavior when he got home.

"I tell you I never top. No, sir! That's a new one. I haven't topped a dozen balls in a dozen years. If I've got a fault, it's hitting behind, taking too much turf. Say, Mac, why in thunder should I go bad and start to top all of a sudden?"

"Maybe you grew an inch in the night and didn't allow for it," said McWhinney. "But say, you fellows, I want to speak about the Senior Championship."

"Oh, Jenks'll grab it off again," said Olney.

"Hush!" said McWhinney. "Let's kid Webb into going after it. Won't do him any harm, and we may see a miracle." *(Continued on Page 144)*



And to the Accompaniment of Tim's Sharply Uttered, "Hit It!" He Did Swipe the Ball, Two Hundred Yards Down the Middle of the Fairway

TIPPY KNUTE

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Ship Swam Greasily on an Oily Sea Like a Charnel House Slipping Into Hades

AS A MASTER mariner in his own Norseland he was Captain Knute Knudsen. In the new land he became Kaynute, then Kanoo, then by logical progression Tippy Kanoo and plain Tippy. His American deep-water discharges bore the name of Knudsen, but none except skippers and shipping commissioners ever knew that. To his forecastle mates and longshore cronies he was Tippy—Tippy the Squarehead.

Tippy could dance, but wouldn't when sober. He had one song which he might be persuaded to sing just before he reached the dancing stage. Then he was a picture for memory to dwell on. With his brilliant small blue eyes half closed, his honest face red as a port light, with his straw-colored hair flying every way like a bunch of spilled rope yarns, he would roar in a voice to shame great Neptune himself:

"If you're outside you can't be inside,
If you're inside you can't be out!
If you're outside you can't be in by a damsight!
Haw, haw, haw-wre!"

He had reached that stage on the night before the Boston clipper, Swordfish, sailed for China.

"If you're outside you can't be in by a damsight!
Haw, haw, haw-wre!"

he bellowed; and the "haw, haw" was sincere; for, strange to say, Tippy was not outward bound, yet.

His last voyage had been a long one, and he had fallen into the hands of the missioner before the crimp heaved in sight. Because he had not had a chance to taste of the cup that cheers and sometimes capsizes a man, there had been small hardship in keeping sober. And Tippy had acquired a protégé in the person of a disreputable little wharf rat of a boy whom he had hauled from the depths of a dock garbage can and fed and, in a manner, clothed. This he was able to do because he still jingled the money in his pockets that by all the rules ought to have bought red liquor and women's favors.

All the same, Tippy's limit of endurance was reached when the Swordfish signed on, for old shipmates signed in her, shipmates who had laughed at him when he meekly followed in tow of the young man of the mission. He had a come-back to hurl at them when he joined them, paying his shot like a man of means while they were breeding a fine dead horse by spending their advance of wages yet to be earned.

"When you have worked up your dead horse, boys, and sing him over the side, Tippy will just about be looking around, picking his ship, instead of getting dumped into a hellship because he's broke," he jeered at them, slapping down his money on the bar like a new third mate.

"Come on home, Tippy," urged a small voice at his elbow. "Dese guys'll git youse stewed, den youse'll lose yer money and have to ship too."

Tippy glared down at Shanks, his protégé.

"Run away, boy, and don't bother your Uncle Tippy. Fill 'em up again, Mister Public House. Hey, you with the accordion, play us a tune and watch Tippy kick up his heels, by crikey!"

An hour later Tippy was singing and dancing merrily. Shanks was sleeping, curled up under a table, serene in the consciousness of duty attempted. A gigantic Norwegian had dragged in a woman from somewhere, and held the floor, dancing with her, until his shipmate with the accordion stopped out of sheer weariness.

"Play up!" roared the giant. "Vat yu qvitting for?"

"I'm tired. I'm goin' aboard. You better come too. You got to buy that monkey jacket yet."

"Tu hell vit' ta monkey yacket! Play up vit' ta moosic!" bellowed the big fellow, slapping down a handful of money and demanding more drink.

The woman danced twice with Tippy, then slipped away. When Andreas, the big Norwegian, missed her, he turned savagely on Tippy as having let her go. Being slow to anger, and also still in funds, Tippy squared matters by treating again, and Andreas drank, promising to put a head on the provider of the treat when he got him outside.

By the time all hands were drunk and broke, except Tippy, who, drunk certainly, still possessed nine small silver coins, a dozen small quarrels had arisen, and they were wordily fought out as the gang trooped down the dock. In the queer way of men of the sea, Andreas had altered his ideas, and, instead of wanting to hammer Tippy, insisted upon kissing him weepingly. Shanks shuffled along beside his protector, whining with cold and sleepiness.

At the ship's side all the love and war came to a milling center. Fights were postponed with horrible promises of renewal when the ship got to sea. Andreas wanted to drag Tippy aboard, swearing undying friendship for him. The uproar brought out the mate, who lost no time in selection, but kicked or punched his men up the ladder with rich profanity. He made no mistake either. He saw, dark though it was, that there were two strangers. He had all his crew; wanted no more. He let drive with his boot and kicked Shanks cruelly, dropping the urchin in a shrilly cursing heap against a pile of empties.

"Get, you bums!" the officer snarled savagely. "Get to ——"

He choked the rest back, for Tippy was at his throat, half blind with rage, punching, kicking like a lunatic, mouthing murder at the boy's assailant. The mate suffered a few wild blows before he got his breath; but then the situation was changed. Years of being top dog over just such men as Tippy had given him self-reliance and a certain wicked skill. In five minutes Tippy lay on his back beside Shanks, as thoroughly licked a man as ever took the count.

"Get him out o' here before I have a cop run him in," the mate warned the partially awakened Shanks.

A furtive head vanished from the ship's rail as the mate stalked aboard. The young accordion player stole down the ladder and past the heap of barrels the moment the triumphant officer had gone below.

"Come on, Tippy!" he whispered. "I'll see you home. Get a move on! Gee! I ain't goin' in that hooker! Not me! She's a blood boat. Gee! He didn't half wallop you. Did he hurt you, Tippy?"

Tippy shook his head, flinging the rope-yarn hair from his swollen eyes, smearing blood from his nose all over his battered face with the back of his hand.

"Come on, Shanks," he muttered. "We'll get even with the big stiff. Here, young feller," he said, hauling out all his small silver and thrusting it at the accordion player; "go get a drink for yourself. I'm sailing in your place. I'll show that big cowson he can't kick Shanks or ——"

"He'll kick the tripe out o' you too!" retorted the youthful deserter, taking the coins greedily. "That's Bucko Douglas, and he's a killer!"

"Go on, Tippy!" shrilled Shanks, his skinny body shaking with fury. "Get on the boat! Let's find a knife and ——"

"Shut up!" growled Tippy. "Come with me. I'll see the Old Man soon's it's daylight, and he'll sign me on, now that rat's run out. We'll watch our chance, Shanks. We'll watch our chance, by crikey!"

Two things combined to make that outward passage to China less eventful than Tippy intended when he went on board. Chief of these was his native Norse discretion when sober. When he woke up and went to see the captain he felt none of that fine fury of the early morning. He would never have shipped but that empty pockets together with opportunity ensnared him at the moment. Once shipped, nothing could make him forget that Mr. Douglas was the mate, he, Tippy, but a fo'mast hand, owing unquestioning obedience to his officer at all times. Mr. Douglas did indulge in a grin when he saw his new able seaman; it was like the smile on the face of the tiger, with a relishful licking of lips. But nothing much came of it, for the second of the two things mentioned prevented Bucko Douglas from living up to his name to any great extent. He did, on Shanks' first appearance, well offshore, leap joyously upon the boy and twist his ear. That was his due. Shanks was a stowaway. But as for Tippy, he was a seaman to his toes and finger tips; Captain Powell valued seamanship above all else, despised brutality, and saw to it that no man who did his duty aboard his ship ever suffered at the hands of an officer.

So here was the ship in the Shanghai River, with a crew contented, and only one man with a grouch aboard. Bucko Douglas counted the passage spoiled. He had never manhandled a man in the entire ninety days. He had even been told by the captain that twisting the ear of Shanks was plenty; it was not to be repeated.

Tippy earned another mark in the skipper's esteem by his clever smallboat work. Like most Norsemen, and like few other deep-water sailors, he could handle a boat under one oar or two, under sail or full-manned with a racing crew, with a neatness and certainty that fell little short of perfection.

"Mr. Douglas," said the skipper at lunch, "I'll make up a crew and challenge the other ships to a boat race. That fellow Tippy's a wonder. He shall train the crew."

"The ship needs work done, sir," the mate growled.

He had waited, with what passed with him for patience, for this stay in Shanghai, knowing that shipmasters were

prone to spend much time ashore, leaving matters to the mates. More than one of the men in the forecastle had earned Bucko Douglas' tender regard, and he had hoped to be able to express it. Now the skipper proposed turning a gang of overfed Jack Mucks into a sporting outfit, turning their thoughts to play when work was waiting.

"The work will be done better by cheerful men, mister," the skipper returned. "You might row with them too. I have heard you say you rowed in Bully Waterman's famous crew that ——"

"So I did," Douglas broke in with a trace of pride. "That crew cleaned up too. But every oar was pulled by an officer. You can't make racers out of cattle!"

"Tippy told me he was master of a Norwegian bark one time. I wouldn't mind rowing behind him myself if I were younger. Anyway, perhaps we can make an officers' crew at that. We'll see."

"All respect to you, Captain Powell, but I hope you'll remember I protested against this when you're finding fault with the ship's condition," Bucko Douglas uttered chokingly as he left the table.

"Mr. Douglas," the skipper replied slowly and measuredly, "I expect to have to find no fault with the ship's condition. See to it."

Seven ships lay in the river, and all discovered rowing geniuses. Captain Powell returned on board from the club in high feather.

"Next Tuesday will be Fourth of July. I have arranged a seven-boat sweepstakes for a four-mile race, ten dollars an oar, and the comprador has promised to give a handsome prize. Officers to row, captains steering. Ships that carry only three mates can put in one seaman," he hurriedly announced to his officers. The second and third mates grinned. Mr. Douglas wore a fine black scowl that he made no effort to lighten.

"I need every ten dollars I earn for my family, sir," he snapped.

"I'm putting up the money," said the skipper.

"I'm too old to row four miles!"

"Rubbish! You're ten years younger than old Peters, of the Rainbow. He's game, is Peters."

"Do you order me to take part in this foolishness, Captain Powell?" demanded the mate.

"No!" The captain's tone was harder. "I order none of my officers to do other than ship's business. I ask you."

Bucko Douglas took his oar when the boat was lowered for the first practice pull. Hardy, the second mate, and Rollins, the third, were eager. They had spent many hours that day cleaning off the boat's bottom and black-leading it. Tippy's little blue eyes shone brightly under his tangled rope-yarn hair fringe. He had personally looked to the oars and tholepins, renewing the grommets, rasping the oar looms to make solid grips.

"Let Tippy row stroke oar while I watch," Captain Powell said when they were boated. "You'll not row far this spell. Pull around the ship. Here, cook! Jump in and steer. Mr. Douglas, row number three; Mr. Rollins, number two; Mr. Hardy, take bow oar until I see how you fit. And until I see that a change is advisable, please take your instructions from Tippy. Away you go!"

"Captain Powell," protested Douglas desperately before taking his seat, "a while ago you mentioned that I was once a member of the crew of Captain Waterman. Do you mean that I am to take orders ——"

"Mr. Douglas," cut in the skipper with a twinkle, "a while ago you said you were too old to row. This is a tryout. Away you go!"

The sight of their shipmate, Tippy, setting the stroke to the mates, steered by the greasy Doctor, was too much for the forecastle Jacks. They manned the forecastle rail and howled lustily as the crew splashed past. Splashing describes it, for no green crew could be expected to fall into perfect rhythm in the first hundred strokes, even if all were willing. And Bucko Douglas certainly was not willing. He rowed only because Captain Powell had influence with owners. Douglas had been mate for a long time. He desired a command of his own with a feverish longing. To avoid friction he took an oar in the boat; but his disposition was not one to permit him to enter into the arrangement with any enthusiasm. He rowed his own stroke.

"Watch the stroke, sir!" Tippy cried, keeping a rhythm as sweet as music.

"You're short, Mr. Douglas!" the third mate sang out.

"Mr. Douglas!" roared the skipper through his megaphone. "You're ragged as hell! Watch the stroke!"

Douglas swore through his teeth, reached forward savagely, and his oar end struck Tippy in the back as he recovered, scattering the stroke hopelessly. Tippy called "Easy all!" and stopped rowing.

"You should watch the stroke, sir," he said mildly.

"Shut up!" Douglas snarled. "I'll fix you for this when we get to sea!"

Tippy turned right around and faced him, surprise on his face. "Mr. Douglas, maybe you can lick me when the captain ain't looking, but you can't row worth beans. You follow the stroke or I quit and tell the captain you ain't no good in the boat."

Bucko Douglas rowed.

The race came around. The Swordfish's incongruous crew, stroked by Tippy and steered by the skipper, cheered on by thirty roaring fo'mast Jacks perched on the ship's foreyard like a flock of crows, foamed over the finish line ten lengths ahead of the nearest competitor. Tippy's simple soul was full fed on praise; Bucko Douglas derived no pleasure out of the victory, but promised himself a feast of vengeance when he got Tippy to sea again.

But all the signs pointed to disappointment for the mate. Captain Powell, elated at the success of his crew, talked of making Tippy third mate as soon as opportunity offered. He took Shanks into the cabin and made a sleek, cleanish cabin boy of him. He would have made Tippy boson of the starboard watch when his boson ran from the ship, but Mr. Douglas had already promoted big Andreas, and the chance was gone.

Altogether Tippy seemed assured of a passage home as uneventful as the outward passage, so far as the mate was concerned. The Swordfish bade fair to lose the bloodboat reputation another skipper had earned for her. Bucko Douglas lost even the voice of a bucko mate. When he had been sharply admonished for boxing the ears of an impudent cabin boy who overrated the degree of his immunity from chastisement, Mr. Douglas went about the ship like one in great awe. His orders were spoken almost timidly. All of which was unnatural. If the paper covering of a cartridge smolders, an explosion may reasonably be expected in the end unless the powder is damp. Bucko Douglas' powder was not very damp—not so damp but that the smoldering would dry it in time.

That night Captain Powell sent grog forward. The ship was sailing next day; but the night belonged to the crew. And Tippy reached the singing-and-dancing stage. Graceful as a sea cow, he capered on the fore hatch; a young sailor made sweet music with a comb and paper, another beat time with a wooden fid and a tin mess kid. A man started to sing:

"'All hands on board!' our boson cries,
His voice like thunder roaring!"

Tippy howled him down with his own strange ditty:

"If you're outside you can't be inside,
If you're inside you can't be out!
If you're outside you can't be in by a damsight!'"

and all hands bawled:

"Haw, haw, haw-we!"

"You'll be out by a damsight!" growled Mr. Douglas far aft as he knocked out his pipe and went below.

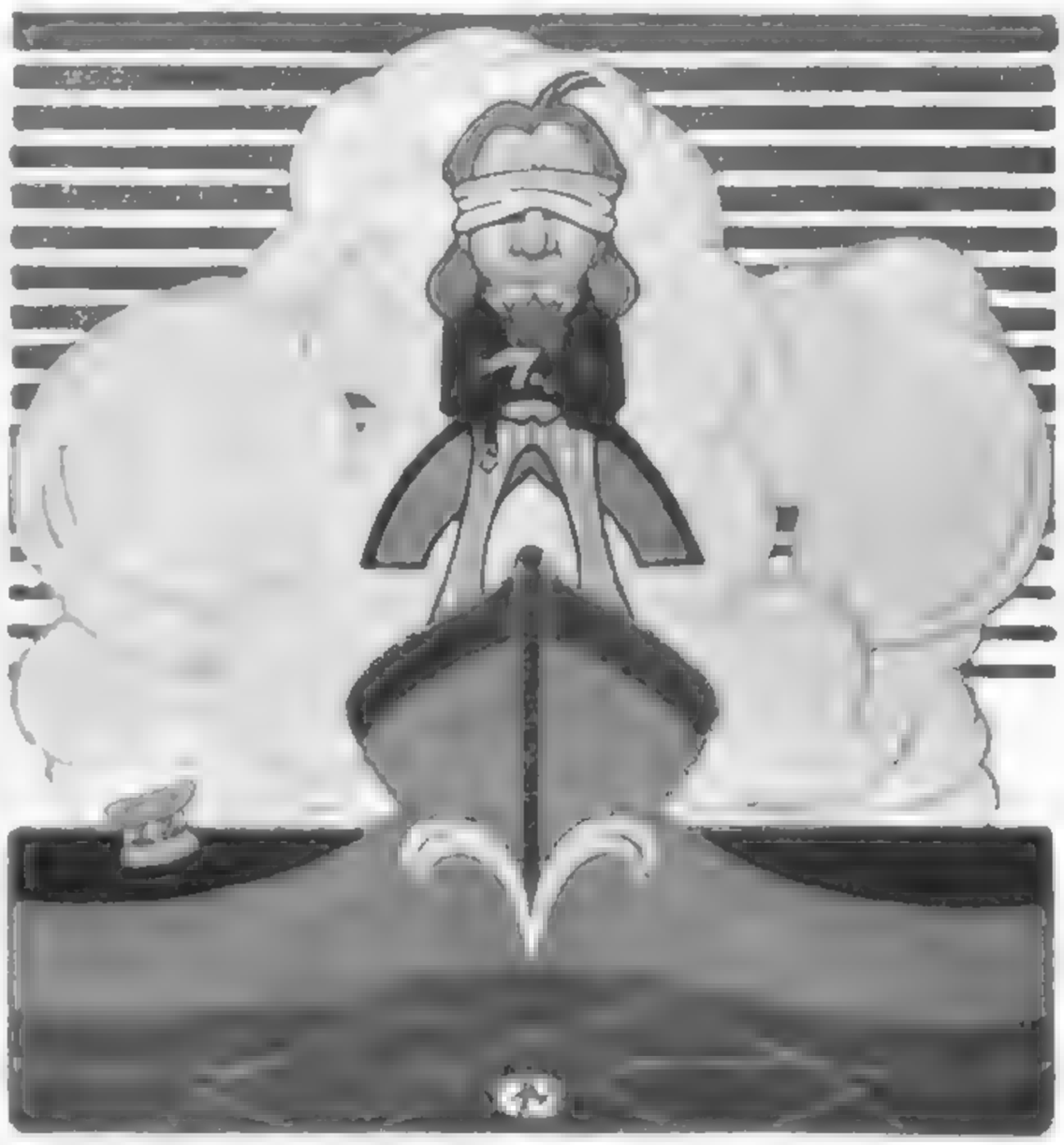
(Continued on Page 116)

The Waterspout Tore Along in the Wake of the Green Clipper With Churned Brine at the Foot of the Column, Gray, Dripping With Bitter Menace

POPULAR DELUSIONS

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE



PRACTICALLY all of us today are possessed of monumental conceit. We hold a most exaggerated idea concerning our surpassing wisdom, and regard with amused contempt the vain imaginings of our ancestors who believed in witchcraft and were deluded with all sorts of foolish notions. We are thankful that we belong to a race free of the follies and superstitions prevailing only a few generations ago.

But when we look into the matter closely, it becomes apparent that we have among us a great army of presumably intelligent individuals possessed of notions which parallel in their absurdity the beliefs of ancient times.

Hundreds of our popular beliefs have no foundation in fact. Many of these misconceptions are nothing more than harmless delusions and bring no evil consequences, but some of our fallacious notions create evil effects that are far-reaching and decidedly destructive. The fact that most of us hold the erroneous idea that fat people are less able to stand the high temperatures of warm summer days than the folks who are thin is a perfectly innocent fallacy that works no injury; but the common belief that business must travel in cycles, and that we cannot avoid having our industrial advance made up of a never-ending succession of foolish inflations and ruinous depressions, represents a type of insidious and unanalyzed notion that reflects unfavorably on our boasted intelligence.

Let us examine a few of our prevalent beliefs that appear to continue unquestioned. I have already referred to fat people and warm weather. The truth is that during the summer our fleshy citizens generally perspire more, lose more weight and look more uncomfortable, but they possess higher resistance to the ill effects of hot weather than do their skinny brothers.

Nine people out of ten, especially business executives, entertain the idea that an office or factory can be too well lighted and that injury will result therefrom. The truth is that harm never comes from too much illumination. In practically all cases, glare, not light, is the damaging factor.

The light intensity outdoors at noon on a clear day in the month of June will average about 9600 foot candles, while the average light intensity at nighttime, under artificial illumination, in most of our workshops will seldom exceed five or six foot candles. In other words, the human eye is perfectly comfortable outdoors with a light intensity more than a thousand times as great as is generally used by people in the evenings when they read or work under electric lights at home or in an office.

Facts and Fantastic Fancies

IT IS surprising how many people hold to old superstitions. They believe it is unlucky to walk under a ladder; that the screeching of an owl portends misfortune; a dog howling at night means somebody is going to die; the appearance of a black cat or a crow foretells misfortune; and that Mars is inhabited by a race of superior beings.

Then lots of folks believe that warmth would be best obtained by wearing fur with the hair inward, but such is not the case, for fur garments and gloves are warmer when worn with the hair outward. The flashing bodies that often pass through our atmosphere are not shooting stars but small meteorites that generally weigh less than a pound and are nearly always reduced to dust by friction before they reach the earth. The layman who notices a so-called shooting star in the sky imagines it must be red-hot when it falls. The fact is that the meteorites that strike our atmosphere are extremely cold. Such heat as is developed in their passage is only on the surface and lasts for no great time. In truth only a few seconds elapse after the stone strikes the earth until its temperature is about equal to that of ice water. Cats' eyes are not luminous in the dark. No creature possesses light-giving eyes, and those of the cat appear bright at night because the widely distended pupil catches whatever light there is, in this way collecting rays which are invisible to us.

The whale is not a fish, but breathes with lungs, has warm blood, no scales, and a four instead of a two chambered heart. Its young are nourished with milk. Birds do not sleep with their heads under their wings, as close observation will show, and moths do not eat holes in our clothes. The maggots from the eggs are the agents of destruction and do the mischief after the moths are long dead.

Then there is the widespread belief that Friday is unlucky. Shipping returns indicate that fewer vessels leave port on Friday than on any other day, and yet the records show that in the matter of ocean accidents it is one of the luckiest days of the week. Columbus sailed upon his first great voyage of adventure on Friday, discovered land on Friday, started back on Friday and again landed in Spain on Friday. Later he started his second voyage on Friday, and finally discovered the Isle of Pines not only on Friday but on the thirteenth day of the month of June, 1494. The Mayflower made the harbor of Provincetown on Friday, and the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth Rock on Friday. It was also on a Friday that Richard Lee moved in Congress that the United Colonies be free and independent, and it was on another Friday that the first Masonic lodge in America was organized. The list of people born on Friday includes such eminent figures as Washington, Gladstone and Disraeli. What more evidence is necessary to prove that the idea of Friday being unlucky is pure bunk?

Likewise it is easily possible to put the stamp of untruth on an endless array of common beliefs. Mad dogs do not avoid water. Diamonds do wear out, and in industry, when employed for such uses as cutting glass, they become worn and useless generally in less than ten weeks. The ocean is not actually blue, but appears so because sea water absorbs all the other colors of the spectrum more freely than it does blue, and therefore light transmitted through it or reflected by it carries a preponderance of blue. Waving a red rag before a bull will not excite him any more than waving some other bright color. It is the strangeness of the moving object, not the redness of the rag, that bothers the bull. In experiments, the bulls that were subjected to tests paid more attention to white rags than they did to red ones. The fact that red is the color of blood has doubtless fostered the fallacy.

Sometimes we hold delusions that are capitalized by others. For example, in France the natives shun the luscious blackberry because they are the victims of a long-existing fallacy which says that the blackberry will give you fever. As a result, the people of Great Britain and other near-by countries get the bulk of the French blackberry crop, and greatly relish the savory jams and jellies made from this fruit. We are amused by the spectacle of a nation submitting to the tyranny of such a foolish tradition, but at the same time let us not forget that our own ancestors, for no better reason, avoided eating the tempting tomato, or love apple as it was called in colonial days.

Truth and oil always come to the surface, but often the first takes a long time rising to the top. For years we have been taught to distrust and fear any tendency toward the enactment of so-called blue laws. The average citizen is certain that a stern and restrictive code of legislation did exist in New England during the early days of our Puritan fathers. Throughout the world at that time many cruelties were included in the methods of government, but in comparison the New Englanders were mild and liberal. In Great Britain there were more than two hundred offenses punishable by death, while our most oppressive state imposed the penalty of death for only twelve crimes.

The Blue Laws Weren't So Blue

THIS whole delusion of New England blue laws was created by a Tory preacher who was driven out of the colonies to England, and who, in his resentment, had published a long list of absurd enactments, for the purpose of slurring the intelligence and character of the American patriots. His statement included such fabrications as the following: "No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath day. No one shall run on the Sabbath, or walk in his garden or elsewhere except reverently to and from meetings. No one shall travel, cook, make beds, sweep, shave or cut hair on Sunday. No person shall play any musical instrument on that day except the drum, trumpet or jew's-harp." And although even a hasty investigation will prove to anyone's satisfaction that our colonial acts were neither excessively intolerant nor bigoted, the Tory preacher's libel of early American customs continues to perpetuate the fallacy of New England blue laws.

In matters of health and bodily cures the stock of popular delusions is beyond calculation. From the very beginning of time much of our so-called healing has been closely related to some form of religion having for its basis a foundation of faith. The ancient Mexicans sacrificed their fellow beings to appease the anger of their gods. The aborigines of the British Isles believed the air was peopled with spirits and fairies having power to control health and life. Our American Indians still have their medicine men and cling to practices which they believe will invoke favorable action from the Great Spirit. Hindu mothers still throw innocent babes to the crocodiles of the Ganges, hoping through this sacrifice to restore health.

But not all the health delusions are confined to savages. All about us are freak schools of healing that number their deluded followers in the thousands. We have magnetic healing developed from mesmerism, and the usual belief of the followers of this school is that the healer casts from his person a magnetic force which enters the body of the patient and drives out pain and sickness. And yet we ridicule the methods of the medicine men of savage tribes!

Then we have spiritualistic healing, which includes fantastic methods based on communications from the unknown world of departed souls. Next are the divine healers who cure the sick by the laying on of hands or affirmations of health. Undoubtedly some physical benefits do accrue from an optimistic mental posture, and as a result this form of healing has developed into a religion having more followers, in proportion to its short life, than any other creed that ever came into existence.

It gives the casual onlooker something of a shock today to note the crowds that often attend so-called health-and-power meetings. Recently I wandered into one such gathering, and in response to the leader's greeting, "How are we all tonight?" the audience chanted in unison, "Fine and dandy. Why shouldn't we be?" The lecturer told how to attain physical and financial success, and then distributed circulars.

All these people who are endowed with the power to obtain wisdom and advice from the other world never seem

(Continued on Page 126)

Can Things be Sold Cheaper?

By J. R. SPRAGUE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

A YEAR or so ago, in a small Southern city, relations became strained between the retail merchants' association and the several hundred employes of the town's big manufacturing plant, the trouble arising over the projected publication of a program for the Labor Day festivities. It had been the custom each year to issue a program which contained a list of the day's events and to sell advertising space to the local merchants at ten dollars a page. It was not pretended that the program was a gilt-edged advertising medium; the merchants merely looked on their ten-dollar advertisements as donations expressing their good will toward their labor customers.

But on this occasion, when the labor committee went up and down the main street on its advertising campaign, the price of space in the program was set at twenty-five dollars a page and a number of merchants declined to go in at that figure. Hot words were exchanged in several establishments.

Matters became worse when it was discovered that the program was not being issued as usual by the labor societies direct but had been farmed out to a single individual who contracted to pay the societies a certain sum for the program privilege, any profit on the transaction to go into his own pocket. The merchants said they were being held up. The Labor Day committee denounced the merchants as tightwads who had no gratitude for the business they derived from the workers of the community. A mass meeting was called to protest against the merchants' attitude, and at this meeting it was proposed that the working men of the town should establish a big store of their own.

The man who made the proposal was not a factory workman, but a professor in a local college who liked to study social problems, and he had it all figured out how the labor people might operate their own store and save the retailers' costs.

Retailers' Coöperative Buying

"YOU will be amazed to know," he told his hearers, "the amount of tribute you are paying the private traders. Every time you buy anything in a retail store you pay the owner anywhere from 20 per cent to 100 per cent above the wholesale cost. The reason for this lies in the fact that everywhere there are too many stores. Each merchant exacts an exorbitant profit because he must make his living from a limited number of customers. When business is dull he puts on a bigger profit so as to make the same amount of money from still fewer sales. The people of this country will never be able to buy at right prices until a law is passed limiting the number of retail dealers."

Fortunately for themselves, probably, the workers of the town did not go into the retail game, and a compromise was effected with the local storekeepers in the matter of the Labor Day program advertising. But in spite of the speaker's peculiar ideas about the storekeepers' raising prices during periods of dull business, he was doubtless correct in some of his charges. There are too many retailers. It does cost too much to do business. There is too great a spread between the cost of production and the price the public pays across the retail counter.

No one knows these things better than the retailers themselves, and schemes are constantly being tried to remedy the situation. The purpose of this article is to tell some of the things that have been done and to indicate what may be done further to reduce the spread between manufacturer and consumer.

The modern department store originally came into being as a plan to get around the high cost of retailing, the first ones beginning to appear in America along in the '60's, the theory being that many lines being grouped together under one roof and management could be retailed more economically than in independent specialty stores. France was ahead of us in the development of department-store retailing, and England came after us. English department stores, however, now go beyond those of any other country in the variety of their functions. Some of the London establishments, besides carrying all the regular lines of merchandise, also sell theater tickets, write insurance, operate moving vans, maintain rental departments for furnished rooms or complete houses, and sell town or country real estate.

Ever since the first department store began operating, predictions have been freely made that eventually the small independent retailer will have to go, many independent retailers themselves sharing in this gloomy foreboding. Theoretically the small retailer cannot compete in prices with the big establishment which buys in immense quantities and can afford to hire experts in all departments. In reality, the small man is flourishing now as never before, and in all likelihood he will continue to flourish; because statistics show that in spite of organization and efficiency, it costs the average department store just about as great a percentage to do business as it does the little independent dealer.

The so-called chain store, another plan to get around the high cost of retailing, came into being in America at about the same time as the department store; but it is only during the past twenty years that the chain-store system has really come into its own. Its prototype of the '80's and '90's was the 99-cent store, the racket store and the novelty store, most of which were chain organizations, but which gradually went out of business. The modern chain-store system as it exists today is largely a development of the present century. There are now more than 2000 chain-store systems in the United States, operating over 100,000 establishments. About half these are grocery stores.

The theory of the chain store is the same as that of the department store—namely, to be able to sell cheaper on account of enormous purchasing power and efficient concentrated management. The only difference is that the chain system specializes in fewer things; and instead of having all its stock under one roof, where people must come to buy, it locates stores in many places where people only have to drop in. Most of the chain-store organizations also effect economies by not delivering goods or opening charge accounts.

By all rules of the game, then, the chain stores ought to do business at less expense than the department stores, because a chain system usually does more business than an average department store can hope to do, and it gives less free service. But in spite of all rules and calculations, the records show that the chain stores, the department stores and the independent dealers all average just about the same percentage of expense in selling any certain line of merchandise.

In many lines it is customary for manufacturers to market their products through wholesale houses or jobbers instead of selling direct to the retailers. Naturally the jobber has to make a profit on the merchandise he handles, which profit is claimed by many to be a useless expense. During recent years a great many schemes have been tried out with the view of eliminating the jobber, the most usual plan being for numbers of retailers to band together in their buying, thus making their combined purchases important enough to warrant direct relations with manufacturers and get rock-bottom quantity prices.

Some of these retailers' coöperative-buying associations have been successful and others not. Perhaps one of the most successful is that composed of more than twenty large department stores located in as many cities, the buying headquarters being in New York. An entire floor of a great office building in the metropolis is maintained, where resident buyers from each of the member stores have offices, and there manufacturers send their samples. If a manufacturer has something attractive enough to interest all the resident buyers he can be sure of a large enough order to make it worth his while to quote rock-bottom prices. On account of their large buying power these twenty stores frequently buy merchandise at a lower price than the average wholesaler.

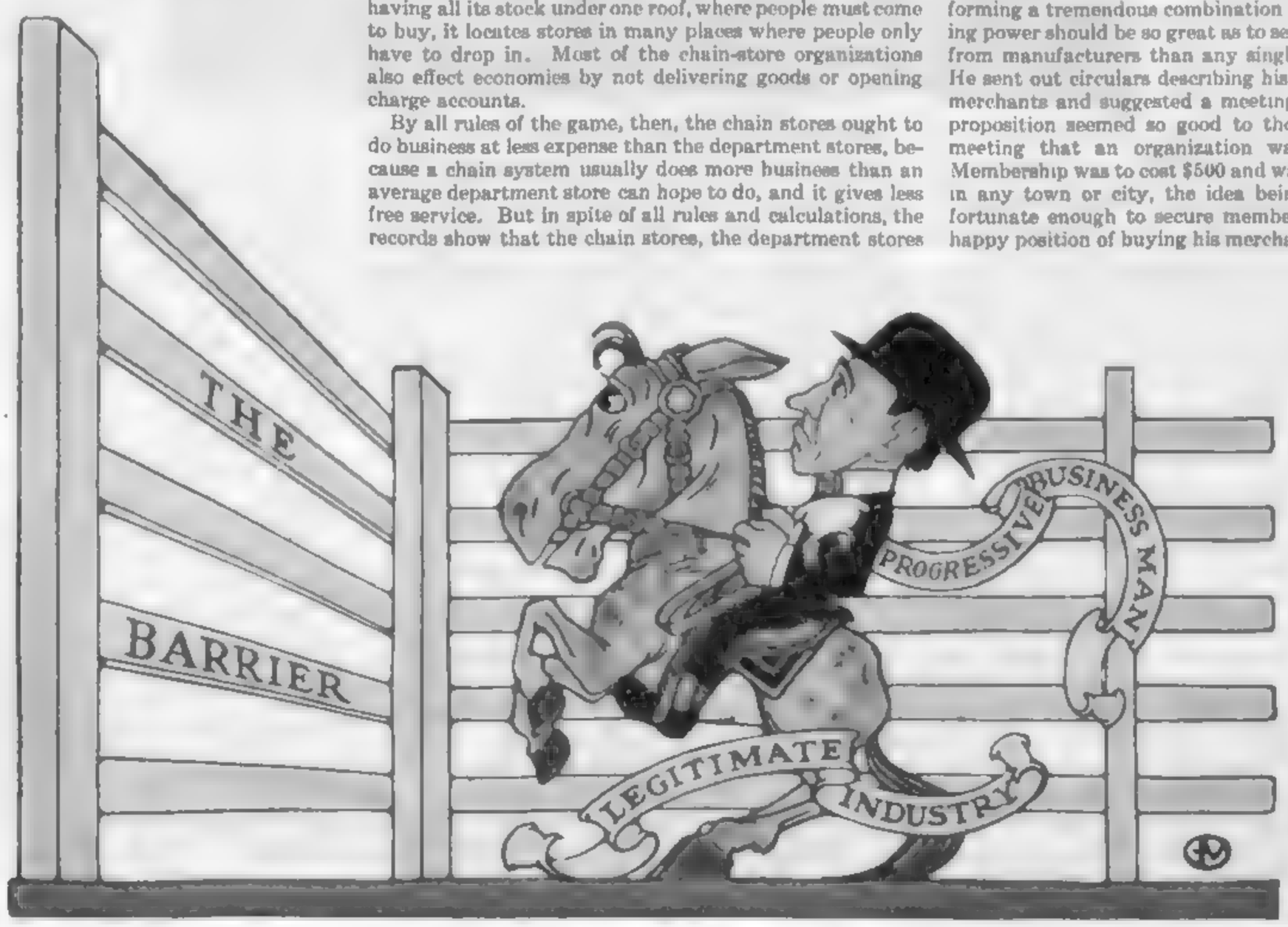
The Ex-Merchant's Plans

IN SPITE of this, however, this association does not pretend to save all the jobber profit to its members, because in the nature of things, when it sets out to dispense with the jobber it has to take on much of the jobber's ordinary expense. There is the rent of the New York headquarters, together with a considerable office force. A high-priced executive has to be retained to manage the general affairs of the organization. Each of the resident buyers must be a high-class merchandise man who knows values. The ordinary jobber profit is about 20 per cent; but the association is well satisfied to save a third of that figure to its members. The greatest value of the organization is that it acts as a clearing house of information to its members. Whenever any one of them works out some new idea in store management or in economy of operation the idea is passed on to the New York office for the benefit of the other members.

Another organization formed at about the same time as the one above described did not work out so well, the principal reason being the human propensity of its members to expect too much. A man who had operated a retail specialty business in a Western city conceived the idea of forming a tremendous combination of retailers whose buying power should be so great as to secure much lower prices from manufacturers than any single trader could expect. He sent out circulars describing his plan to a select list of merchants and suggested a meeting to talk it over. The proposition seemed so good to those who attended this meeting that an organization was at once perfected. Membership was to cost $500 and was limited to one dealer in any town or city, the idea being that the individual fortunate enough to secure membership would be in the happy position of buying his merchandise cheaper than his local competitors and therefore able to pass the bargains on to the public. In a comparatively short time more than 800 retailers had joined the organization, which gave nearly $500,000 to start operations with. The ex-merchant who had first conceived the plan was elected manager, offices were opened in New York and manufacturers were invited to submit bids on supplying certain standard types of merchandise.

Right there the first snag was encountered. The retailers believed

(Continued on Page 101)



THE LIKENESS

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

TO GERSON, riding slowly down from the summit, this Nevada mountain region seemed fruitful, beautiful and pleasant. He had left the Teapot outfit a month before, and, to see the country, had followed trails, old roads and ridges far from the beaten path. What he had come on now pleased him. If he could hook up with an outfit here he would like nothing better. The snow was going fast on the surrounding mountains; spring roundups would be starting soon. He kept his eye wandering in search of a *caviada*, line camp or chuck wagon that would mark the presence of a cow boss—a possible job.

Alert, but smoking lazily, he rounded a jutting red cliff in the road and came unexpectedly on a large fat man riding a mule and carrying before him on the saddle a sack of flour. The fat man's face changed suddenly as he stared at the approaching cowman. He snatched at his reins, twisted the mule about violently and urged him into a clumsy gallop. The sack of flour pitched to the road. He did not heed it at all. Sawing at his mount's head, he finally pulled into the brush to the left, where the mountain fell away in an easy slope, and disappeared.

Gerson was too astonished to laugh. He dismounted and placed the sack of flour carefully beside the road, puzzled and at a loss. Not until he had gone a mile did he break into hearty laughter, at which his big fleabitten gray cocked an ear.

It was fully an hour later that he heard someone above him call sharply, and looked up to see a freckled boy seated on a wiry little cayuse.

"Hello, bub!" Gerson exclaimed pleasantly.

The boy made no response. He had called obviously to force the man to look up and reveal his face, hidden from above by his broad hat. When he saw that face his own was filled with amazement. Without a word or sign, he dug his heels into the pony's sides and fled, hell-for-leather, up a winding little road and out of sight.

This second incident furnished Gerson more amusement; but it was replaced by bafflement and a touch of resentment when, at the foot of the grade, he rode onto a girl watering a supple buckskin, accoutered in black leather and silver, at a roadside trough. He was still a hundred yards away when she looked up and caught sight of him. She stared for a moment, reddened, mounted hastily and, with one look of plain loathing, turned her horse's head down the valley and rode away. She looked back but once. Gerson had pushed his gray into a shuffling trot. Seeing this, she instantly raised her own horse's pace to a high lope and left him behind—passed out of sight over a rise.

"They all act like I was a rabid coyote!" he said angrily, half aloud. "What's the matter with us, top horse?"

At noon he watered at a creek above the road, in a willow-screened and shady nook, opened a can of tomatoes from the roll behind his saddle, took a heel of hard bread and some jerked meat from a saddlebag and ate. He was still baffled by the reception he had been given to the new country when a powerful but gaunt white horse came into view on a dim old trail to the south, bearing a man who rode as though very weary. He was a quarter of a mile away. Gerson, lying back after his meal, raised his head, supporting it with hands linked behind it, and watched the traveler. The man might have been looking for cattle strays, for he stood up in his stirrups now and again to search the hillsides keenly. Presently he took out papers and a sack of tobacco and rolled a cigarette.

Gerson unconsciously reached for his own supply; as the rider came down to the road not far distant the cowman got up and emerged from the willow clump to greet him.

"No Tricks Now, Waller!" Someone Said Gruffly. "Stand Up"

The stranger saw his movement almost before he had reached the open. He seemed to duck in his saddle, he clapped his spurs to his horse, swung him widely east and flung him into a dry wash that marked the debouchment of a steep and densely wooded cañon. From the sharp clatter of hoofs on rock it was plain that he rode desperately, reckless of his horse. Gerson went back and stretched on the ground again.

"I'd sure never run for office in this county," he grunted, half aloud. "They couldn't give me a wider road if I was a skunk, working at my trade."

He began to try reasoning out this inexplicable conduct of the people he had met, but the country drowsed in the midday heat and he fell asleep. He was awakened by a sharp voice and a violent prod in the ribs. He sat up, facing a revolver and half a dozen shotguns held steadily in the hands of tense and determined men.

"No tricks now, Waller!" someone said gruffly. "Stand up."

He was so amazed that for a moment he could scarcely obey. A rough hand jerked him straight.

"Where's your gun?" the leader demanded, after a quick, experienced search.

"In my roll. You've got the wrong man, I guess, folks."

Several of the posse laughed shortly.

"If we have you'd better be ready to prove it fast when we get back to Pascoe," one of them remarked.

"Shut up, Joe!" the leader snapped. He wore the star of a deputy sheriff. "Come on now, Waller, and come quiet. We'd like an excuse to kill you without bothering to take you back, you know, so you'd better not furnish us with any."

Gerson went with them quietly, smiling a little.

"Waller, is it?" he was asking himself. "Waller must be pretty average unpopular in these parts, if I'm any judge."

It was apparent that the six men in the posse—hard, fit, capable mountain dwellers—considered their prisoner not only dangerous but tricky. One of the group was detailed to ride the fleabitten gray in; the others conducted Gerson to a small old automobile which had been concealed off the road at some little distance. The machine was built to accommodate four or five. When Gerson was in the front seat with the driver, two men in the rear seat, and one riding on either running board, it groaned and sagged as it was turned into the road and started east again. It seemed amazing that it ran at all. Gerson was not surprised when it balked on a short uprise from a creek bottom. It was coaxed forward again, jolted over a mile or two, stopped suddenly and with a sort of finality The driver climbed down.

"Stalled!" he said, after an examination. "Connecting rod this time. We'll have to walk in to Mowbray's, Bowman."

The deputy sheriff swore.

"Mowbray hasn't got a machine," he growled. "It means we'll have to team in, prob'ly. Come on, Waller! Spread out, boys!"

Mowbray's daughter was the girl Gerson had startled at the watering trough that morning. He recognized her, with eyes level and his mouth smiling, as she came out to the porch, after their arrival, with lemonade for the weary posse members. No one offered Gerson anything. They had nothing but hatred for him. The girl's scorn was heightened at this close range. Her father—a big, powerful, dominant character—asked the deputy, Bowman, how they had located their prisoner.

"The Bagley kid got word in to Pascoe," Bowman said. "He saw Waller on the Piñon Grade early and rode sixteen miles to Beaver to telephone. Sheriff Brain caught me at Whipple's about nine o'clock and we've drove the hundred and odd miles since then."

"Wore out my flivver too," the driver growled.

"Guess Tyler County can afford you another one, Todd," Bowman said expansively.

But in all their talk there were no details Gerson could catch as to the crime with which the desperado Waller was charged. Mention was made of Old Man Hatch, and it was freely predicted that the sheriff's office would have difficulty in holding the prisoner long enough in Pascoe to insure him a trial.

"The county's more worked up than I've seen it since the Castor Bottoms rustlers was cleaned out," an elderly man said.

"I'd furnish a rope gratis," another volunteered.

"Our duty is to let the law take its course," Bowman commented rather perfunctorily.

"To hell with our duty!" Todd exploded violently.

There was not a moment's doubt as to the identity of the prisoner. Gerson could see that. And, though he drove himself hard to frame his protestations convincingly, he could not even make a start. It would require but a little, he was aware, to inflame some of them to action of some precipitate sort. The thing would come out all right in the end, of course. But as time went on, this certainty faded and became a probability—a possibility—then finally a necessity.

The posse members argued their best course. Mowbray could let them have a team, but this would mean lying over until morning or else making a night-and-day drive. Pascoe, it appeared, was sixty miles east—the county seat. Finally someone suggested the mail stage.

"It's due through here about nine tonight," Mowbray said. "George Hill is driving, and he's usually on time. He'd land you in Pascoe by midnight, Bowman."

While they discussed this program, Gerson sat back on the house porch, rolling cigarettes one after another, and trying to think what he could do for himself in this extravagant, this preposterous situation. There were moments when his confused thinking became panic. But, save for a little worried frown that came between his eyes now and again, he was externally quiet and smiling

The posse decided to await the coming of the automobile stage. Mowbray called in two burly farm hands and set them to guard the prisoner so that the posse members, patently exhausted, could snatch a few hours' rest. Relieved and grateful, the men sought distant shade and drooped or dropped asleep. The ranch drowsed. Only Gerson of them all was wide awake—alert. His eye was caught by a movement inside the house—the twitching of a window curtain. He did not turn, but he knew presently that it was Madge Mowbray who was observing him. Her espionage made him uncomfortable, though he held himself steady under it, drawing thoughtfully at his cigarette. Her hatred and distaste for the desperado, Waller, must certainly have had some basis in personal experience; there was more behind it than mere agreement with a countryside that seemed unanimously to despise the outlaw. And Gerson, who had been appealed to by his first picture of the girl at the cañon water trough, could not wholly reason himself out of wincing; her loathing for the man she thought him to be got past his guard and hurt him. It began to be as important to redeem himself in her eyes as to save himself from possible sacrifice at the hands of an outraged people

He had difficulty in checking a quick and startled movement when he heard her voice just behind him. He was leaning back in a chair, placed at an angle made by the house itself and a screen-doored L, on the porch. The girl stood in the shadow of the room beyond that door.

"Don't look around," she said in a quiet, low voice. "I want to ask you something."

Gerson glanced at his guards. They were discussing him slackly, sitting on the blue-grass lawn twenty feet away. Mowbray himself had gone and the others were asleep.

"I'd sure like to answer a few questions," Gerson said guardedly. His voice shook in spite of him.

"Where did you get that big horse you rode?" she demanded abruptly

"At the Teapot Ranch, in Arizona. I worked there two years."

"What part of Arizona?"

"'Bout eighty miles from Flag."

"How long have you been here?"

"I rode in over that bald ridge to the west this morning. I was looking to hook up with a cow outfit."

"You're lying now!"

"It maybe looks that way. This morning I passed three people besides you that shied off soon as they saw me. I couldn't figure it out—never thought of being took for a bad man. I never was thought to be one before, much."

"Will you roll me a cigarette?"

Gerson could not check the impulse to stare at this request. He turned slightly, faced her. She had come forward so that she stood almost at his shoulder, and her face was pale and her eyes worried.

"If you don't sit still I'll leave you," she said sharply.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, and shifted his position.

His guards looked up. Unconsciously their big red hands gripped the shotgun stocks they held. But they did not move.

"You see?" the girl scolded.

He took out his tobacco sack and papers.

"I like a thin cigarette," she said.

"Yes'm."

He creased the paper deftly, as by long habit. He sprinkled along it the golden flakes of tobacco, caught a string in his teeth, pulled the mouth of the little pouch closed and rolled a small, compact, brown cigarette. His smile glowed.

"I reckon you'll have to lick it, ma'am," he said. "It's too thin to crimp."

She leaned down to him.

"I don't want it," she said surprisingly. "It was watching you roll them for yourself that first made me think you were not Waller."

"I'm sure glad I'm different from him somehow," he said whimsically. "I thought for a while I was a dead ringer."

"What is your name?" she demanded

"Gerson. They used to call me Bear Paw because I came out of that range three years back "

"You don't know anyone nearer than Arizona?"

"No; I've been thinking about that. If I get a proper trial have time, you know—I can telegraph down there. The Teapot outfit is quite a ways from a station, and it would take maybe two-three days to reach 'em and get a wire back. But if the people up here are set on lynching me it'd be kind of late, wouldn't it?"

"Didn't you get to know any people along the road? I mean near here -out around Silverton or in Missionary Valley."

"I didn't come that way, I guess. I wanted to see the country south. Mostly I followed ridges and cut across on trails and old roads."

The girl caught her breath.

"It's terrible! Something can be done, of course. Something has to be done! Wait! I'll talk to my father."

She was gone. For the first time Gerson was really appalled by his situation. He called to one of the farm hands—asked if he could see Bowman, the deputy sheriff. Presently the man returned.

"Bowman says you better save your breath," he said. "He wants to get some sleep."

There was, then, little hope from that source. Gerson had about sixty dollars in a money belt strapped around his waist; he had his horse and saddle. If he had time in the county seat he might be able to get a lawyer—some help and counsel. But would he have time?

"I tried to sound father out," the girl said suddenly, at his shoulder again. "It's no use. They've all made up their minds that you are Waller. When I look at you from a little distance I think you must be, myself."

"This Waller is a pretty bad egg?"

"Yes; he killed an old man up above Pascoe for the few dollars he had, and shot the sheriff and a boy on the streets that night. All the country up that way has been turned out for three days, looking for him. There isn't much doubt that they would hang him if they aren't quieted down by now."

"Hang me, you mean," Gerson said with a little smile.

"Don't talk that careless way!" she cried.

"Did Waller ever bother you?"

"Yes." He thought she shuddered. Certainly her voice was sharper. "I think I'd feel it more if I were standing this close to him—to Waller. I'd not be able to talk to him "

"I don't see why you bother about me," he said with a sigh.

(Continued on Page 77)

"Perhaps I'll Tell You Some Time," She Said: Then She Raised Her Voice: "Dad, I've Had a Wonderful Day—and Night"

PRETTY BUSINESS

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

II

THERE was a man, evidently connected with the household, pacing the drive at the side of the Dowlings'. "Can you tell me where the billiard room is?" Mr. Lane asked him.

The man gestured over his shoulder with a thick thumb. "Them windows."

Mr. Lane hurried in, and his foot was on the second tread of the stairs when the man's head appeared.

"Where y' going?"

"Upstairs."

"No, y' ain't. That's what I'm out here for."

"What's the idea?"

"How should I know? I just been put on with them orders."

"Any objection to guests being on the second floor?"

"Well, if they ain't, there's a front stairs they can go up."

"I'll take those, then."

Mr. Lane said it loud enough to be overheard above.

The glaring lights of a car coming around the corner of the house blinded him as he stepped on the drive, and as he moved to the lawn he recognized, by the light from a window, the driver. It was the conversational, long-faced woman he had seen in the drug store.

Without giving her presence more than a vague wonder, Mr. Lane made for the main entrance, and, crossing the hall, was about to start upstairs when Wells, who stood on the first landing, descended a few steps.

"I beg your pardon, sir ——" he began.

Mr. Lane didn't hear the rest, because he was rather unpleasantly startled by a hand being laid on his shoulder. The hand belonged to Mr. Tawes, the inconspicuous, almost invisible cause of the night's festivities. Mr. Tawes spoke in the vague, agitated manner of a bridegroom-to-be.

"Oh, say! You're the man I was looking for. Mrs. Dowling asked me to. She wants to speak to you."

"I saw you looking lonely," Mrs. Dowling pronounced in her remarkable chest tones. "I was worried about you. You don't know anyone here. This is my daughter Elizabeth. I hope she'll be more thoughtful than Margery Rowan and introduce you to some of the pretty girls."

The Brains of Narcissa's narrative was a dun-colored girl with literal brown eyes.

"I hope she'll dance with me herself."

"Thank you."

She danced competently.

"Tell me anybody you want to meet," she directed.

"I'm quite content if you and Miss Margery will give me a dance from time to time."

"You're the president of a railroad, aren't you?"

Miss Elizabeth Dowling was nothing if not direct.

"Lord! Does my dancing show that?"

"No; but I heard."

"I have been for a short time."

"You look rather young. What railroad?"

"The Santa Fe-Keokuk."

"You see, we have to check up on all our guests tonight. It seems only fair to the ones we haven't known for a long time."

"Has something happened?"

"Mother's had a telephone message to look out for the wedding presents, because there's a famous crook here tonight. The person who called wouldn't say who she was. I imagine it's just someone's idea of humor; but you know how older people are. Mother's frightened to death and has called in the local police."

"I suppose the presents are being well guarded."

"Yes; they're locked in with the man who's been watching over them, and all the stairs are watched so no one can get up or down. There are a good many people here we don't know, but they're all on this floor."

"Would you mind having me handcuffed to some member of the orchestra you can trust?"

"Oh, there's no need for that."

Someone cut in, and Mr. Lane claimed Margery Rowan again.

"I hope your railroad doesn't come tumbling down on your head," he said. "I'm already being investigated."

When he'd reported the conversation, Margery wrinkled her nose in disdain.

"I Won't Faint Again. At Least, I'm Afraid I Won't. The First Time You Do Is Horrid; But the Second Is Just Like Heaven"

"I don't believe a word of it," she said. "I imagine some little incident may have happened, and that Brains took advantage of it to satisfy her curiosity. The Dowlings will never hide those wedding presents under a bushel of caution if I know them."

"Why not do some investigating ourselves? Don't you think Wells would let you up?"

"Of course he will. What a circus!"

"I wonder," Mr. Lane remarked as they crossed the hall, "what the penitentiary sentence for introducing a wolf in sheep's clothing is in New York State."

"At least," Margery returned, "I have the figure for circular stripes."

Wells said, as he stepped aside to let them pass, "I'm not supposed to let anyone up, Miss Margery."

"Don't, anyone else," Margery enjoined him; "except perhaps Mr. Chambers. Are you armed to the teeth, Wells?"

"Not so much as a toothbrush. I don't set no store by that telephone business."

"Is the whole police force in there?"

"They're consulting with Mrs. Dowling, the two of them. Just Wilkins is inside."

"He's the footman?"

Wells' eyes twinkled.

"We're very grand these days, Miss Margery."

"There was something in what Brains said," Margery admitted with a sigh; "but at least we've found the most private place in the house. Shall we sit down?"

"Let's make sure that everything's all right," Mr. Lane suggested, and tapped on the closed door, a curious-patterned rap—twice in rapid succession, then a pause, then once.

"I wonder why he doesn't answer?" Margery said.

"He probably has strict orders, and I'm worrying him to death."

Mr. Lane's face was rather solemn, however. Margery settled herself on a big couch.

"Well," she said, "he's proposed."

"May I be the first, then ——"

"I wasn't definite. Somehow, it wasn't awfully satisfactory, and I never intended to marry just for money. I've had that all out with myself. I'd just hate everybody if I did, and we'd all be unhappy in the end."

"Nobody asked you to, miss," said Mr. Lane.

"I wonder if I'm a sort of freak about men. The minute he got eager and gaspy I just wanted to run. I think it's always like that with me."

"Still, you weren't definite."

"Well, he is divine-looking; and all the girls are mad about him."

"I don't believe you'd care for manger food as a steady diet."

Margery Rowan made a net of her eyelashes.

"I think perhaps," she said, "I like older men."

Before Mr. Lane could say anything, the head of the Abe Lincoln young man appeared over the banisters.

"You're not supposed to come up here, Pat Deshon," Margery told him.

"I know; but Wells thought he could trust me, and it's the next dance."

Mr. Lane rose and said he'd better be going down before Mrs. Dowling sent out a search party.

"You haven't met Mr. Deshon," Margery said.

"I'm Doormat Number One for Margery," Mr. Deshon explained with a grin. "Just in case you shouldn't have suspected it."

"Don't be silly, Pat."

"It's just as well to have any entrant know where I stand—or am stood on."

Mr. Lane liked Pat Deshon, and was sorry, as he went downstairs, to pass Dick Chambers going up. A few seconds later Pat Deshon joined Mr. Lane in the stag line.

They grinned at each other, and Pat said, "Will you be my fellow charter member in the Chambers Suppression Club, without prejudice to your own interests?"

"I don't know but I will," Mr. Lane agreed. "Shall we go into committee and discuss aims and methods?"

"I'm for strangulation."

"In the first place," Mr. Lane said, when they were settled in the library, "you might as well know that I'm not a rival. I'm just an interested observer, and as such I may have a clearer view of the situation than you have. Do you want me to tell you what I seriously and honestly think about Miss Margery, or do you want me to refer to the subject with becoming reticence?"

Pat Deshon, who had been expecting persiflage, focused his interest. "I'd be glad for any dope, honestly."

"Well then, here goes. To my way of thinking, one has to go back to the '90's for the words to describe Miss Margery. She's a flirt and a heartless coquette. Do you know what happened to the flirts and the heartless coquettes? They made the best wives or the worst old maids in the world. Which one they made depended on circumstances. Their game was so absorbing that they never stopped voluntarily. Someone had to marry them in spite of themselves. I think it was rather easier to do that in the '90's. My own mother was that sort. The day of her wedding she didn't appear, and if my father hadn't found her hiding under a table, and dragged her out, and threatened her with a scandal, one of the merriest wives who ever lived would have grown bitter over a lot of withered cotillion favors. As I say, that was easier then. The scandal of having to return the silver pickle fork to Aunt Ettie wouldn't provide much leverage for Miss Margery; but the situation remains the same. If I'm not wrong, Miss Margery knows that you're the person for her. She told me as much. That's why she resents you. Mark my words, once you're married, her restlessness will disappear and she'll think you're the only man in the world."

"It sounds great, but how do I do it?"

"I don't know. The only suggestion I can give is sometime to get her so blind with fatigue that when you produce a marriage license, and begin insisting, it will be easier for her to marry you than go on listening."

"Mr. Lane!" Margery Rowan's voice brought them guiltily to their feet.

"Is there anything indecent in here so that I can't come in?"

"Nothing but me," Pat Deshon said.

"I've been cast back on your hands. Dick Chambers has been made a special deputy or something. He told me to look out for myself in a scene which should have been played to Tosti's Good-bye."

"Has somebody missed a teaspoon?" Pat Deshon wanted to know.

"Haven't you people heard? It's happened! Everything of any value in that room has been taken. The footman, they think. At least, he's disappeared; and the gardener, who was guarding the billiard-room stairs, was blackjacked in the drive. Mrs. Dowling can't decide whether to be Rachel mourning for her children or Queen Victoria when the teacup was broken. She's simply wonderful. It's just made the party. I never heard people having such a good time."

"When did it happen?"

"Nobody knows. They found it out about two minutes after you came downstairs. Mrs. Dowling marches upstairs between two policemen—Dick and I were there, so we saw. They knocked on the door first. No answer. They beat. Then they lifted it off its hinges. 'Dora, my poor darling!' cries Mrs. Dowling. Just as supper was served too! Come along. You're missing something perfectly priceless."

"Am I a suspect?" Mr. Lane asked.

"I vouched for you. I hope you wouldn't be so stupid, anyway, as to steal a few miserable guarded wedding presents when by knocking Narcissa on the head you could have walked away with the Rowan Peale, which must be worth five times as much."

"Peale!" Mr. Lane repeated. "You have a Peale?"

"You probably thought it was a lithograph. Mother keeps it under glass. It hangs opposite the drawing-room mantel. The founder of the house, you know. Will you please come on?"

"Wait a minute. You say it's in the drawing-room? Is that where Miss Narcissa was talking to the woman book agent this afternoon?"

"What in the world has that to do with it?"

Before there was time to reply, a briskly excited voice said, "Mr. Lane, may I have a word alone with you?"

None of the three had seen Dick Chambers come in.

"Certainly, Mr. Chambers," Mr. Lane said.

"Heavens, what's the matter, Dick?" Margery demanded. "You look like Javert."

"I'll explain to Mr. Lane "

The boy was almost magenta with emotion.

"Now, Dick, don't be silly."

"There's nothing silly about it. We want to put a few questions to Mr. Lane. The gardener, who was knocked out, has come to. He says that just before he was struck some guest tried to get up the billiard-room stairs and had to be stopped. It was no one the man had ever seen before, and we're asking all the out-of-town guests to step into the loggia so he can identify the one."

"He'll, of course, have waited to make sure of being caught," Pat Deshon commented.

"Dick!" Margery glared at her suitor. "You're acting abominably. Haven't I said I was with Mr. Lane practically all evening?"

"You weren't with him while this business was going on, because you were with me; and it won't hurt him to go, anyway."

"You're quite right," Mr. Lane agreed.

Pat Deshon was amused.

"Don't you love to hear Dick pant?" he asked Margery. "I can hear the click of the handcuffs in every word he says."

"Well, you're so blamed smart," Dick flung at him, "that I guess I better tell you that I happened to find Lane talking to this footman, Wilkins; and everybody's noticed that you can't get him to tell a thing about where he's from, or anything."

"Besides," said Mr. Lane, "I was the person who tried to get up the billiard-room stairs. As to my identity, I think I have some papers in my overcoat pocket which will clear that matter up. Will you pardon me for a moment?"

"Certainly." Mr. Chambers granted his permission with rigid courtesy.

Pat Deshon used the interlude for his particular brand of torture.

"What would be your subtitle?" he asked Margery. "'Chambers, of the Northwest Mounted, Gets His Man'?"

"I didn't say he did the stealing or had anything to do with it."

"I didn't say you did; but if I'm not wrong, he could sue you for libel for that look you leveled at him. Long arm of the law! It's the long face of the law that kills around here."

"You just needed a blue spotlight," Margery added. "Of course, it was charming for me, as I'd dragged him here "

"I did what I was told to do."

Pat roared.

"That's the motto of the Northwest Mounted 'Get Your Man!'"

He then cupped his hands and began making on one thigh the sounds of a horse approaching at the gallop.

"Cut that out!"

Dick was menacing. Pat lapsed into the vivid representation of cowed silence.

"What's keeping him so long?"

"Probably loading his six-shooter."

"Well, I'm not going to wait all night."

With a glare which defied their mirth, he strode to the coat-room door. For one moment he stared in blankly, then he turned on Pat Deshon.

"Well, I hope you think you've been damned funny, you poor fool!"

"What's the matter?"

"He's jumped out of the window while you gave him the chance. Wait till I tell Drummond."

"By George, he has!" Pat Deshon said softly.

Margery caught Dick's arm.

"Don't tell them yet."

"Why not?"

"You two try to catch him first, until I have time to think. Please, Dick!"

"Let Deshon try if he wants to," Dick said. "Don't think I'm going to get mixed up in anything."

He jerked his arm free and dashed off. Margery rushed into the coat room.

"Are you sure he's gone?"

"Unless he's crawled in somebody's pocket," Pat said, leaning from the window.

Margery beat the rows of garments as though they might actually conceal the missing Mr. Lane.

"He can't be. Here's his coat."

Pat turned back with some amusement.

"I suppose he might have left that. Don't you think he's just hiding to spoof Chambers along? What would any friend of yours be stealing Dora Dowling's wedding presents for?"

"That's just the point, Pat. He's not a friend of ours. I never saw him before tonight. Narcissa just picked him up at Nelson's drug store. Don't stare so; it's true. It's my fault if he's stolen anything; and what's worse, I've got to tell all about it. Oh, Pat, I can't! I'm frightened almost to death!"

"Steady there, Marge. We'll think up some yarn that won't sound so bad. Wait a minute. Here's something in his pocket."

It was a note scribbled on a torn sheet of paper:

Duffy's, Grangeville. Around three. Your wife will be there. W.

"His wife! What does it mean, Pat?" Margery pleaded.

"It looks to me as though it were from the footman. Chambers said his name was Wilkins, didn't he? If so, they're meeting at Duffy's roadhouse in Grangeville at three o'clock."

"If that's only true! We can catch them, can't we?"

"I can. There's no need for you to go. The roads are all dug up and it's a hellish ride."

"Please, Pat, I'd rather. I can't face the Dowlings. I'll wear this. Where's your car?"

"At the corner. Can you jump it?"

The crash downstairs wakened Narcissa Rowan. She jumped up, put on her woolly dressing gown and a pair of blue bedroom slippers her Aunt Fanny Rowan had crocheted for her, and started down to investigate. The light in the hall was out, which made her conclude that it

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A Wagnerian Orchestra of Emotions Rendered Ecstasy in Narcissa's Breast. Everything Glamorous in the World Had Happened

THE SALVAGE OF A NATION

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

COMPETENT authorities agree that an unfinished piece of work is usually more of a blot on the landscape than no work at all. The true artist is never content until his product is perfect in the smallest detail. The statesman, the surgeon, the carpenter, the author, the cook—everybody in the world who contributes to its betterment, in fact, is ashamed to have a hand in anything that is partially or poorly done. To say that a person or an idea or a piece of work is half-baked is to be highly uncomplimentary. It is true that half a loaf is better than no bread; but if the half loaf is badly cooked, it may bring on indigestion and cause the eater to beat his wife or otherwise damage the public welfare

If the Italian Government had been a strong and sincere and determined government after Mussolini and the Fascisti had broken the big general strike of August, 1922, the Black Shirts could have removed their black shirts and substituted for them the ordinary high-waisted coats of Italian commerce, secure in the knowledge that they had stood the communists on their beam ends and given them something that would sink them in profound and harmless meditation for the remainder of their Italian existence.

The Italian Government, however, was the same hedging, trimming, wasteful, incompetent government that it had been for years, made up of gentlemen who liked to refer to themselves as practical politicians. Now a practical politician is a person who cuts corners off demands that are made for the general good in order to retain the good will of other practical politicians who are willing to cut corners off their own demands in return for the original corner-cutting. Senator Sappe, for example, has been demanding the total exclusion of the dread Feevolus beetle from the country on the ground that it attacks porch railings and will eventually cause an overwhelming number of casualties among those whose inalienable rights as citizens include sitting on porch railings. Not one Feevolus beetle can be admitted to this country, raves the senator; for one Feevolus beetle admitted this year develops into three billion Feevolus beetles fifty years from now; and unless an end is put to this nefarious traffic the little children, in years to come, will have to grow to man's estate in black ignorance of porch railings.

The Supreme Military Chiefs of Fascismo at the Head of the Victory Parade. From Left to Right General DeBono, DeVecchi, Mussolini and Italo Balbo. Above—At the Naples Meeting, October 24th, 1922

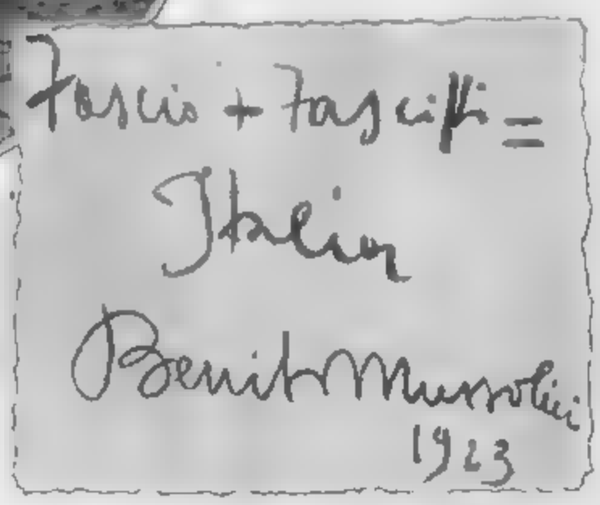
What Is a Practical Politician?

SENATOR PHLUFFE, on the other hand, numbers among his constituents several persons whose fortunes would be appreciably increased if there were a greater demand for porch railings. Senator Phluffe therefore calls to the attention of Senator Sappe the fact that a mild destruction of porch railings is not half so bad as it might be, and further reminds Senator Sappe that he needs every vote he can get in order to secure the passage of the Feevolus Exclusion Law. Senator Sappe, being a practical politician, at once sees that a few hundred thousand Feevolus beetles can be admitted to the country without inconveniencing anybody. Thus he satisfies Senator Phluffe, and satisfies himself by excluding a few Feevolus beetles; but he irritates the porch-railing crowd by keeping out any at all, and he irritates the anti-Feevolus-beetle people by letting in any at all. That is practical politics.

Mussolini and the Fascisti were sick of practical politics. They, and the conservative but inarticulate bulk of the Italian people along with them, were sick of prime ministers who attempted to please about sixteen different parties or blocs in the Chamber of Deputies at one and the same time. They were sick of people who preached the saving of money in government expenditures, and then didn't have the nerve to cut down expenses for fear of hurting somebody's feelings. They were very weary of people who knew that various reforms should be effected in order to make Italy a decently governed country, but who refused to put them into effect for fear of losing votes. They were bored to death at the regulation buncombe, hot air and bull that emerged in ceaseless and fruitless streams from the folk who governed Italy; and slow shooting pains coursed through their arteries at the fool laws that had been and were still being passed by the Italian parliament for the exclusive benefit of the noisiest and most feather-brained of Italy's organized minorities.

What they wanted was a direct common-sense government such as nearly every decent young man wants when he enters politics in any country—say, in America, for example. Every two years a number of young men come up to the House of Representatives in Washington, champing nervously at the bit and all aglow over the reforms that they propose to institute. These young men—fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be—find old practical politicians in charge of nearly everything. Originally these old practical politicians may have been ardent youths, throbbing with desire for reform; but long service in positions which depend on the votes of capricious constituents have made them into practical politicians.

So they say to the ardent, glowing youngsters, "Yes, yes, your ideas are all very fine, but they aren't practical politics. If you want to come back here two years from now you've got to be practical politicians." So the youngsters either become practical politicians themselves or retire into the bush-league obscurity whence they emerged.



Union Plus Fascism Equals Italy—Mussolini

Mussolini's Beliefs

MUSSOLINI knew that so long as a weak and impotent government occupied the seats of power there was no hope of obtaining the direct common-sense government that he craved. He believed, as did his followers and the conservative bulk of the Italian people, that a thorough reform and reorganization of the government was necessary in order to prevent the nation from being impoverished, to permit Italian commerce and industry to recover from the double results of the war and the communistic inundation, and to enable Italy to attain the prestige in world affairs to which she considers herself entitled because of her size, her population and the part that she played in the war—and her death roll of 500,000 men is sufficient to indicate that her part in the war was no basket picnic.

Consequently, soon after the smashing of the August general strike and the termination of the clashes between Fascisti and communists which resulted from Fascisti strong-arm methods in strike-breaking, Mussolini began to make speeches throughout the North of Italy, crying that the Fascisti must march on Rome and seize the government—that they must, in other words, finish the job. The arguments that he advanced were not unlike some of the arguments that are occasionally put forth in America by persons who are weary of the constant drift toward satisfying the demands of radicals and organized minorities.

In a speech at Udine, for example, he declared boldly that violence is frequently necessary for the public welfare, and cited the recent general strike as an occasion where violence was an essential. He further held that strikes in the public service were inadmissible under any circumstances whatsoever.

"In all Italy," said Mussolini, "there are no men capable of rising to the situation. The political classes from which the incompetent leaders are drawn must go—the classes that have of late invariably conducted a policy of abdication to socialism.

"The more radical the substitution the better it will be for Italy.

"If the Fascisti Party governs it cannot have a state dabbling in the granting of subsidies and in enterprises that swallow up public money. The state will only attend to purely state functions, such as the administration of justice, the army, public security and foreign policy. In the matter of education there must be decentralization, for to this problem the state cannot give its undivided attention or sufficient stimulus.

"All economic functions of the state must be handed back to private enterprise, whence they were captured."

The Northern Italians, who for years had been terrorized by the communists, received all Mussolini's remarks with wild enthusiasm. The passing of a Fascisti squad through the streets of any Northern Italian town caused the citizens to stand uncovered until the little triangular black pennants of the Black Shirts, carried in honor of dead Fascisti, had gone by. Each day the Fascisti grew stronger and stronger. In late September and early October, 1922, their strength was so great that they undertook the Italianization of the Trentino, which was an Austrian province until the end of the war, when it was turned over to Italy and formed her northernmost province. The Italian Government had adopted a policy of extreme conciliation in the Trentino, and had allowed all the old Austrian officials, from the mayors of towns down to the police force, to retain their positions. This wearied the Fascisti, who mobilized throughout the Trentino, and then informed the government that all officials in the Trentino must thereafter be Italians. The government received this information complacently and ordered the Fascisti's orders to be carried out. This clearly demonstrated to the government and to everybody else that it wasn't governing to any noticeable extent, and that the real governing was being done by the Fascisti. Thus Italy was provided with the rare spectacle of a state within a state; and it was generally agreed in Fascisti circles that since the existing government, headed by Prime Minister Facta, was tossing on a bed of pain in a dying condition, the most merciful proceeding would be to tie a stone to its neck and drop it overboard.

At Right—Lieut. Igliori, Who Commanded the Fascisti Forces in Rome During 1922, When Open Resistance From the Federal Troops Might Have Meant Costly Revolution

Avanguardisti—15-16-Year-Old Fascisti—Waiting for Mussolini to Address Them From a Window of the Foreign Ministry, Palazzo Chigi

Fireworks in Southern Italy

ON OCTOBER sixth, therefore, Mussolini and his leaders held a meeting in Milan and worked out a plan for mobilizing the Fascisti forces all over Italy and moving them on to Rome. In the South of Italy, during all this time, Mussolini and the Fascisti were vague, meaningless names. The south, for one thing, had never been greatly bothered by communism, and the continued strikes had caused the southerners little real anguish because the Southern Italians have been accustomed to misgovernment for centuries. The Southern Italian, for the most part, is a short, swarthy, bushy-haired sort of person, who is none too popular on the whole in the northern sections of Italy and who puts up with almost anything as long as he can have sunshine, macaroni and triweekly fireworks in honor of some obscure Southern Italian saint or hero. Mussolini consequently had figured that before he started a nation-wide movement against the government it might not be a bad idea to let the southerners know what it was all about. So he had called for a Fascisti congress to be held in the beautiful—though noisy and in spots odorous—city of Naples, Queen of the South, on October 24, 1922. He figured—and not unreasonably—that after Naples had taken a long, lingering look at his Black Shirts with the assorted cutlery in their belts and their perfect discipline and their snappy uniforms and their romantic salute, their warm southern blood would churn violently in their veins and they would emit a passionate southern yell in favor of Fascismo and everything connected with it.

On October twenty-third, running true to the schedule laid out by the Fascisti military leaders, who were General DeBono, Michele Bianchi, Signor DeVecchi and Italo Balbo, the twenty-seven-year-old firebrand, the Fascisti squad began to pour into Naples by every train. They came from every section of the North of Italy to the number of some 90,000. Over half of them were organized workmen who had joined the Fascisti, but were not permitted to wear the black shirts of combatants, and nearly 40,000 were fighters in their black fezzes or trench helmets, black shirts, military breeches and black spiral putties. It takes something of a cause and something of a leader to bring 90,000 men on a three-day jaunt to the South of Italy in the heat of early autumn.

Naples, in its impetuous southern manner, rolled up its eyes in ecstasy at the discipline and picturesqueness of the Black Shirts, and nearly went out of its head with enthusiasm. Viva Fascismo! Viva Mussolini! Viva everything! Viva! Viva! Viva! The entire south, hitherto uninformed and apathetic, seemed to be as solidly and earnestly in favor of the Fascisti as it is in favor of fireworks three nights a week.

Fascisti Entering Rome at the End of October, 1922, With Their Triumphant Banners on High Above—Pictures of Lenine and Marx Carried "in Joyous Derision" Through Rome

Mussolini's Six Demands

ON OCTOBER twenty-fourth the Fascisti congress was held in the San Carlo Theater. The mayor was there, and twenty Fascisti deputies from the Italian Chamber of Deputies and all the leading citizens of Naples, and Mussolini and the leaders of the Fascisti Party. Mussolini received an ovation that threatened to shake down the chandeliers; and without any waste of time he rose up in his most frowning and Napoleonic manner and demanded six prominent and emphatic demands. He demanded that parliament, which was good for nothing, be dissolved; he demanded that the existing electoral system, which was a total loss, be replaced by a decent electoral system; he demanded that the state abandon its grotesque neutrality between national forces and antinational, or communist forces; he demanded a rigid financial policy instead of the combination putty-and-India-rubber policy which had made it possible for the government to kick away the people's money on foolish and useless measures; he demanded a postponement of the evacuation of the Third Dalmatian Zone; and he demanded that socialism, cowardice and trimming be eliminated from the government by giving to Fascisti ministers the portfolios for the army, navy, aviation, foreign affairs, labor and public works.

The program with which the Fascisti had come to Naples contained a few lines that ought to appeal to every citizen who has listened to the wild demands that after-war politicians have been making in almost every country in the world. It took up in some detail the "expenditures now demanded by demagogues who exploit the present generation to the detriment of future generations," and condemned whole-heartedly "the street demagogism that rants against exploiters and war profiteers as a pretext for spoliating the first creators of wealth—the organizers of labor; men who run risks and wear themselves out, body and mind, in the building of their enterprises. These illogical ranters talk entirely for their own selfish ends, dispense promises of a terrestrial paradise that can never be realized, and rouse and exploit the lowest human passions."

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MY BOOK AND HEART

At the Sight of So Much Wealth Lundy Became Egotistical. He Would Fill a Section of Shelves and Then Vaunt Himself

IV

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LUNDY was to begin his duties as adjunct professor of Greek in Emory College at the beginning of the fall term. This was and still is an institution controlled by the Methodist Church. We moved to Oxford late in the summer of that year. Our entire wealth at this time consisted of the baby, twelve quilts, enough sheets and pillowcases to lay us out in case of death, the old tin box of sermons handed down from three generations of preachers, and two wagonloads of books.

We took up our residence in the Allen house. It was like renting the Twenty-third Psalm to live in. A kind old house, formerly painted white, weathered gray, with motherly wings to it like spreading skirts. It was roomy and sweet and plain like a good woman's heart, and it had been sanctified by the lives and prayers of the Allen family, which is a family historic for its piety and services to the Methodist Church. You know; not great people, but good people. There was a picket fence in front and a good little gate; a short walk from the low porch, which looked like an old lady's sunbonnet, to the gate. This walk had a border of thrift, if you know what I mean—a low, thick, homely little flower with pale lavender blossoms. On either side there was a thicket of blooming shrubs, everything you wanted from forsythia and burning bush to roses and lilacs, besides neat little flower beds bordered with violets and filled indiscriminately with all the lovely fragrant flowers of early spring, like hyacinths, jonquils, lilies and dewdrops.

It was the kind of flower garden women used to make according to their feelings, not according to rules or perspectives and artistic sensibilities. If somebody gave you a bulb or a rose cutting you hurried home and stuck it in the ground where it would get the sun or the shade, according to the nature of that plant, but without the least regard to whether its position conformed to the tyranny of the artistic eye or not. If you know how to interpret such a garden it becomes the blooming picture of the heart of a woman who loves the happiness and prosperity of these flowers. This is especially true if you see a little pile of sticks and brush covering some spot like Nature's dead whiskers. There was just such a bed in the garden before this house, and the next summer it was a flaming glory of gladiolus, like the flags of all nations.

When I look back through the years at this time or that I wonder if I knew then how near and kind the Lord was to us, or if I was worrying so to make our worldly and spiritual ends meet that I was blind to His mercies. For example, I cannot recall now how we furnished this house. We could not have done it with only the baby, the quilts and a change of towels and bed linen, because, for one thing, we had no bed. The parsonages we had occupied were furnished. We certainly had no money, and we were never in debt. I have searched every crack and corner of my recollections in vain to find some record of how we furnished this house. Neither have I any memory of angels bringing in chairs, bureaus and bedsteads. Yet we had all these things, and even a frightful pair of portière curtains, maroon-colored, with hideous yellow figures in them; which is a suspicious circumstance, because if I had purchased portières during this period of my savage, glittering mind they would have been a red-and-gold imitation of opulence. If all these things were stolen, I did it; but I have no recollection of being a thief, except later when I began to write and used to steal an occasional fine sentence from Lundy and put it into my books.

I may have commandeered this furniture from somewhere. There is no telling. I was a ruthless young thing in those days, determined to get whatever we needed for peace and happiness. In that case there would be no scar on my conscience to indicate the sin I committed in this emergency. I remember being anxious and excited about getting our best foot foremost. It was no small adventure to move into a college town with no more than your baby and your quilts with which to keep up appearances. I could not now be nearly so impressed with a mansion on Park Avenue in New York and seven invitations to dine with the denizens of that neighborhood as I was then with this change in our worldly fortunes.

Lundy would be a member of the faculty and I would be one of that august body of women connected with this faculty by blood or marriage. Something must be done; and though I have no recollection of getting the house cleaned or furnished, I distinctly recall working frantically with some lace ripped from my wedding frock to make a jabot to wear on the front of my best dress. How I looked in this frilly thing I do not know; I only recall the frisky feeling I had of being released, a sort of airy sensation after my plain years in the itineracy. It touches me to think of how I was then. I must have had a little of the sweetness and charm that make other women dear and attractive.

But if we were short on worldly goods and pomp when we came to Oxford, we were not lacking in literature. There were many boxes of Greek grammars, histories, lexicons and other Greek books of one sort and another, left over from those years before I knew him, when Lundy had held this same chair at Emory College. His collection of religious literature was also considerable, having been inherited from a long line of preachers; and was composed, you may say, of the three succeeding grades of theology, according to the times in which they lived and preached the Word—the early hell-fire, the doctrinal and the evangelical.

I have always avoided religious books, not exactly on principle but from some strong spiritual instinct not to impair my own soul's relations to its own God. And I was particularly averse to Kitto's Commentaries in Lundy's library. This was because whenever he consulted these commentaries while he was preparing a sermon, that sermon was sure to be a scorcher. We would be left hair-hung and breeze-shaken over the hot pit of perdition, which is no place to leave a congregation. Even the tenderest benediction is not comforting at the end of such a service.

We had a great time arranging these books in the shelves of that room to be set aside as the library. The huge lexicons and other volumes, printed in the fine cross-stitch letters of the Greeks, together with the thick old commentaries and so many other religious works, produced a grave and weighty impression of our mental insides. We were still a bit furtive about our worldly mind, for I remember how the whole collection trailed off into poetry and novels in the darker corners.

At the sight of so much wealth Lundy became egotistical. He would fill a section of shelves and then vaunt himself, thrust his hands in his pockets and strut up and down. He would swagger up to a certain shelf, nose the books there, choose one, open it, give it a cursory glance, and replace it; practicing, you understand, the manners of a gentleman and a scholar among his books. Some men rattle the coins in their pockets or swift about in their limousines. It all comes from the same instinct to display what we have. Lundy showed off before the gallery in his own mind and before me sitting on the floor among the dusty volumes yet to be arranged.

"Now I shall have time to prepare that Greek grammar I have always had in mind," he said, halting before me in the swayback attitude of a man with an idea.

Can you see me looking up at him with so much pride and such relief? His exalted manner and this announcement seemed to remove us from the Holy Ghost austerity of our former life in the Gospels. If he wrote this grammar he would not require the constant witness of the Spirit so essential in the preparation of sermons. We should probably rest now from wrestling with the Lord. Also, my husband was even now by way of becoming a distinguished man in this present world. How often in the years to come did he announce some book he meant to write! Shortly before his death he planned The Life of Jesus, By a Sinner. But to the last his powers to achieve were mortgaged to some terrible fate.

I must set in a picture here of Oxford as it was in those days, for this was the Eden of all my years and where the mind I have now was created.

If you have been there you know what it is—a small country town composed of very large white houses beneath a vast umbrella of oak trees. A street car drawn by two little mouse-colored mules connected it with the railway station and the next town, two miles distant. They wore bells, those mules, and on summer mornings the tinkling music they made was mingled with the songs of birds, the wind in the trees, the college tower clock striking the hour, and the sound of many feet on the pavements of students passing back and forth from their classes.

The campus was at one end, upon which stood a group of modest buildings devoted to the industry of culture. The cemetery was at the other end; a good quiet place to rest when your whole day's work was done. A great many celebrated men are buried there beneath tall monuments, but not one celebrated woman so far as I know. In those days this dutiful sex did not go in for fame, nothing that could disorder the script upon their lesser tombs. You might stand afar off and count the men by the height of their monuments; but you could not see all the tombs of the women, because some of them were so low and humble that they might not be visible in the tall grass that loves such tombs. There was one group that used to interest me, not only because the patriarch buried there was a relative of my husband but because he seemed to be surrounded by what you may call a saintly harem. Four wives he had in all. The first one had a very creditably tall tombstone, the second was a trifle shorter, the third was very low. But the fourth had a monument of high degree. It topped the patriarch's by an inch or so. She had survived him, you understand, and no doubt learned a lesson from the markers set up to his three earlier wives

This was the only impudent feminine retaliation to be seen there. You could infer that they were all the graves of gentlewomen, because the inscriptions were practically the same: "—— —— Loving, Faithful Wife of So-and-So." I doubt if you could find more virtuous dust anywhere in this world than in such graves as these. But I reckon we shall be demanding taller monuments now, with more of our titles and deeds written on them.

I heard of a famous woman not long ago who had a terrific mythological group set up over her. The figure of a woman with her hand resting upon the head of a peacock—tail in repose—a wild boar rushing around one side of her, a lion for her footstool and a serpent gracefully coiled in the foreground. It is expensive, I admit that; and if you understand the symbolism of the thing it is complimentary to her; but many people will interpret that monument by ear, so to speak, and it will not be so very complimentary, but probably witty at the expense of the great lady. When I come back to be laid forever beside my husband in this cemetery at Oxford I should prefer just a flat slab over me like a white counterpane, with that part about having been a loving and faithful wife inscribed upon it with the two dates that used to accompany good women to their hereafters, when I was born and when I passed away. Anybody can understand an inscription like that. It is too simple and scriptural for your wit to monkey with it. What I mean is, we ought to play safe in the grave, because, after all, our dust may hear what is said above us.

Between the cemetery and the college campus the citizens of Oxford lived and the students boarded. This was why the homes of the town had been built for huge families. For nine months in the year most of us had enormous families composed of these young men who were preparing to enter the world or the ministry with a bachelor's degree of one sort or another. They came and went like swift shadows, but the citizens remained

When a different generation of youths passes through the scenes of your life every four years, the dust and noise it makes in transit has its effects upon your mind and

(Continued on Page 66)

He Wrote a Novel of the Civil War Which Was a Feat in American Literature That Has Never Been Surpassed

RÔLES

By ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XI

GWYNNE SHELDON had often boasted that she had never known fear, and now she was horribly afraid. It was Monday night, and all at once, with no warning—for she had got through the morning rehearsal admirably and without detection—there swooped down upon her that mysterious, nauseating terror called stage fright; that seasickness of the mind which seizes upon all imaginative people when they are about to go out for the first time, or even for the thousandth time, and deliver themselves up to the beast. It had begun with a trembling of the hands as Gwynne made up. Angrily she tried to control her shaking fingers.

"I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid! There's nothing to be afraid of," she repeated stubbornly to herself. But the rouge blotched and the powder caked, and it was impossible for her to draw a straight line with the eye pencil.

Gwynne was angrily conscious that Mrs. Mudge was watching her—old Mudge, the wardrobe mistress, whom she had engaged, much to that worthy's surprise, to help her into her dresses until she could find a maid. Mrs. Mudge slipped the cornflower blue crêpe frock over Gwynne's head.

"My, Miss Grahame, how cold you are!" she exclaimed.

"Nonsense, I'm not!"

"Why, I declare you are! Your arms are all over goose flesh. Have you caught a chill, I wonder?"

"Do shut up!" Gwynne cried through stiff lips.

Strange how her mouth felt, as if she had been out in the cold a long time. She had to stretch her lips violently back from her teeth in order to speak. Mrs. Mudge was startled.

"I ain't used to bein' spoke to that way, I'm not," she declared. "And me only doin' this as a favor, too, I'm sure, it not bein' in my regular line."

"I'll pay you anything you like if you won't talk," Gwynne whispered desperately.

She looked in the mirror, and for the first time in her life acknowledged defeat. Her make-up was awful. She'd never looked worse. But she must go down. The door on the landing was open. Gwynne could hear unreal voices, far below, throbbing like machinery, on, on toward her cue.

What was her cue?

Her heart stopped, then bounded frantically. Her head whirled. Panic seized her. She couldn't remember her cue! And her first speech! What was her first line? She couldn't remember. Her mind was a blank—empty and blank and dark, shot through with whirling, fiery figures and strange voices that rushed like water, voices that were bearing her, pressing her onward in relentless tide. She began to go downstairs slowly. She felt the cold iron railing under her hand and, mercifully, for the moment could think and feel nothing else.

Then she was standing in the wings. Some of the stage hands, who were hanging about, stared at her curiously. She didn't care. She was not trembling any longer, but she felt ill, so ill that tears started to her eyes. Once, when she was a little girl, she had fallen down on the stairs and knocked all the breath out of her body. She still remembered the painful, choking seconds before she could get her breath back again. Now it wouldn't come back at all.

Her mind had cleared. She could remember her cue. There, they were coming to it now. Four more speeches and she must enter. But—and then came the most horrible discovery of all—she could not move!

Three more speeches—two—the next—the next!

"Will you give me a slight push, please?" Gwynne said to one of the stage hands.

"My legs won't go," she added.

He obliged her, and Gwynne found herself out on the stage, which appeared unexpectedly vast, with footlights swimming and bobbing before her, and out beyond that—blackness—the sea—a thing that breathed.

"Just a minute, Miss Grahame," called the stage manager peremptorily as Gwynne started up to her dressing room after the final curtain.

Gwynne stopped. Was she to be dismissed at once? She looked at the little, insignificant, shabby man with her heart in her throat—beseechingly. She knew how badly she had played; but if only he would give her another chance! If only she could go straight through the play again—now—and show what she could really do. Oh, it wasn't fair!

"Don't be late for your first entrance again, please, Miss Grahame," said the stage manager.

"Oh, no!" cried Gwynne. "I won't!"

She could have kissed him. She flew upstairs, burst into the dressing room and, seizing old Mudge by the shoulders, whirled her around violently twice.

"Highty-tighty! Goodness gracious me!" cried that matron indignantly. "What's the matter? Mercy sake! What's come over you, Miss Grahame?"

Gwynne gave her a twenty-dollar bill.

"Just a Minute, Miss Grahame," Called the Stage Manager Peremptorily. Gwynne Stopped. Was She to be Dismissed at Once?

XII

THE next evening, as Desma Desmond—known to her enemies as Dizzy Does-Men—was making up, she heard aged footsteps pattering down the hall, so she hastily kicked shut her half-open door. But old Mrs. Attleby, knocking perfunctorily, walked in at once.

"Hello, darling," was her cheerful greeting. "Have you got a match?"

"Seven-forty-five," groaned Miss Desmond, leaning closer to the mirror to bead an eyelash.

"What?" asked Mrs. Attleby, making herself comfortable in a chair by pushing a dress to the floor.

"You come in on the dot every night at 7:45 to ask me for a match," explained Desma. "Where's that handful I gave you last night?"

"Why, darling, surely you don't begrudge me a poor little thing like a match!" protested Mrs. Attleby in a pained voice.

"No, I don't begrudge you a poor little thing like a match," Miss Desmond mimicked. "Take the whole box. But I do object to setting my watch by you. Monotony is the one thing I can't stand. Well, what's the dirt? Spill it."

"Really, my dear, such expres——"

"Say, you're my mother on the stage, not off. So don't improve me. Besides, you came in here to dish some dirt. You know it. I know it. You know I know it. So let's get it over with."

"Heavens, but I'm sick unto death of playing sweet mothers," replied Mrs. Attleby irrelevantly. "Aren't there any wicked old women on earth at all?"

"You should wonder," Desma muttered.

But Mrs. Attleby ignored her, and went on plaintively and wistfully. "Why won't authors give us some horrid, disagreeable mothers for a change?"

"Because it wouldn't pay. If you've got a sweet mother, you want to see a sweet one on the stage; and if you've got a disagreeable mother, you want to see a sweet one on the stage too. But I don't suppose you came in here to ask my advice about playwriting."

"No," said Mrs. Attleby vaguely. Her eyes wandered about the room, pounced on something on the make-up shelf.

"Oh!" she cried with enthusiasm. "A new ring? Isn't that a new ring? Haven't you got a new ring?"

"No, I have not got a new ring," replied Miss Desmond categorically. "So put your mind at rest. Did you come in here to tell me something, or to try to find out something about me to tell someone else?"

Mrs. Attleby, as usual, ignored direct insults and looked absent-minded.

"Where did you go last night, dearie?" she murmured.

"Roseland."

"Gracious!"

"'Home of refined dancing,'" quoted Miss Desmond with a grin. "I suppose, of course, you went to the Club Royal," she added sarcastically.

"I went home and to bed," replied Mrs. Attleby virtuously. "I'm not so young as I once was."

"Don't pull that stuff. You're as strong as a horse. You could enter one of those Marathons where they start out in a ball gown and wind up in a kimono, after dancing fifty consecutive hours and consuming two bowls of soup and sixteen male partners."

"Darling! Your language!"

"Why are you acting so refined tonight?" cried Miss Desmond, thoroughly exasperated. "Oh, I know! I know you! You've got some extra good morsel of gossip all stored up; you're dying to spring it—but you want to play safe and ladylike too. You're just like a squirrel with a nut in his cheek. He's so afraid you'll notice it, and so afraid you won't."

"And you are a most disrespectful, pert young woman," retorted Mrs. Attleby with her grand manner.

"Age that wants to be respected by me has got to deserve it."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed! And don't you think you better begin to commence to consider making up, maybe? That is, if you are going to condescend to go on at all tonight."

"It doesn't take me two seconds to make up," replied Mrs. Attleby calmly. "I'm not an amateur."

She hitched her chair closer and, leaning toward the ungracious Miss Desmond, lowered her voice dramatically.

"Miss Grahame came here tonight—in—a—car!" she hissed.

"Street car?"

"No, goose! Automobile!"

Miss Desmond fell back and clutched her breast in pretended dismay and horror, while she exclaimed with the shrill, rural accent of the stage, "Ye don't tell! One of them newfangled taxi cars, Sis Hawkins?"

"No, it wasn't. It was a private car."

"A railroad train car?"

"No! A motor! Her own motor!"

"How do you know it's her own?"

"It had a chauffeur."

"And you asked the chauffeur?"

"No, I didn't ask the chauffeur. I heard her tell him when to come back. She called him Parker."

"Parker! Land's sake! Oh, ain't that terrible! That's the worst of all!"

"Don't be a goose! It was a French car."

"A French car! Oh! Oh! I see! That's what makes it so bad. It was a French car! Oh, them wicked, wicked French! Ain't they just too naughty? How I do love 'em!"

"If you are going to act like an idiot ——" said Mrs. Attleby, rising.

"Oh, must you go, dearie?" asked Miss Desmond. "So soon? You ain't stayed more'n half a day yet."

Mrs. Attleby sat down again.

"She asked me yesterday where she could get a—maid!" she whispered thrillingly.

Miss Desmond rouged her lips with the tip of her little finger and pouted at herself in the glass.

"A good theatrical maid. She asked me yesterday morning at rehearsal if I knew where she could find a—good—theatrical—maid," Mrs. Attleby repeated impressively.

"Well, did you tell her? Whatever her you're talking about now."

"I'm talking about Eva Grahame, of course."

"Why of course? There's half a dozen other people in the cast. Can't you get anything on them? Oh, well, cheer up. Just remember, into each life some dirt must fall."

"But why should she have a maid?" cried Mrs. Attleby, with her happy faculty of ignoring other people's remarks.

"Why, indeed? And then, on the other hand, as our dear Mark Sabre would say, why not? Two sides to every question, you know."

"Have you a maid?" demanded Mrs. Attleby.

"No," said Miss Desmond sadly. "For if I had a maid, she would surely pick my best dress off the floor, where it's been pushed by someone or other—to mention no names."

Mrs. Attleby picked up the dress, shook it and examined it critically. Then she flung it contemptuously over a chair back.

"You get along without a maid. I get along without a maid. Why should Eva Grahame have a maid?"

"And then again, why not?"

"Because she can't afford it."

"A-ha! So now we solve the riddle!"

"You are more than usually feeble-minded," said Mrs. Attleby, getting up and starting toward the door. "Of course, if you are not interested ——"

"Toodly-oo, old thing!" cried Miss Desmond, gayly waving. "See you later."

Mrs. Attleby stopped with her hand on the door knob.

"It is disgraceful," she said sternly. "Of course it can only mean one thing. A French car—a chauffeur—a maid!"

She waited expectantly. Miss Desmond was wiggling her way into her first-act frock. As her head came out of the narrow neck opening she looked at Mrs. Attleby with round, startled eyes.

"What? You there?" she cried. "I thought you'd gone."

"I am going now," said Mrs. Attleby with great dignity. "Since you can so easily condone other people's offenses, Miss Deamond, I have no doubt that you would all too eagerly follow in their footsteps, were you granted an opportunity."

Whole Days Went by While Eva Played at Luxury, Doing Nothing, Thinking of Nothing But of Beautiful Things

"Gosh!" sighed Desma. "What a memory!"

"I am not quoting, Miss Desmond. Those are my own words"

"Well, I gave you the benefit of the doubt," said Desma generously.

"In the future I shall keep myself to myself," said Mrs. Attleby, deeply injured. And she swept out, as actresses were taught to sweep when ladies habitually wore trains.

"Gosh!" called Miss Desmond after her. "Don't get mad. I was only kidding. And —— Hey! You forgot your matches!"

She ran to the door, thrust a handful of matches at Mrs. Attleby.

"You see, it's this way," she explained apologetically: "I guess I'm too young to enjoy anyone's scandals but my own."

Mrs. Attleby's face brightened. She stopped in the hall and leaned against the staircase railing.

"What's become of that beau of hers, I wonder?" she whispered, looking up in the direction of Eva's dressing room. "He hasn't been around here in I don't know when. Do you think maybe he's found out about all her goings on?"

XIII

MRS. ATTLEBY was always willing, and indeed eager, to help a sinner. She said quite frequently, far be it from her to cast the first stone or draw her skirts aside. For though her own life had been exemplary, and she and Mr. Attleby a devoted couple until the day of his death, Mrs. Attleby had always displayed a touching interest in repentant Magdalens.

But Eva Grahame, though undoubtedly beautiful and blond enough to play Magdalen, absolutely refused to enact repentance. She seemed, indeed, strangely elated—sparkling and joyous as Eva had never been before, and with a new note in her voice—something vital, electric—that Eva's sweet and gentle tones had hitherto lacked. It shocked Mrs. Attleby to the marrow to think that sin might agree with someone. She refused to believe it, and she looked forward to the day when Eva should cast herself, weeping and broken, on a motherly breast. Why she should select Mrs. Attleby's breast, Mrs. Attleby had never paused to consider. For she had an essentially dramatic mind that rejected logic in favor of good curtains; and Act III of Mrs. Attleby's private mental dramas always ended in someone casting themselves weeping on her breast. Long ago she had despaired of Miss Desmond for the rôle; but Eva had always seemed a nice, soft little thing who would weep properly if only she had something to weep about. Now, apparently, she had plenty to cry for—but wouldn't do it.

"I never was so deceived in a girl in my life," said Mrs. Attleby as Eva continued to arrive at the theater in her car and shamelessly to display other signs of a new prosperity. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Attleby had never shown the slightest interest in Eva before.

"Where do you live, Miss Grahame?" asked Mrs. Attleby on Thursday, unable to contain herself any longer. "I've always meant to ask for your address."

"Indeed?" replied Gwynne.

Mrs. Attleby waited. Gwynne waited. They were leaving the theater after the usual morning rehearsal.

"Did you succeed in finding a maid, Miss Grahame?" asked Mrs. Attleby, trying a new tack.

"Not yet. All I've seen have been simply impossible!" Gwynne exclaimed wrathfully. "I had no idea it was so hard to get a decent maid."

"Well, if you've never had one before ——"

"But that's just it. It's because mine—I mean, it's very difficult, of course."

"I'll see if I can help you, Miss Grahame," purred Mrs. Attleby. "I have so many theatrical friends. Someone might know of something."

"Oh, thanks. That's awfully good of you."

"I wonder, though, if you know what robbers theatrical maids are, Miss Grahame?"

"Robbers?"

"Yes. Can you imagine it? Some of them want thirty-five dollars a week."

"But that is quite all right."

"Yes? Oh, I see. Well, yes; if one can afford it," said Mrs. Attleby significantly.

Gwynne, on whom the innuendo was wasted, looked blank.

"I can't afford a maid," remarked Mrs. Attleby virtuously. "Not that I'm sorry for myself," she hastily added. "Oh, no, indeed! There may be others that I'm sorry for, but not for myself."

"Well, that is really very comfortable, isn't it?" Gwynne cheerfully agreed.

"I'm afraid I don't follow you, Miss Grahame."

"I mean, it's quite a nice little personal luxury, feeling sorry for others, don't you think? I don't know of anything that keeps up one's self-respect so nicely as having two or three people to feel sorry for."

Mrs. Attleby stared, annoyed at the unexpected meaning which had been given to what she had intended as a reproof.

"Oh, if we are speaking of self-respect ——" she murmured, sighing deeply.

Then, seeing that Miss Grahame was about to move off, she assumed a brisker manner.

"I'll call you up if I can find out about a maid," she said. "Oh, but I haven't your telephone number, have I, Miss Grahame?"

Gwynne gave it to her. And after a little private research work in the directory Mrs. Attleby discovered—with mingled horror and delight—that it was the telephone number of one of New York's most expensive hotels.

Gwynne, meanwhile, was quite unaware that she was destroying Eva's reputation, for Mrs. Attleby's curiosity she regarded only as one of the unfortunate symptoms of old age. And, indeed, how was Gwynne Sheldon, always accustomed to comfort and never accustomed to considering its cost, to know the proper scale of living for a little actress who earned seventy-five dollars a week? Seventy-five minus the twenty-five to mamma and the saving for a rainy day—those rainy days of rehearsals and no pay, and the even worse weather of no pay and no rehearsals. Slum poverty Gwynne had seen, and the lamentable hard times of friends who could not afford pearls or country houses or new motors; but of shabby-genteel poverty that cleans its gloves and has its shoes resoled and gets its breakfast on an electric grill in its hotel bedroom, Gwynne knew nothing.

Besides, even had her brief glimpses into Eva's surroundings enlightened her, Gwynne would not have thought it necessary to adopt the circumstances of her double's private life. To be accepted in the theater as Eva Grahame had been Gwynne's only anxiety, and now she felt quite secure in her impersonation. Like so many other romanticists, she imagined that her private life was entirely her own affair.

To go on wearing Eva's shabby clothes, or to live in her former lodgings on West Forty-sixth Street, would be to

(Continued on Page 32)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 22, 1923

Through the Looking-Glass

THE visitor to Europe last summer found himself in the topsy-turvy world of Alice in Wonderland. The Mad Hatter was running its politics.

The American who wants the truth about foreign affairs would better stay at home. There is one truth in England, another in France, a third in Germany and none in Russia. And these truths are all half-truths—queer compounds of fear and hate.

The earnest investigator, senator, congressman or business man, is often only bewildered by what he sees, hears and is shown. He is misled by appearances and muddled by propaganda. In the end he comes home with a fine set of prejudices instead of the sound first principles with which he started out. Aside from certain physical facts—and these physical facts show astonishing progress towards material recovery—the best view of Europe may be obtained from America.

No one from another continent, least of all an American, can save Europe. Salvation for a nation, as for an individual, must come from within. Europe will save herself or she will not be saved; and her business men and peasants are saving Europe, will fully and finally save it when they get commonsense coöperation from the politicians. America can help, but only when the politicians realize the folly of keeping a continent divided against itself that should be united. Then Europe will need little from us except the first aid of private loans and credits.

Self-interest and self-preservation should unite the countries of Europe. If these two most powerful of human motives fail, how can the counsel of America possibly prove effective? Not through a League of Nations, until Europe is willing to trust her own pressing problems to it. Not through a cancellation of debts that would provide money to finance ambitious war-plane programs and make new wars easy for the old war makers. Not through conferences that deal with quarrels of the moment, without going to the root of Europe's troubles.

At present every nation hopes that if America goes into European affairs she will prove to be an ally who will back up that nation in her demands; and an uncle who will write off the old debts with one hand and make new loans with the other. That America should cancel the war debts is the one subject on which practically all Europeans, even while discussing repayment, are in agreement. That these debts must be paid is a subject on which all clear-thinking Americans are in agreement. There can be no double standard of conduct in international finance. America could stand the loss of the money, but not the loss of international good faith and confidence that would inevitably follow. Repudiation has made, and keeps, Russia a commercial outcast among the nations.

Against all this we find the people of Europe, the bourgeoisie and the peasants, going about their business of buying and selling, of plowing and reaping. Already they have accomplished wonders of reconstruction. There is something pitiful about their struggle up from the depths when one reflects that all this patient toil may go for naught because of the incompetence of Europe's politicians.

The people want peace; they hate war and the spirit of aggression that brings it. Only the politicians and profiteers are still ghost-dancing around the burned-out embers of hate. All that is needed for the salvation of Europe today is leaders with peace and good will in their hearts; with a real desire for a united Europe; with a sincere appreciation of the fact that only through some sort of union can permanent peace and prosperity be assured. For in the light of history only a fool can believe that any one power can prosper long at the expense of its neighbors.

Every nation that has temporarily profited by a course of ruthless and unintelligent selfishness; by playing one nation against another; by seeking to dominate the Old World through the oppression of its neighbors, has in turn paid the bill in blood and blood-bought trade. These are the great simplicities of the centuries, the infallible lessons of history that European statesmen refuse to see in their grasping for the pennies of trade and power. A recognition of these facts is the rock on which America was founded, and on which she has builded her prosperity. There is not only strength but room and plenty for all in union.

Today the visitor to England finds a lenient attitude of mind towards Germany on the part of a great many of its politicians and their followers. This kindly feeling would mark a distinct advance toward better things in Europe were it not inspired by the pious hope of big business with a restored Germany, and were it not offset by an increasing animosity towards France. But even in England there is a strong faction in rebellion against any attempt to let off Germany too easily. During the war British official propaganda was so clever, so thorough, that those who "sold" the world against Germany are finding it difficult to undo their work. Lloyd George's passionate demands for the head of the Kaiser and untold billions of German marks—demands that kept him in power—are still remembered by many who shared his emotion of the hustings and by some who did not.

One may feel the keenest sympathy for Great Britain and still think that her present attitude is shortsighted. We believe that Germany should be forgiven, but the world cannot decently forgive certain of her debts. War must be made hard, not easy, for war makers, and they must bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Germany, forgiven and helped to her feet, must atone for the calamity that she brought on the world, or there is no justice in it. In the end England may find that she has been an unwitting altruist, for Germany, once rid of her external debt, will prove to be her most serious competitor in foreign markets. Germany, with her tremendous plant expansion, has been waiting only for the hobble of debt to be removed from her feet.

The world does not want a Germany crippled through hate; nor a Germany made strong through mawkish sentiment or mistaken self-interest; but a Germany that understands she must pay the bill she has incurred. That is what justice and the future welfare of the nations demand. Today a majority opinion holds that if she is not in a position to pay her bill, it is largely because of sabotage of the German state at German hands.

Germany, too, is a victim of her too thorough wartime propaganda. For she persuaded a large part of the world that she was so much more clever, industrious and resourceful than any other nation that it is hard to swallow whole her new down-and-out propaganda. It would be interesting to know, in addition to the concrete evidences of her come-back in plant extensions, shipping and exports, just what her invisible resources in foreign countries total.

The French people have proved themselves as great in peace as they were heroic in war. Their ruined villages are largely rebuilt. Their wheat fields are creeping steadily forward across the old wire entanglements and trenches. A few years more and they will have wiped out the *zone rouge*, except around Verdun and a few of the most desperately contested battlefields. They are clearly entitled to reparations for the damage done to them; to repayment of every franc expended for reconstruction, but not to a centime for hate. France, too, must concede something for the common good of the Continent.

Europe marks time and waits for men in power big enough to see that her future lies in coöperation, in union. The land is fat with food. Never have the harvests been more generous. New villages have risen on the ruins of France. Everywhere, but more especially in Germany, old plants have been expanded, new ones built. Only harmonious and clearsighted leadership is needed to speed them up. There are hate and jealousy between different peoples, but they are largely due to an inspired propaganda. Tolerance, forbearance and good will could be as easily taught through the governments' agencies. For people would rather like than hate; and they will get together if they are not kept apart.

England's belief that no one power must dominate the Continent is sound—just as sound as our belief that no one state must dominate the Union. But England herself must not try to dominate the rest of Europe. Her fundamental difficulty is overpopulation—a handicap not imposed on her by the war; but she has young and loyal dominions across the seas to whom these men can go and multiply her strength. A restored and united Continent means a restored England if she pulls with all its nations.

America, willing to help, stands apart because she sees no way in which she can help until the European nations show some disposition to get together, some acceptance of the truth that they are indissolubly bound together by their selfish interests. Then talk of an international conference would find a general response in America. But before such a conclusion can logically be reached over here sound premises for it must be laid down in Europe.

In commerce, in science, in medicine, the world has never been so rich in great leaders as it is today. But in superleaders, the men who direct its political destinies, it has never been so poor. Not Cæsars, not Napoleons, not Bismarcks are needed, but Washingtons, Franklins and Lincolns—men of vision, tempered with common sense, who see in peace and good will the greatest strength and glory of a nation.

Help for the Wheat Grower

THE farmer has always felt, and often rightly, that he has a grievance in the present marketing system. There is, to his way of thinking, too wide a spread between the price he gets and that which the consumer pays.

If each state or county or township lived off its own produce it would be possible to market almost directly from farmer to consumer, and the farmer's share would approximate close to 100 per cent of the selling price of the goods. The modern tendency to shop all over the continent, however, makes the spread.

Perhaps the most serious situation that the farmer faces is the glut of wheat which follows immediately after harvest time. Owing to their need for ready money too many grain growers have to dispose of their year's crop when the price is lowest. Associations have been formed to control the marketing of grain so that the harvest can be stored and financed, and fed into the market evenly and to the best advantage, but as yet they have not succeeded in fully correcting conditions.

In this connection an important experiment is being tried by certain large financial interests. Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, whose name is most actively associated with the plan, has been pledged sufficient support to enable him to put through a broad scheme of coöperation. If his plans materialize we shall see a real test this fall of coöperative grain marketing on a national scale.

California Takes to the Road

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

WHEN, just the other day, its highway commission up at Sacramento issued its one-millionth automobile license, California was as pleased as Punch over the entire business. It actually took a great deal of restraint on its part to avoid holding a *fiesta*, one of those well-staged affairs at which all the pretty girls bring out their prettiest Spanish costumes and the men cultivate crescent-shaped whiskers or else those caballero-like dewdabs in front of the ears—greatly affected by real or would-be movie stars—in order to carry them back into the full spirit of the early historical days of Alta California.

The Neck of the Bottle

IF THERE had been a week to spare she certainly would have had that *fiesta*. But, what with Orange Week and Raisin Week and Eucalyptus Week and all the rest of them, the calendar simply refused to be stretched any further. Besides, every week in the Golden State is now Gasoline Week. And so our lovely mistress of the West Coast has taken it all out in the pride of achievement. Every time Don Doig of Los Angeles drives his new roadster, with 1,000,000-CAL-1923 affixed to its bow and to its stern, down the streets of that incomparable metropolis, the Angelinos get their own peculiar thrill of pride, to feel that one of theirs—and no mere San Franciscan caught the golden plum.

A million cars in California! To an Easterner who stands today in the narrow, overcrowded streets of Los Angeles, this estimate seems to be a highly conservative one. It seems to him that there must be more than 1,000,000 cars in that vivid city alone. As a matter of fact, there are more than 136,000.

A million cars! A mere nothing. Great Britain has a mere 353,000 cars; France 201,000. Of course, New York has far more than 1,000,000 cars registered within her state limits, but that is hardly a nice thought to bring within the confines of this article. As far as I can discover, California is the only other state that has passed the million mark, and she certainly is the only state that has a passenger automobile to every four persons of her population—3.8 is the most recent precise ratio. New York has a proportion of but one car to every eight or nine of her population. California could take her entire great family, place them in their own cars, and, if occasion should arise, in twenty-four hours move them all out of her own boundaries without even the slightest bit of assistance from the railroads—which, in great New York, would hardly even be a possibility.

A million cars in California bring nearly a million problems in their train. Los Angeles is not the only community in the Golden State that suffers from the pressure of this swollen traffic. Even though it is much wider, Market Street, San Francisco, is quite as crowded as Broadway, Los Angeles, where for six long blocks in the heart of the town turns neither to the right nor to the left are permitted from it, and through which the traffic in business hours flows sluggishly at a pace that drives both motorists and pedestrians almost to desperation. Fifth Avenue, New York, and State Street, Chicago, seemingly are not one whit more exasperating.

Nor is the congestion all in the crowded downtown streets of the larger California towns. The open roads that lead out from them are nearly as bad. The narrow pass that leads from Hollywood—and, of course, Los Angeles as well—and forms the single gateway to all Northern California from Southern, is as congested on any day of the week as any main street in any large American city. On Sunday it is almost impassable. Sheridan Road and the Boston Post Road are not more crowded—and that is saying much.

Plans for Relief

IMMEDIATE relief to this bottle-neck pass is promised by the widening of the already broad pavement and by the cutting off of the sharp turns as the highway makes its path through the narrow cañon. A very large relief could be effected by the construction of a relief trunk highway from Santa Monica—suburb of both Hollywood and Los Angeles—north along the wonderfully beautiful ocean-side to Ventura and the coast road up to San Francisco. Up to the present time, however, the owners of the ocean-front property over which the new road would pass have stoutly resisted it.

In the meantime, therefore, Los Angeles and the great, populated section that lies around about it—must remain content with

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The Fight for the Waterhole

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Flighty Dollar

(As Viewed by an American Abroad

BEFORE I crossed the sportive ocean
I had a simple sort of notion
That money talked, but Land o' Goshen,
It's learned to holler!
I used to deem it too elusive,
But over here I've turned abusive
Because it's so gol-durned intrusive—
Our little dollar.

The Jap, the Lapp, the Turk, the Hybrid,
Knew more about our dough than I did,
But babbled, gabbled, asked me why did
The dollar rise;
"It's umpsteen-plus," I'd hear them bawling,
"The mark—the franc—the yen are falling."
And so my bills would be appalling
In their size.

On Dutch canals, on Alpine ledges,
'Neath German "baums" and English hedges,
In gondolas or Russian sledges,
The same old yell:
In ev'ry tongue, in ev'ry fashion,
By Mongol, Malay and Caucasian,
Until I longed to shout with passion,
"The dollar, hell!"

And when, at last, I sought the Sphinx
And heard, I'll swear, that aged minx
A-dollaring, 'twas more, by Jinx,
Than I could swallow;
I haven't been to China yet,
But if I went, it's safe to bet
The warmest greeting that I'd get
Is "[illegible] dollar."

L'Envoi

And so I've bought my ticket home
To God's great open spaces,
Where men are men where'er you roam—
And dollars know their places.

—R. Jere Black, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed Could Not Bear to be Separated, Even While Listening to the Radio

At the Art Museum

I'M SO glad you could come with me, Irma. I adore pictures, and I think you'll enjoy them more when you go with someone who understands them—like me. Some people are so unsympathetic about the higher things. I must have food for my soul. I always make a point of visiting some art museum every two years, no matter where I am.

Let's begin in this room and just keep going until we drop. Look at that statue, darling. Some of these artists can get away with murder. I do hope they have some things by De Milo—I've always been so fond of his Venus. He sculps so well.

I have a lovely book at home on nothing but sculpting. All the greatest masterpieces in the world are in it: The Dying Gladiola; The Apollo Belladonna; The Laconic Group; The Medical Venus; Apollo and Dahlia and the Flying Dutchman.

I think this must be the beginners' room—I don't see anything that looks like a chef douver here. Look at those silly little children of Charles I. Didn't French kings wear funny clothes! I rather like that portrait of Mrs. Siddons—I think I've read some of her novels. Oh, do look, Irma! Doesn't this child look just like Maude Nordell's Ferdie? The same hook nose and everything.

Don't you feel uplifted, Irma? This must be the zoölogical department; just see all the animals around. I hate pictures of sheep, don't you? They always look so simple and have such blank expressions—just like Cosmo's sister. They make me think of my mother-in-law, too, because she always gives us roast lamb with mint sauce every time we go there for dinner

Look at those Three Gleaners by Millet—I could do better than that myself. I suppose anyone who has a little pull can get a picture in here. You know, really, Irma, I don't think people are painting as well as they used to.

I haven't seen anything by Tintorecko or Paul Venonica—I used to like their stuff. A bit crude, perhaps, but more interesting than those flat-looking women by Giovanni Bolona. . . . No, Irma, I haven't noticed anything by Ruskin. . . . Oh! I guess I'm confusing him with Cervantes. Here's one by Rousseau—I guess he was more of a poet than a painter. I've never seen anything he did before, but I've read most of his Blessed Damozel.

Look at this family group—how they hate each other. Some people look so much more like animals than human beings, don't they? Like your brother Will—so like a parrot; I want to offer him a cracker every time I look at him.

Well, I guess I'd better be moving along; we've seen everything there is to see anyway. I don't see how anyone can take longer than half an hour to do any museum in the world—they must have dull minds.

Oh, are you going back to look at those same things again? I thought we read all the names on them.

Net Results

Well, good luck to you—it really takes experience to get so you can do a good job in half an hour—like me. Good-by.

—Kitty Parsons.

The Rule of the Road

THE snappy six is speedy, the airy eight is fleet
And fit to bear a millionaire upon a cushioned seat,
But snappy sixes throttle down and airy eights are stuck
Behind the highway's ruler the five-ton truck.

The proud chauffeur may honk and toot, the footman shake his fist,
The millionaire may curse and swear like any anarchist;
"They shall not pass!" the truckman says. "Bo, you are out of luck;
The truckman rules the highway on his five-ton truck!"

Praise if you will your racers, bright-flashing like a gem;
Though gray with dust and red with rust, the trucks outdistance them;
The racers tire in snow and mire, their wheels spin in the muck—
And the truckman comes and saves them with his five-ton truck.

Galleons of the highway, O inland argosies!
What sense of power for but an hour to captain one of these!
My racer (if I had one) how gladly would I chuck
To thunder down the highway on my five-ton truck!

—Morris Bishop.

Sold!

SOMETHING must be wrong. The other clerks in R. H. Solomon's exclusive men's-furnishing house on the East Side were sure of it. Sammy Minkin did not seem to possess any unusual sales personality, yet no matter in what department he was placed, his customers always left bearing a package as a testimonial to his skill. The only possible clew was the strong friendship existing between him and Henry Cohen at the next counter. That, however, apparently solved nothing.

They resolved to learn his secret and directed one of their number to saunter over Sammy's way when the next customer arrived, and overhear their conversation.

The customer soon came. Stepping up to Sammy he said, "Where do I find ready-made suits?"

"Yes, it certainly is. You couldn't find a better store in the whole city."

The stranger looked a trifle bewildered. "I said I wanted to look at suits."

"Biggest hot spell we've had this summer," blandly answered Sammy. "Still, business is good, so we should worry. You'd like something?"

The customer raised his voice to a higher pitch.

"A blue serge suit!" he cried.

"Pardon me," answered Sammy. "I'm a little deaf and didn't understand you at first. About size thirty-eight in the chest?"

Sammy hurried a suit out. The other tried the coat on.

"Couldn't fit nicer if it had been made to order for you," he remarked, clasping his hands in the ecstasy caused him by the sight of such a perfect fit.

"How much is it?" asked the man.

"No, I don't think it's a bit too tight across the

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SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Three little Campbell's chefs are we,
Bubbling o'er with health and glee--
Three little chefs in spotless white,
Hire us as your cooks tonight!

Hire us!

And you have at your daily service specialists with a life-long training in making good soups. Our buyers search the markets of the world for the finest ingredients. Our French chefs blend them, after our own exclusive recipes, in kitchens of spotless cleanliness. "Make" your soup by getting Campbell's from your grocer!

Campbell's Tomato Soup

tells in one taste why Campbell's are chefs for millions of American homes. Pure tomato juices are blended with rich country butter and appetizing seasoning. This is the great American soup, placed regularly on the dining-tables of the land—always welcome, always refreshing and nutritious.

Soup for health—every day!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

We can supply your grocer with any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Violent Worker

THERE is a tendency in modern life and literature to break down the laboriously erected idea that success in any line of endeavor is attained only by ardent, passionate and constant toil. When Edwin, the poor but democratic newsboy, won to fame and fortune as president of the New York National Bank in the refined fiction that struck fond parents as being ultra-elevating during the fat-headed '70's and the ditch-water '80's, he did it not only because he showed up the banker's mean nephew as a disagreeable snob, and married the banker's daughter, but also because he took no relaxation except when he was forced to strike one of the banker's disagreeable relatives in the eye. He was a glutton for work. In order to support eighteen or twenty relatives, he sold newspapers on the sidewalks of New York with such persistence that he must have worn out more bricks than he could have paid for in ten years; and as a young banker he hung around the bank at all hours of the day and night, until the night watchman probably hoped that he would be locked in the vault and suffocated. Such were the teachings of the olden time.

Present-day fiction, with which the rising generation frequently regales itself, however, emphasizes the notion that the person who rises to dizzy heights does so because he plays a superior brand of golf and defeats the hated villain on the nineteenth green by sinking a thirty-foot putt for a birdie three; or because his capacity for synthetic gin leads the admiring and hard-hearted banker to give him a commission to paint his entire family; or because his face films well and fills an astute movie magnate with the desire to make him a great artist at a salary of five thousand a week; or because, after spending three years in attending house parties and winning a reputation as the perfect petter, he realizes the futility of it all and decides at half past four on Monday morning to become a congressman and devote his life to making the world better.

The younger set, therefore, will probably have no use for Senator Reed Smoot, Republican, of Provo, Utah, who has occupied his seat in the Senate Chamber since March 5, 1903; for he has reached his present commanding position by an exhibition of protracted and violent industry that would make the daily labors of a truck horse seem by comparison like the idle fluttering of a sportive butterfly. None the less, it behooves the younger set to cast an eye in the direction of Reed Smoot, and to meditate on him and his works; for if the rising generation should ever grow sufficiently strong to fill the halls of Congress with modern varieties of semiworkers and shut out the old-fashioned overtime worker it will pay for its whimsicality and modernity with taxes that will leave its income looking as though it had been struck by a cyclone.

Smoot at Work and Play

REED SMOOT, since the fourth of March, 1923, has been holding down the important and toil-bestrewn job of chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate by virtue of his length of service on that committee; but if the chairmanship were awarded for ability instead of for length of service it would also be held by Reed Smoot—and this state of affairs is one that is not always encountered in committees of the Senate, or of the House either.

Owing to the fact that the Senate Finance Committee is the final council in which are decided, elaborated and altered all policies affecting the pocketbooks of the American people, there should be frequent outbursts of huzzas from the populace at the thought that old Doctor Smoot is on the job to sit up with their interests, and safeguard them, and hold their hands, and take their temperatures at frequent intervals. There will be no huzzas, however, because the populace seldom cares to irritate their vocal chords by cheering anybody who has anything to do with their taxes, and also because the populace will be too busy listening to the modern semiworkers and half-baked thinkers who have evolved the popular but worthless theory that the wealthy can be taxed so violently that people of moderate means won't have to pay any taxes at all.

Reed Smoot seldom does anything except work, and the memory of man runneth not to the time when he ever did anything else. Furthermore, he looks it. He is very

Senator Reed Smoot. The High Priest of Constant Toil

tall and gray and angular; and he wears a high poke collar that gives the casual observer the feeling that if he ever moved quickly, or indulged in any mirth that necessitated a movement of the throat or chin he would lacerate himself severely. When he stalks sedately along the street he is reminiscent of a floorwalker of the old dignified school, or of a sand-hill crane, depending on whether the observer is from the city or the country. And always, upon his face, there is a look of still, aloof introspection. He wears this look when the Senate Chamber is in its usual state of dreary dullness. He wears it when Senator Robert M. La Follette, who occupies the desk in front of him, rises to his feet with fiery face and waving hair, and brandishes his fists beneath the very nose of the Utah senator, according to his invariable custom when making a speech. He wears it at the vaudeville theater on Friday nights, when he sits in the second row directly behind the orchestra leader, with his head, held in an uptilted position by his poke collar, looming up above the rest of the audience like a football before the kick-off. When the comedian, referring to an acrobatic contortion on the part of his fair team mate, remarks hoarsely to the audience "Somebody's been feeding her meat again!" and the audience bursts into light-hearted laughter, Reed Smoot gazes up at him with a still, aloof face and seems to be thinking about the refunding of the allied debt or some other matter running into billions of dollars.

Sometimes, by way of relaxation, he goes over to the zoo and scratches the head of Helen the parrot. Not long ago he was seen to approach Helen's cage and poke his finger through the bars and waggle it at Helen as an invitation to her to come over and have her head scratched, and as he waggled he said, "Hello, Helen! Hello, pretty Polly!" Helen, however, was feeling depressed; so she glared at the senator balefully and said "You go to hell"; and the senator, instead of rebuking her sharply or otherwise displaying emotion, merely stared at her in his still, aloof manner and then stalked sedately away. Yes, work has left its imprint on him.

He inherits ability to work, for his father before him was never seen to hide under a bed or crawl off into the underbrush when there was work to be done. Back in the roaring '60's the elder Smoot opined that there was need of a beet-sugar plant in Utah. He therefore repaired to France in a calm, thoughtful and Smootian manner, purchased a beet-sugar plant, brought it back to the United States and conducted it to Utah—a trip that entailed the hauling of a large mass of outsize machinery by ox team across one thousand miles of plains, prairies and desert.

When the young Smoot attended school in Provo, Utah, late afternoons did not find him seeking the old swimming hole or disporting himself in carefree pursuits with his fellows. That was not the Smootian idea of a good time. What he did was to hie himself to his father's woolen mill in a twitter of eagerness each afternoon and familiarize himself with every step in the manufacture of woolen cloth. As a result of this indulgence and dissipation he could, if he so desired, step today into any woolen mill in the world and start working in any department of it without a moment's hesitation. What he doesn't know about wool and its manufacture could, as the saying goes, be written on a special-delivery stamp with a mop. He loves wool, and he defends it from attacks and foreign invasions as though it were the tenderest of flowers, by reason of which his colleagues on the Democratic side of the Senate sometimes speak of him as being all wool and a yard wide.

Some of Smoot's Activities

THAT is one of the noteworthy features about Reed Smoot. He's thorough. He's thorough about doing things and he's thorough about not doing them. Some years ago a friend presented him with a fine set of golf clubs and a beautiful bag with all sorts of trick appliances. The golf bag and the clubs have remained untouched in a corner of his office ever since, except when somebody dusts the room. There never was a more thorough nongolfer. He displayed tremendous thoroughness in cornering all the prominent jobs in his section of Utah; and the incomplete records show that he is the president of the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank, the Smoot Investment Company and the Provo Electric Company, to say nothing of his directorship in divers Salt Lake City corporations, in Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Company, in the Deseret National Bank and the Deseret Savings Bank, nor yet to mention his apostleship in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, better but erroneously known as the Mormon Church.

When he entered the Senate he had the idea that since the Government of the United States was the greatest business in all the world its finances ought to be run in the same way that the finances of any well-regulated business are run. He thought that there should be economy in every department, and he at once examined thoughtfully into the matter; only to find, to his horror, that government action was too often based on political reasons rather than on business reasons, and that a large part of the elements entering into the cost of operating the Government had nothing whatever to do with good common business sense.

It was at this point that the Smootian thoroughness came to the surface, took a deep breath and dived into the depths for a protracted stay. For the purpose of learning whether there was unnecessary waste of public money, this industrious and thorough senator undertook to learn all there was to learn about the detailed working of the United States Government. He undertook to learn the number of employes employed and why, the location of the employes and why, the duties required of them and why, and the amounts of money paid them and why, together with the whys and wherefores of various and sundry matters relating and appertaining thereto.

He soon found that tens of millions of dollars could be saved to the Government each year by a person who was familiar with all these things, and he proposed to be the one to do it. He also found that he couldn't do it unless he were able to rise on the floor of the Senate and make an authoritative and incontrovertible statement about the expenditures of money in any department of the Government. So he buckled more closely to his work. He worked by day and he worked by night. When other senators were sipping diplomatic champagne, or pirouetting around the country on junkets of one sort or another, or cloaking their activities in the quiet reaches of the cloakrooms, or attending functions, or having a few friends in to dinner Reed Smoot was working.

His personal pleasures and relaxations went by the board, and his entire time was given over to collecting information and figures and analyzing them. He gobbled figures with the same reckless enthusiasm displayed by an

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Creamed Combination Vegetables —a delightful new dish

How Mrs. Enos makes it wonderfully rich without butter

SHE lives on a farm near Morro, but thousands of women in California delight in her original recipes, nine of which have won prizes.

A good home cook is Mrs. George A. Enos; you're sure to like her Creamed Combination Vegetable recipe given here. Particularly if there are children in your family who don't care for certain vegetables plain.

In sending us this recipe, Mrs. Enos emphasizes the fact that, while with other milk she uses a generous amount of butter, "no butter is necessary when using Libby's Milk."

Thousands of other women have noticed this same advantage of Libby's Milk in cooking; it gives surprising richness.

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every can

Cream and butter, as you know, are great enrichers of foods because they contain butter fat. Libby's Milk is a great enricher for the same reason; there are 7½ teaspoons of pure butter fat in every 16 oz. can of it!

Unlike ordinary milk, it comes only from selected herds in the finest dairy sections of the country—from cows that are prized and carefully tended because they give exceptionally rich milk.

And not only that. At the Libby condenseries located in these favored dairy sections we evaporate more than half the moisture from this fine milk, thus making it *double rich*.

By sealing it in air-tight cans and sterilizing it we can bring it safely to you wherever you live—the finest milk in the land.

Richer milk means richer cooking

Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer today. Try it tonight in this recipe or in one of your own favorites. See how easily and inexpensively you can give *all* your cooked things greater richness, finer flavor.

Creamed Combination Vegetables

3 young carrots	6 potatoes
3 turnips	1 teaspoon salt
3 small onions	⅛ teaspoon pepper

1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk

Scrape carrots, peel turnips and onions and cut in small dice. Barely cover with cold water and boil 20 minutes then add potatoes cut in large dice, also the salt. Simmer slowly until done and the water is nearly absorbed then add the milk and pepper. Reheat and serve.

Copies of some new folders containing excellent recipes from good cooks who use Libby's Milk will be sent you free upon request. Write today.

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Libby's MILK for Cooking Coffee Baking

The milk that good cooks use

RÔLES

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suffer quite unnecessary discomfort, Gwynne thought. One room, which served as a sitting room by day and a bedroom by night, struck her as a little too primitive even for an adventure; especially when one discovered that the principal object of furniture consisted of something that felt like a bed disguised as a sofa when you sat on it, and like a sofa disguised as a bed when you lay on it. So Gwynne had taken an apartment in a hotel where none of her friends were likely to stop, since it was not fashionable enough for New Yorkers or de luxe enough for rich outlanders.

There, Gwynne woke up every morning, feeling astonishingly happy, because, for the first time in her life, she had a reason for waking. The only drawback was that, also for the first time in her life, Gwynne must dress herself after waking.

With instant dislike and impatient contempt, she had rejected at once, or sent away after an hour's trial, all the maids whom she had interviewed. For Gwynne had had no idea of what a rare person Delia was until she had tried to find another just like her. To combine the qualities of respectability and respectfulness, doglike devotion, passionate loyalty, light-handedness, quick-footedness, immaculate cleanliness, superior intelligence, tact, wit, intuition—well, there was no enumerating all Delia's valuable assets. Gwynne had never been aware that they existed until she found them so lacking in others. The way old Mrs. Mudge invariably scraped one's coiffure as she clumsily pushed a dress on over the head made Gwynne want to lie down on the floor and kick and scream as she used to when a very small child.

The maid at her hotel had unpacked so badly that Gwynne could not find anything. Besides, she was not used to looking for her possessions; and her method was the masculine one of rummaging madly and tossing clothes about as if they were hay. Ribbons were out, buttons were off, pairs of gloves were separated, veils were torn. It was incredible that four days could have wrought such havoc in a wardrobe. Delia would have been horrified. Fortunate that she could not know the true state of affairs, for she was miserable enough already.

Against the separation from her mistress and the adoption of a new one, against the whole crazy, unbelievable plan, Delia had desperately mutinied. She had, in fact, so far forgotten her place as to say that she wouldn't hear to it at all, and that if Miss Gwynne wouldn't take her along, she certainly would not work for Miss Eva Grahame, either. But Gwynne had promptly quashed this rebellion by a series of dreadful threats.

"Very well, Delia," she said coldly. "I can't force you to be Miss Grahame's maid, of course. But if you won't do me such a small favor, and for only a short time too—we are just doing it for fun, silly; it will be over in no time—well, if you are so stubborn and unobliging, why, then I won't want you for myself any longer—ever—at any time! Do you understand? You can go back to Midland. But I shan't ever come back. And I shall go on being an actress all the rest of my life, and you think that's a disgrace and I'll tell everybody! Everybody in Midland shall know that I am an actress!" She paused for dramatic effect, and then went on coaxingly. "But if you'll just do as I ask, Delia, no one need ever know, and you may come back to me in just a little while, and so there won't be any harm done. But, you see, it all depends on you."

"Oh, Miss Gwynne!" cried the unhappy Delia, knowing she would have to yield. "Oh, Miss Gwynne, if you'd been born in a different walk of life, you'd have been one of those young lady blackmailers like you read about."

"So I would," replied Gwynne cheerfully.

And so she had raised Delia's wages and left her with the comfortable conviction of the modernist that one can get anything one wants, if one only wants hard enough. Rather annoying to find that this didn't seem to apply to getting a second Delia.

However, Mrs. Attleby's proffered aid had encouraged Gwynne and when she arrived at the theater that night she found that her faith in the indefatigable lady was justified, for, in the dressing room, surveyed hostilely by Mrs. Mudge—who enjoyed twenty-dollar bills—was a small, neat, amber-colored person, who flashed brilliant black eyes and white teeth at Gwynne's entrance

"Here's the girl Mrs. Attleby sent you, Miss Grahame," remarked Mrs. Mudge pessimistically. "If she'll do—I dunno. Did you want colored?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Mudge," replied Gwynne. "I'll see."

"Will I wait?" asked Mrs. Mudge hopefully. "I dunno about her, Miss Grahame. Some friend of Mrs. Attleby's recommended her, but that don't mean nothin'."

"I'll send for you if I need you, Mrs. Mudge," said Gwynne, taking off her wrap.

The amber-colored one sprang to relieve her, hung the coat up with meticulous care, frankly admiring both it and Gwynne. She was respectfully silent, but her eyes spoke of the worship for beauty of the negro race—a devotion as unreasoning as a child's for all that glitters.

"What's your name?" Gwynne asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl. "I name' Salusha."

"I don't think I've ever heard that name before. How do you spell it?"

"No, I Have Not Got a New Ring," Replied Miss Desmond Categorically. "So Put Your Mind at Rest. Did You Come in Here to Tell Me Something, or to Try to Find Out Something?"

"Well, dey's lots ways you kin spell it," replied Salusha with the air of one who wishes to oblige: "but it ain't ne'ssary. Jes holler Salusha. I come. Da's way my oth' white ladies done me."

She ran to fetch a chair for Gwynne, and placed it, bowing, her eyes and teeth expressing volumes of flattery for the golden hair and expensive frock of her prospective mistress. Gwynne sat down, feeling soothed by her accustomed atmosphere of devotion.

"You're from the South, aren't you, Salusha?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am!" cried Salusha, delighted. "Yes, ma'am, I f'um Social Circle, Jawjah. Fuh ways f'um home. Yes, ma'am! All folks down home think I near 'bout crazy comin' off like dat, such a fuh ways f'um home." She chuckled richly. "Dey say, whut I goan do case I git sick? I say Salusha doan git sick. I comin' up heah see de country, I tells 'em. Travelin' roun'! Da's my style. Yes, ma'am. An' I hav de cravin' to go on to de stage—yes, ma'am. Ise done had dat cravin' ev' since I bawn."

"You don't mean to say you've been on the stage?"

"Yes, ma'am! I done bin theat'cal maid fuh two young actress ladies."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes, ma'am. Fine ladies bofe I wuk faw. You kin ax 'em did I give sat'sfaction. Dey on'y lemme go 'count not bein' able to pay me my wages. Us sho' had hard luck, me'n' my ladies. Look like our shows done bus' up on us ev' time, befo' dey git good started!"

"Well, I hope you will have better luck with me," said Gwynne, smiling.

"Is I engage'?" cried Salusha rapturously.

"I'll see if you will do."

"Yes ma'am. Try me!" exclaimed Salusha. "Dey ain' nuffin' I cain' do fuh sweet, pretty, white lady like you."

"I am not at all sweet," said Gwynne. "I have a frightful temper and shall abuse you horribly."

Salusha's brilliant teeth flashed. "Da's way quality ac's," she said complacently. "Ain't nobody whut talk mealymouf all time, 'acusin' po' white trash," she added with the air of a connoisseur.

XIV

IF THERE are times when all things, animate and inanimate, seem to conspire against us, the opposite is equally true; and Gwynne imagined that her more fortunate time had begun, for tonight everything seemed perfect. Salusha dressed her quickly and deftly. For the first time Gwynne's make-up went on just as she knew it ought to—her fingers had ceased to tremble at last. The strains of the overture gave her only a pleasant thrill, instead of that all-gone feeling one has when an elevator drops too suddenly. And that morning at rehearsal the stage manager had remarked:

"You're picking up in your part, Miss Grahame. If you keep on like this, you'll soon be playing it like you ought to."

Faint praise, indeed, if not actual insult, this would have once seemed to Gwynne Sheldon; but now, humbled at least professionally by that first night's agony of fear, she found the words an inspiring warmth in her memory. Already Gwynne had become rather scornful of the amateurs in the Quest-of-Beauty Club. Why, they knew nothing of the real work or the real thrill of acting! For no matter how hard you rehearsed for an amateur show, you only gave one performance, and your friends lavished praise whether you were rotten or not. You didn't get up the next morning and go over the whole thing, being told how bad you were, and struggling desperately to improve. You didn't lie awake at night with lines hammering through your head; nor get up, bathe, eat your breakfast, brush your teeth, put on your

(Continued on Page 34)

Standard of the World

EXPECT GREAT THINGS

V-63

—they will be realized when you ride in the New V-63 Cadillac.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

He will enjoy the rain

if his raincoat keeps him dry

Before you buy your boy a raincoat, make sure it is going to stay waterproof. If you wait until the first drenching rain to test it out, it may prove to have been an expensive purchase.

The quality that makes a raincoat really waterproof is *inbuilt*. It depends not only on the grade of the materials used, but on the way the rubber and fabric are joined—and these things are always *hidden*.

To be sure of getting this quality, thousands of people have learned to look for the name Raynster whenever they buy a raincoat.

Raynsters are backed by all the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world.

Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats for men and women, boys and girls—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside.

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United States Rubber Company

Raynsters

(Continued from Page 32

hat, walk, breathe even, to the rhythm of your lines. You didn't almost pray each evening that you could do your part better than the night before—go out with a fast-beating heart and a desperate determination to make them like you, make them laugh when you wanted them to, make them sit still and breathless if you chose. Strange that work, real work, hard, grinding toil such as she had never known—anxiety, fear, despair sometimes—could be so fascinating!

That all her fellow actors did not feel toward their work as she did was of course plain to Gwynne. The Desmond girl, for instance, skipped through her part airily, as unconcerned as if she were selling gloves or manicuring, doing just well enough not to get dismissed. And that was her only anxiety. As for improving in her part, she did as she was told with parrotlike aptitude, but certainly never lay awake scheming for new intonations or a more effective gesture.

This night was Gwynne's fifth performance—including the Wednesday matinée—and her most successful one by far. When she came off at the end of the first act she could congratulate herself on not having forgotten anything she had been told at rehearsal, and when she went on in the middle of the second act in the cloth-of-gold dress there was a distinct "Ah-h!" of appreciation. And in the third act she finally got that laugh she had been fishing for so long—not a faint titter, either, but a low murmur, swelling steadily upward to a roar.

As the final curtain fell she was flushed and triumphant, more excited and flattered by this first public tribute than by all the compliments and flowers in the Quest-of-Beauty Club; feeling immensely friendly toward the scanty audience which was already struggling into coats and stampeding up the aisles. All at once Gwynne Sheldon, who had never felt the gregarious urge before, wanted badly to talk to some one, to expand, to become intimate. Dodging hurrying stage hands and wildly flying pieces of scenery, she made her way to Mrs. Attleby's side.

"It's going, isn't it?" she cried enthusiastically. "The show's really going at last!"

Mrs. Attleby fixed her with a mournful and an irate stare.

"I don't see why you're so happy about it!" she snapped.

"But ——" Gwynne was quite taken aback. "But—of course! Aren't you?"

"Certainly not!"

Gwynne looked at her in utter bewilderment.

"I haven't thanked you for sending me such a nice maid," she said, giving up the idea of understanding actors and their moods. "It was awfully good of you, and I'm so pleased with her."

"Much good she'll do you now," said Mrs. Attleby.

"But I don't understand ——"

"My poor dear child! Do you mean to say that you haven't seen the notice?" cried Mrs. Attleby, amazed in her turn.

"No. What notice? Where?"

Mrs. Attleby made a large tragic gesture in the direction of the bulletin board at the foot of the stairs, and Gwynne saw a dejected group assembled before it.

"We're closing Saturday night," said Mrs. Attleby.

"What?" gasped Gwynne. "Closing? What do you mean?"

"The show—Saturday night."

"But it's impossible!" cried Gwynne.

Entirely concerned with the difficulties of her own part, the failure of the play had never occurred to her.

"It's a dirty deal," exclaimed a shrill voice out of the crowd. "They ought to give you two weeks' notice."

"How could they when the show's been losing money ever since it opened?" objected someone else.

"Well, they're supposed to, all the same."

"Talk sense! Old Carter's dropped every cent he could scrape up in the darned thing, they say."

"Sh-h! Here he comes."

Gwynne, withdrawn from the crowd, scarcely heard what they said—certainly did not heed. She had grown very pale. Her mouth was a tight line and her eyes were shining with anger.

"It isn't fair!" she cried in a low, passionate voice to Mrs. Attleby.

That seasoned veteran shrugged her shoulders.

"Fair! Humph!" she said. "Can't be helped. That's all. If you'd been through this as many times as I have, Miss Grahame ——"

She glanced contemptuously at the agitated crowd.

"What's the sense in making a scene?" asked Mrs. Attleby philosophically. "Much good it will do them, anyway."

"Just as I'd begun to enjoy it!" exclaimed Gwynne bitterly. "Just as I was beginning to succeed!"

She felt Mrs. Attleby's ironic gaze, flushed, clenched her hands tight.

"Oh, I simply won't have it!" Gwynne cried, with extraordinary determination, and stamping her foot. "It's an outrage! The show shan't close!"

She whirled completely about, away from the hatefully smiling Mrs. Attleby, and found herself face to face with a large, mournful and wilted-looking gentleman—Mr. Carter, the owner of the show. He stopped and stared at Gwynne, his face quite numb with misery, and she stared back angrily at his large, blank countenance.

Mrs. Attleby, with a dry chuckle, walked away and mounted the stairs quite as if nothing had happened. Habitually in a flutter over trivial things, she liked to display her composure when other people were upset.

XV

"MR. CARTER!" said Gwynne impetuously. "You are Mr. Carter, aren't you?" The large, blank face opposite hers underwent a slight tremor of surprise. The head nodded. "You own this show, don't you?"

Such an extraordinary quiver went over the face that the mouth opened, and it seemed a strange thing in that white, puddinglike expanse of countenance. It was almost as if a dessert should speak.

"I did own it," confessed Mr. Carter piteously. "Nothin' left now but costumes and scenery."

Even in her own dismay and anger at the contemptible trick fate had played her, Gwynne was a little sorry for him.

"I suppose you've lost quite a lot of money?" she asked carelessly.

He nodded, gulped, ran a finger around inside his collar.

"Well," said Mr. Carter vaguely, his gaze wandering about, meeting the group of actors, recoiling with a slight shock, "can't be helped now."

He began to move off. Gwynne caught him by the sleeve.

"Tell me," she commanded, "is that why the play is going to close?" He stared at her. "You don't want to lose any more money—is that it?"

He smiled faintly.

"I haven't got any more to lose," he confessed quite simply.

A deep flush swept up into Gwynne's face, and joy flooded her eyes like the radiance of sunshine on blue ice.

"Oh, then, if that's all!" she cried, with a deep breath of relief.

"All!" he retorted angrily. "Thanks. It's plenty for me—and a bit too much."

"Please!" implored Gwynne, taking his arm and speaking in a low tone, for the group of actors were watching them with interest. "Isn't there somewhere—can't I see you alone? Now?"

Mr. Carter stared at her without speaking. His brain felt too tired to figure out her extraordinary behavior. He had never noticed Eva Grahame much; she had seemed a shy, reserved, nice little thing. Now she appeared not only bold and forward and decidedly impertinent but actually somewhat insane.

However, he might as well find out what was the matter with the girl, and he was not sorry to postpone his interview with the rest of the company. So Mr. Carter made a weary gesture toward the front of the house, and Gwynne followed him through the deserted and darkened theater.

XVI

IN THE narrow, cooped-up space behind the box office, which had served Mr. Carter as a sanctum, Gwynne faced him smilingly.

"I suppose you know you've managed this whole affair idiotically," she said, having regained her usual cool assurance.

Too insulted for speech, Mr. Carter could only choke at first, the red mounting in his pale face; but when the words did come they poured out in a bitter torrent:

"Now look here, my dear young lady, there's no use abusing me! It's not my fault. But that's just like you actors—blame the whole thing on me! That's what I'm to hear from the lot of you, I dare say. Or did they appoint you spokesman, Miss Grahame? Is that why I've the honor of this interview?"

"I'm only speaking for myself," replied Gwynne coolly. "I've never seen such poor management of a play in all my life."

"Upon my word! I won't stand for it!" cried Mr. Carter, bringing down his fist on the desk. "What are you people kicking about? Haven't you had your salaries regularly?"

"I am not the least bit interested in salaries," murmured Gwynne. But Mr. Carter went on without heeding her:

"What do you actors expect nowadays? A written guaranty that the show will be a hit? Run a year? Make your fortune? It's I who am the loser, not you! Don't you think I've hung on as long as I could? Oh, it's the two weeks' notice, I suppose. That's the trouble, is it? Well, you had eyes. You knew the house was empty, didn't you? You've seen how the show was going. Notice! The first night ought to have been notice enough for you. And for me, too, if I hadn't been such a fool."

"Exactly," said Gwynne pleasantly. "That's just what I was trying to tell you."

"Look here, young woman ——"

"Don't roar; the room is too small. It echoes. Besides, if you'll only listen to me ——"

"No, I won't listen to you! I know all you've got to say—the whole lot of you—the whole ungrateful lot. After I've hung on —— Have you got any idea—any i-de-a, Miss Grahame, of how much money I've lost every day? You actors had your pay right along, while I was throwing my money away like a fool, trying to keep this rotten show afloat!"

"But that's just what I object to, Mr. Carter—your throwing your money away like a fool."

"Indeed!"

"Because if you'd only thrown it away properly, you know, it wouldn't have been wasted."

"Well, upon my word! Whatever that means! And I must say it's very kind of you, Miss Grahame, to instruct me ——"

"Oh, don't mention it."

"But, you see, Miss Grahame, I'm afraid it's only a waste of breath, for it's a bit too late now for your very valuable financial opinions."

"Not at all."

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "Don't you know the show's failed? It's over! Dead! Finished! Haven't you got that yet, Miss Grahame?"

Gwynne looked at him calmly.

"If you are all through shouting, which is only a waste of breath," she said, "and are ready to listen to me now ——"

He sank weakly into a chair and mopped his brow, looking at her with helpless, beaten eyes.

"The show can come back, I'm sure," said Gwynne, "if only you'll give it another chance—start all over and do things right this time. It's the very worst extravagance to be economical, you know."

"Economical!" he moaned piteously, swaying in his chair. "Oh, ye gods! Oh, my check book!"

"In the first place," said Gwynne briskly, "you didn't advertise half enough. Why, you really didn't advertise at all! I positively didn't know—I mean, a stranger in town wouldn't know your show was on earth. There were no unbelievable stories in the newspapers, or bills posted on garbage cans, or anything! Why don't you burst out into every form of literature, and red, yellow and green placards, and simply plaster your show all over New York?"

"And may I ask," inquired the producer with deadly calm—"may I ask, Miss Grahame, since you are good enough to offer me your advice, if you'll also be good enough to offer me the money for the plaster?"

"Why, of course I will!"

"What?"

"How much do you want?"

He sank back in his chair and smiled sardonically.

"Oh, well, Miss Grahame," he said, "just hand over a mere trifle to begin with—five or ten thousand, say—and we can call on you later for more."

Gwynne took a check book out of her bag, remembered that she would have to sign her own name to a check, and put it back.

"I'll bring you the cash tomorrow," she promised.

He looked at her admiringly.

(Continued on Page 36

The Sedan
$1335

Here are two cars whose superiority must be so perfectly apparent to anyone who even studies the pictures, to say nothing of the cars themselves, that it seems inconceivable that anything in their price-division can possibly stand up under comparison.

The wonder of it grows when it is learned that good Maxwell re-sale values are higher all over the United States than anything in their class.

This valuation is established by the dealers in all makes of cars in all parts of the country, in their authoritative reference book entitled National Used Car Market Report.

It is based on the long-lived service, greater economy and superior appearance which are today synonymous with the name of the good Maxwell.

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The Four-Passenger Coupe
$1235

The Good

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No House Odors From Burning Trash

"If we only had a safe place to burn trash," many people say, regretfully. While others get a Cyclone Catch-All Basket and end the bother of trash disposal once and for all.

They do not let trash accumulate in unsanitary, unsightly piles. Or burn it in stove or furnace, filling the house with offensive odors. They keep the Catch-All out in the yard and when it is full burn the contents, handling trash only once.

You keep the Catch-All anywhere in the yard. It is light and easy to handle. The close mesh and pressed steel top confine the burning fragments. No danger, even with high wind. Endorsed by fire authorities. A time and labor saver women appreciate.

Made of heavy crimped wire, finished in baked green enamel. Perforated steel top and bottom. 20 inches in diameter, 29 inches high. Department and hardware stores everywhere sell Catch-All Baskets. Always look for the famous Cyclone "Red Tag".

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CYCLONE CATCH-ALL BASKET

THE SAFE BONFIRE

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"Very nicely done, Miss Grahame," he remarked dryly. "I only wish you'd try to act as well as that when you're on the stage."

"How provoking you are!" Gwynne exclaimed. "I'm offering to save your old show, and you waste time trying to be funny."

He stared. Undoubtedly Eva had lost her mind. He must humor her.

"Besides the advertising, there's the guaranty, you know," he remarked dispassionately.

"What guaranty?"

"To the owners of the theater. That's got to be paid every week whether I take in a cent at the box office or not."

"All right."

"And I guess you know stage hands are union laborers, don't you? I guess you know what would happen if the ghost didn't walk for them every Saturday night."

"But just tell me how much you want!"

He looked at her and wagged his head despairingly.

"My poor child," he said, "I don't know, of course, how much you may have managed to save up, nor why on earth, if you have any little savings, you should want to dump them into my show; but I can tell you right now that every cent you could rake and scrape for the rest of your life wouldn't be a drop in the bucket."

"In that case," replied Gwynne coolly, "I shan't offer you my poor little savings. As a matter of fact, I never save. But if thirty thousand cash would be of the slightest use to begin with, do take it and stop grousing. I think you are one of the most ungrateful men I have ever met."

He turned quite pale.

"Thirty thousand?" he echoed feebly. "Do you mean dollars or cents?"

"Don't be silly! Can you wait until tomorrow morning for it?"

"If this is a practical joke," said Mr. Carter, "it is in very poor taste. Are you sure you are not going to give me Confederate money? Or rubles? Or marks?"

"I do think a sense of humor is the most horrible thing one can possess!" cried Gwynne wrathfully. "It makes you simply a pest to all your friends and acquaintances. If you'd only stop trying to be a wit, everyone would like you better."

He gasped. "But, Miss Grahame," he stammered, "I don't understand ——"

"Why should you?"

"But you—how are you going to get this money?"

"Out of the bank."

"But how did you get it into the bank?"

"Isn't that entirely my own affair?"

Slowly, then, a light of comprehension dawned in his fat, dazed face.

"Oh!" he exclaimed sharply, knowingly; then coughed, and at once became apologetic. "You really must pardon me if I —— But then you see I didn't know. I'd always thought—understood—well—h'm —— But of course it doesn't matter. Naturally, however, I thought you must be joking, since I had no assurance ——"

Gwynne stopped him with an impatient gesture. Stripping off her rings, she flung them tinkling down on his desk, snatched off her string of pearls and let it fall with a luscious thump beside them.

"If you really must have assurance," she said scornfully, "take those to any jeweler and have them valued; and keep them until tomorrow morning, when I can bring you the money."

He picked up the beautiful lustrous pearls, as pinkly glowing as flesh, and handled them with reverence.

"I—I always thought they were paste," he stammered feebly. "I beg your pardon."

"Will you take that notice down and make all the arrangements to go on with the play?" Gwynne asked in a most businesslike manner.

"Oh, yes—yes, of course! I'll be glad to. It's awfully good of you, Miss Grahame."

"Don't! Gratitude's more tiresome than ingratitude."

She went out. He sat down at his desk and rested his head in his hands for a moment, trying to think it all over. Then he came to the inevitable masculine conclusion, rose, went over to a mirror and straightened his tie.

"She loves me!" he said, smiling at his fat, middle-aged, utterly unattractive face in the glass.

XVII

AFTER a day or two had passed, with no word from Gwynne—and no news meant the good news that their exchange of rôles had not been discovered—Eva Grahame relaxed as unthinkingly into enjoyment as Cinderella at her first ball. The absence of a fairy prince didn't matter. Finery, pumpkin coach, gilded halls were enough—and to forget as long as possible about the inevitable stroke of twelve.

The only connoisseur of comfort is one who has always done without it. What had been the mere commonplaces of existence to Gwynne were real pleasures to Eva. A pleasure to wake without plans or engagements, to go to sleep without worries, to eat without consulting prices; to toil not, nor to spin, nor to take thought for the morrow. Nice not to have to tiptoe past blind beggars and slink past ladies who cheerily rattled coin boxes at you and spoke of milkless babies. Soothing to lie back in an easy-chair and have one's face patpatted with alcohol—though one's skin was absolutely perfect anyhow. Comforting to tip the manicurist fifty cents. Flattering to have a Frenchman marcel one's hair every day. Delightful to buy the things that you have merely gazed at before in shop windows—the needless things, the things that don't sustain life, the things that are of no earthly use, and won't wear well, and will soil easily, and will be out of style in no time, and that can't possibly be used for more than one purpose. Ephemeral, charming frivolities, frail as a chiffon fan, luxurious trifles that are balm to the pride of a pretty woman who has always gone respectably clad. Not one useful thing, not one sensible thing, nothing that might be of service to her in the future would Eva buy.

After Delia had left her for the night, Eva loved to go through Gwynne's clothes—her clothes now. The drawers of lingerie, each exquisite, filmy, handmade thing held in place by a wide ribbon filled with sachet; the dozens of thin veils, each rolled on tissue paper; the layers of cobwebby stockings, the beautiful dresses on satin-padded hangers wrapped in linen covers, rows and rows of shoes on trees; the hats, each in its separate compartment. More than the fineness of the things themselves, Eva loved the exquisite order in which they were kept—that delightful sense of having oneself and one's belongings *soigné*, which only a good maid can give. Eva loved having Delia, even though Delia disliked her. Immaculately clean and neat by instinct, Eva had always hated her careless, slovenly surroundings. She was so glad to get away from the smell of the theater! Here everything smelled of dried rose leaves.

She did wish mamma could see this clothes closet. It would certainly do her good. She shuddered when she remembered how mamma stepped out of her clothes at night and left them lying on the floor, and pinned on shoulder straps, and never could find her gloves. How nice it was never to have to wear the same pair of gloves twice, nor a dress that had not been freshly pressed, nor anything that was the least bit soiled or rumpled or frayed or faded!

Good heavens, how far away she was from those theatrical boarding houses where the hot water trickled and coughed and then went lukewarm! She reveled in baths like an ancient Roman. Even Delia, that fanatic of cleanliness, was dismayed by her ardor. All the appurtenances of the bath Eva loved—English soap, bath salts, loofahs and skin lotions. She loved lying in bed—such a nice bed, such a pretty bed; so wide, so low; sheets and pillowcases so soft and delicate. She loved dressing herself up in one after the other of Gwynne's many negligees and tea gowns—lace, chiffon, ribbon, satin, all the soft, delicate, costly things that women long for, starve for with real hunger. Whole days went by while Eva played at luxury, doing nothing, thinking of nothing but of beautiful things and of making herself beautiful in them.

"It will all end so quickly," she would say to herself, in excuse. "I must enjoy now all the things that I can never have again, and I won't even think of anything else until it's over."

She had expected it to be over in a week, for she knew that the play must close soon. But a week passed, and then another and another and another, before she heard from Gwynne.

Then Gwynne walked in, unannounced, one night after the theater, and caught Eva posing in a particularly beautiful negligee before a long mirror.

"Hello!" said Gwynne. "How spiffy you look!"

Eva whirled around, blushing.

"In your things," she said humbly.

"Will you shut up? They're yours now. How often have I got to tell you?"

She sank down in an easy-chair. She wore a redingote of gray cloth over an orange crêpe-de-chine dress, a small, very soft and tightly wound gray turban, and a large fluffy scarf of pointed fox.

"Give me a cigarette, please. I'm exhausted," said Gwynne, looking very rosy and bright-eyed, and as if she had been enjoying life hugely. "How you've improved, if you don't mind my saying so," she added as Eva handed her the silver box.

"Oh, have I?" replied Eva, pleased. "Well, I ought to. I've been having such fun."

She curled up on a sofa, folds of yellow chiffon and blond lace falling softly about her, the light on her pale yellow hair.

Gwynne studied her.

"Really, you know, your skin is as nice as mine," she said, bestowing her highest compliment. Then she lay back in the deep chair.

"Fun?" she asked. "What have you been doing?"

"Oh, taking baths and dressing up and going to bed and getting up and everything."

"How thrilling! Regular melodrama. Haven't you been on any parties?"

"Why, no! I hadn't thought of it."

"Ye gods and little fishes!"

"Besides, I don't know any men."

"Good night! An actress—and she doesn't know any men!"

"I thought I'd better not go to theaters, but I should like to go to the opera," said Eva wistfully.

"Well, why don't you?"

"Which do you think is the best one?"

"Best one?"

"Yes; I've never heard any."

"My poor child, you don't have to choose! Go every night—if you can stand it. I'll see about good seats for you. Take someone."

"No, I'd better go alone. Don't you think it's safer?"

"How awful of me! I've condemned you to solitary confinement."

"Oh, I don't mind. I love it. I'm having a wonderful time."

"I suppose you read the magazines in the evenings."

"No; I'm reading Turgenieff. I'm in the third volume."

"Volume?"

"I bought a set. I'd always wanted one."

"I could weep when you talk about your innocent little desires," cried Gwynne. "But why don't you ask me what I've been doing?"

"Oh, yes, of course," Eva said apologetically. "How selfish of me! Are you—did you ——"

"Yes, I are and did. We're a great success."

"Who?" stammered Eva, confused.

"The play and I. Don't you read the papers?"

"No."

"What ingratitude! When I'm making you famous!"

"Are you? Aren't you joking?"

"Certainly not. Didn't you see you and me in last Sunday's Times?"

"What?"

"In the rotogravure section—my photograph. Only they called it you. 'Miss Eva Grahame, pretty and clever young comedienne who is attracting much favorable notice in her first part on Broadway.' How's that for unselfishness?"

"But I don't understand! I thought the play was failing!"

"All the poor thing needed was a little money and a little more time. Lots of successes have been failures at first—even East is West, I've heard. It's a kind of endurance contest with the public. By this time everyone in New York is so sick of reading about Poor Clarinda they have to go to see her in self-defense.

"Our press agent is a wonder. He could tire anyone out. And we have some new costumes and sets and things—very arty and modern. And two people with names in the leading parts instead of those second-raters."

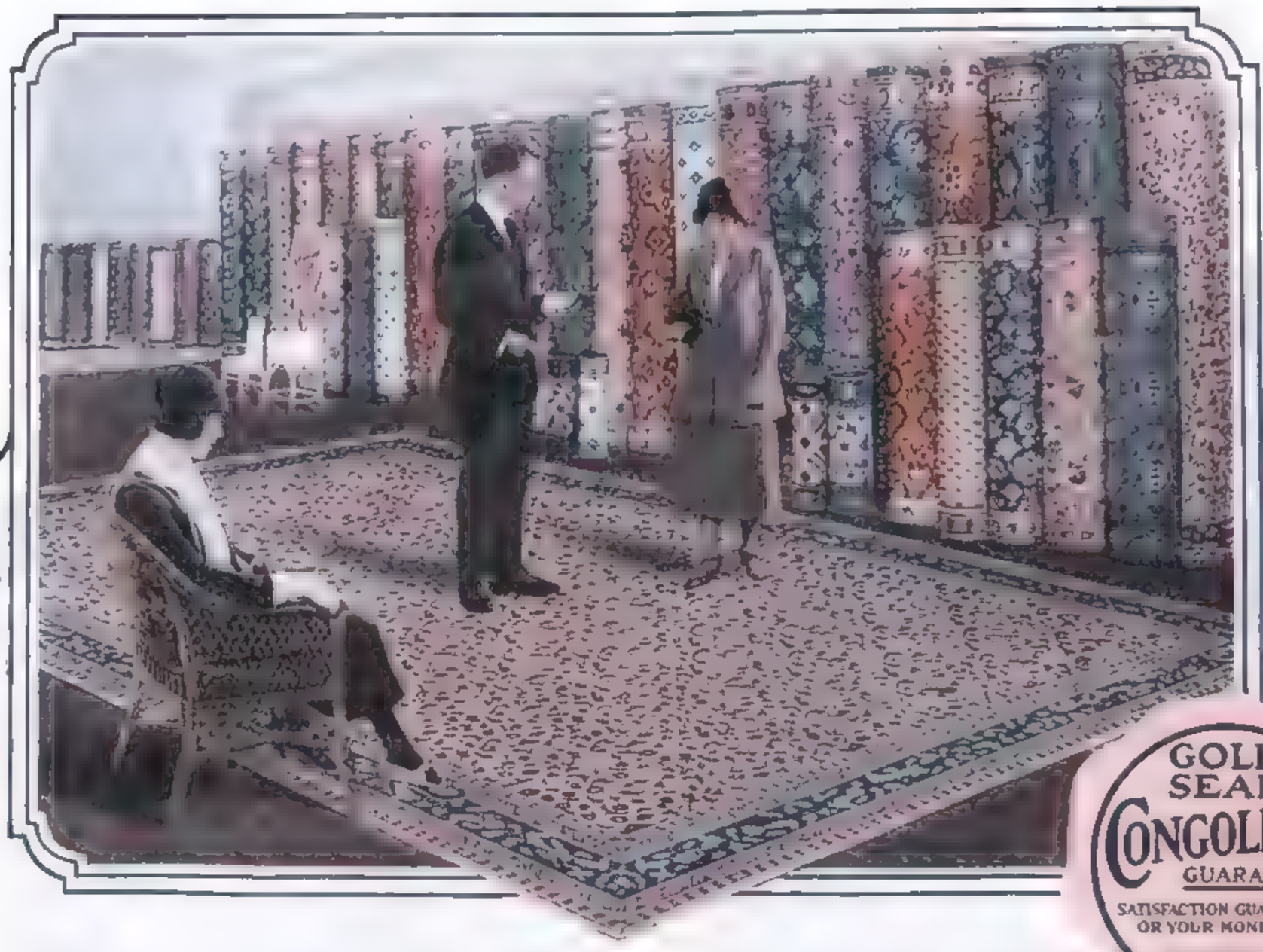
"Oh, but I'm sorry! That's hard on them."

"Don't worry. I made Mr. Carter give them a big bonus to break their contracts. Then the play's been rewritten too."

"Really? Again?"

"Yes; but to some purpose this time. My part is much better."

(Continued on Page 38)



The pattern on display is Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 378.

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Be Sure You Buy Genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum

We take a most effective precaution to protect you against imitations of Gold Seal Congoleum and to assure your getting only the genuine guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. To help you identify the real goods, we paste a Gold Seal on the face of every Rug and on every few yards of Congoleum Floor-Covering. This Seal is printed in dark green on a gold background, and reads "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." You can't mistake it! Look for it! Don't buy goods which haven't got it!

And remember—we can place such an unrestricted guarantee on our goods because they have the quality to back it up.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs come in the most artistic patterns imaginable, suitable for every room in the house. They are exceptionally easy to clean. Just a few strokes of a damp mop and the firm "enamel" surface is spotless. Another advantage—they lie perfectly flat on the floor without any kind of fastening—never turn up or ruffle at the edges or corners.

Yet with all these exceptional qualities, these guaranteed rugs are amazingly inexpensive.

6 x 9 ft.	$ 9.00	Patterns No. 386 and 406 are made in all sizes. The other patterns are made in the five large sizes only.	1½ x 3 ft.	$ .60
7½ x 9 ft.	11.25		3 x 3 ft.	1.40
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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

Watch This Column

"A Chapter In Her Life"

Lois Weber, always artistic and thorough, has made for UNIVERSAL a charming picture entitled ***"A Chapter In Her Life,"*** an adaptation from Clara Louise Burnham's beautiful novel ***"Jewel,"*** which a few years ago enjoyed unusual popularity. It is far from the beaten path, as you are doubtless aware, and will delight all the members of your family.

* * *

The cast was carefully chosen and includes Claude Gillingwater, Jacqueline Gadsden, Jane Mercer, Eva Thatcher, Robert Frazer, Fred Thomson and a number of other favorites. If you have a daughter, take her to see ***"A Chapter In Her Life."*** You will both enjoy it. Please write me your opinion of it.

* * *

"Gorgeous" is the best term I can use to describe ***"A Lady of Quality,"*** a UNIVERSAL SUPER-JEWEL from Frances Hodgson Burnett's celebrated play in which the charming actress, Julia Arthur, rose to international fame some years ago. This production features VIRGINIA VALLI with MILTON SILLS and was directed by Hobart Henley. It fairly teems with romance and beauty. I recommend it with all my heart.

* * *

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Victor Hugo's classic in picture, has created the intense interest that I predicted at the Astor Theatre, New York, despite the heat of Summer. It inspires the belief that this will prove one of the great productions of moving-picture history.

* * *

How did you enjoy ***"Merry Go Round"?*** Please write and tell me. I'll answer you personally with pleasure. Tell me if you think it possible to see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 36)

"Oh!" cried Eva sharply, comprehendingly.

"Now I know what you're thinking," Gwynne said. "But you're wrong. That wasn't why I put money into the show. Surely you must have noticed that Poor Clarinda was lame!"

"I knew there was something wrong."

"Well, so did everyone. The whole thing was good, but bad, like a dowdy hat. But it was simply the devil trying to find out what was the matter with it, until the author finally confessed."

"Confessed?"

"Just what I'd suspected all the time," said Gwynne triumphantly, "even on the first night I saw you in the part—that it was you—I mean I who was causing all the trouble."

"How?"

"Well, you see, I am supposed to be a minor character. But the author confessed that after he got started he really became more interested in his secondary theme than in his main theme, or something like that. It seems that's an unfortunate thing that's apt to happen to authors. So then he tried to suppress me, but I'd keep on bobbing up and getting the audience interested in me and their minds off the main characters; and when he would push me off the stage forcibly the audience would feel bored and cheated. Because, you see, the stars are just figureheads, after all. They've got the most lines and the name of the thing, of course, but it's I the audience are most interested in—whether they know it themselves or not. So he took a new slant at the whole thing and gave me lots to do. And now," added Gwynne, with the naïve egotism of the true actor, "the stars draw the people into the house, but I keep them there."

"Gracious!" said Eva. "It's lucky all that didn't happen while I was in the part."

"It's been frightfully hard work," Gwynne confessed. "We've been rehearsing night and day, and I've been coached outside too. I don't mind telling you I had a lot to learn. And there've been times when I was simply frantic with worry—not about the money; we lost a lot at first, but that didn't matter. But I couldn't bear to make a fool out of myself, you know."

"Weren't you ever afraid?" Eva asked wonderingly.

"Oh, yes, at first, awfully! And even now, sometimes, just before I go on, I get that feeling you have when an elevator drops twenty stories. But I rather like it. And then the minute you're on it's all different. I can feel the blood simply rushing through my body, and I can hear my voice as if it wasn't my own. That's nice, you know."

"I don't think so," said Eva.

"Well," cried Gwynne, "but did you ever feel triumphant?"

"No, I certainly didn't. I always felt beaten."

"But that's because you let it beat you. It's a beast, you know—the audience."

"Oh, have you found that out?"

"It's like a horse. You can never manage it if it knows you are afraid. But as soon as you're master it loves you."

"I never knew how to ride," said Eva.

"It's something like a big fish too," Gwynne said, her eyes sparkling. "You throw out your speeches like a line, but you haven't quite hooked it fast. It struggles. You pull. It tries to slip away. But if your wrist is strong enough you'll land it!"

"But," said Eva, frowning a little, smoothing out the folds of her soft chiffon, nestling back into the downy cushions—"but, after all—why? It's such a silly thing to do. Why do you want to?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just to have power, I suppose."

"But what's that sort of power worth?"

"The feeling, and getting the feeling over and over again every night. I don't think any other art can give you that. All the writers and most of the painters I've known have loathed doing their work only liked it when it was finished, and maybe not then. But doing acting is the fun, and then you hear the applause. It wouldn't do me the least bit of good just to read reviews of my work. I want to hear people like it. When they roar—oh, that's a wonderful sound! It lifts you right up like a big rolling wave. And when there isn't any noise at all, but you can hear them holding their breath—that's the best! It's like doing an awfully high dive—just the moment when your feet leave the board and everything is still."

"Oh!" said Eva. "Do they do that for you?"

"Of course. I make them."

"Then—but then you are a real success, a hit!"

"Of course I'm a hit. I meant to be."

Eva sat up from among her cushions and looked at Gwynne wide-eyed, and she grew a little pale. Then she spoke slowly:

"You're making a success with my part, and I did it so badly. But then—then what will happen to me when I go back?"

"You are not going back," said Gwynne.

"What do you mean?"

"I won't reëxchange rôles with you."

"What?"

"I'm Eva Grahame," said Gwynne. "You are Mrs. Sheldon—as long as I like."

"But ——"

"You can't do anything. I'll give you all the money you want, and you say you are happy. But you can't have yourself back again."

"But I ——"

"Don't you see there's nothing you can do about it?" asked Gwynne reasonably. "Think what a mess you'd be in if you told! Do you think you could ever get another part in any other play if managers knew what you'd done? You had no right to let me take your part. You broke your contract. Worse, you risked the future of the whole play. Suppose I'd been simply rotten, as you had every reason to suppose I should be—an amateur! You know what effect on the public just one perfectly ghastly performance can have. And what do you think the other actors would do to you? Risking their jobs too! You couldn't ever go back if you told. You'd simply be blacklisted."

Eva flushed and sprang to her feet.

"But you got me into it!" she cried. "And now —— Don't you think it's rather odd of you to lecture me?"

"I'm not," said Gwynne coolly. "I'm threatening you."

"Do you think that's fair?"

"I don't care anything about being fair when it's a question of getting what I want," said Gwynne evenly. "And you wouldn't, either, if you'd ever really wanted anything. No woman does."

"That isn't true!"

"Oh, yes, it is! But it's usually love they want and are willing to be unfair for. I don't. I wouldn't be unfair in love. So I've a right to be unfair about other things."

Eva sat down on the couch again and looked at Gwynne steadily. Her hands were trembling with anger.

"So then you don't think," she said in a very low tone—"then you don't think that you are being unfair to your husband?"

"In what way?" Gwynne flung up her head proudly.

"Deserting him—refusing to go back to him."

"Oh, you think I ought to pretend to love him when I don't? Well, to my mind that would be beastly unfair. And disgusting too!"

"It doesn't seem disgusting to me to—to sacrifice oneself for an ideal."

"Sacrifice!" cried Gwynne scornfully. "No healthy human being wants another's sacrifice. You don't know Oliver. He's as proud as I am. He doesn't want a victim. He's much too good for anything less than love."

"Then why can't you ——"

"Because it was a mistake—a mistake from the first. I never should have married him at all. But everybody said you didn't marry because you were wildly in love. They told me all sorts of silly things. They made marriage appear just a sort of ceremony that everybody had to go through with, like christening or a début. And Oliver was so nice. I'd always liked him, and there wasn't anybody else I cared about, and all my friends were having weddings, and I knew I'd look perfectly lovely as a bride and outshine them all!"

"Good gracious!" gasped Eva, shocked.

"I don't blame you for being surprised that anyone could be such a fool. But just remember your own case. You were an actress because you'd been brought up to be one. Well, I was brought up to marry."

"And now we've both deserted our professions," said Eva, smiling faintly.

"Exactly."

"Just what do you expect me to do," asked Eva, "if I'm not to be myself again until you choose?"

"Do? Why, you've just said you were perfectly happy doing nothing. Can't you keep on doing that?"

"For how long?"

"How can I tell? Surely you don't expect me to build up your reputation with a lot of hard work, and then hand it over at once! I shall be you as long as I enjoy it."

"So you are just going to dispose of me and my life as if I were nothing?" Eva cried bitterly.

"Don't be a little goose, please. Don't get on your dignity. You know you've been simply trembling in your boots to think you'd have to give up all this; but now just because I won't let you give it up you become perverse and obstinate."

Eva had to confess to herself that this was true. She bowed her head in silence.

"I know it's rude of me to seem to order you about," Gwynne went on coaxingly. "But I don't mean to be horrid, really. I'm only doing what's best for both of us."

"Perhaps so," Eva admitted.

"There!" cried Gwynne happily. "I knew it was only my manner you resented. I have an unfortunate manner. It comes from having had to argue so much with that old goose of a Delia. By the way, where is she?"

"She's gone to bed," said Eva. "Shall I ——"

"No; better not disturb her. It would only upset her to see me, I dare say. How's she been treating you?"

"Oh, very nicely. She doesn't like it, I know; but then she's the soul of honor."

"Yes, I knew she wouldn't go back on her word. She'll stand by you. You haven't had any trouble—running into people I know, or anything?"

"Not a bit. But then I don't go out very much."

"I've been thinking," said Gwynne. "Wouldn't it be better for you to go into hiding somewhere, now that we're getting famous, you know? It increases the danger."

"In hiding?"

"Do you like the country?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I can rent a darling little place for you near here—an old farmhouse, but it has bathtubs and everything. It's hidden away in the hills, and you can take Delia and a cook and a maid, and you must have a car and a chauffeur, of course. And if you get lonely ——"

"Oh, I wouldn't get lonely. May I plant flowers?" cried Eva enthusiastically.

"Yes, there's an old garden—rose trees—fruit trees. I haven't seen it, but I've been talking to the agent."

"I'd have vegetables too!" cried Eva.

"Then you'll want a gardener."

"No! No! I want to be my own gardener."

"Then you'd like it?"

"Oh, I'd love it!"

"I'll see about it tomorrow," Gwynne promised. "It's much safer to have you out of town."

Eva began to laugh.

"What is it?" Gwynne asked.

"I'm laughing at myself," Eva confessed. "First I was so indignant at you for ordering me about, and so determined not to let you bully me, and now I'm eagerly falling in with all your plans."

"Well, that's just as it should be," said Gwynne. "I know what's best for both of us. And there's nothing that could possibly harm you in any of my plans. I ——" She hesitated. "I thought you might be a little worried about your fiancé, you know," she said.

"Oh, no!" cried Eva, blushing.

"Well, you needn't. Because I haven't seen him at all."

"Really?"

"No; he hasn't been to the theater, nor even telephoned. Not a sign of him. But a note came for you today. That might be—it's a very masculine handwriting."

Gwynne took a large white envelope out of her bag. Eva opened it and read. Then she looked up with a queer, puzzled frown on her face, and silently handed the letter to Gwynne.

"Oh, do you want me to read it?"

"Yes, please."

Gwynne saw in bold, scrawling writing:

Eva Darling: I'm fighting a battle with myself. When I win—or lose—I'll come to you again. Forgive me. HAL.

"What does it mean?" asked Gwynne.

"I don't know," Eva confessed, sighing. "I've never understood him."

"But that's just his fascination for you, I suppose."

"Why, no! It makes you feel so forlorn—so left out in the cold—not to understand."

(Continued on Page 41)

Peerless

Peerless excels in many things and in many ways; but there is one particular excellence which singles it out among all the fine cars of America.

This is in the one indispensable quality of motoring—a certainty and a regularity of performance that takes account of neither day nor night, time nor distance.

The Peerless engine is a wonderful thing in the facility with which it produces the power for a flight of speed on the level, or the long, dogged pull up a mountainside.

Peerless riding is remarkable for the qualities which make a trip restful rather than fatiguing, whether for an hour, or a day, or days at a time.

But neither the one nor the other ranks in importance with the reliability which enables a Peerless owner to time his arrival to the hour and the minute.

Surely this *is* the one thing indispensable to the highest form of motoring satisfaction.

The fact that Peerless owners do enjoy this supreme satisfaction—not for a limited period but throughout the life of the car—is the final and conclusive proof of an economy and a value hitherto unknown to fine cars.

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Wherever you are on highway or boulevard, look for the signature of the ringing, long wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

To a considerable number of motorists, all tires fall into one of two classes: they are either good or bad.

There are other and more observing car owners, however, who check tire performance more closely, and make yet a further distinction.

These motorists, recognizing the special and unique excellence of the Goodyear Cord Tire, view it as being in a class by itself.

Here are the reasons:

They know by experience that under normal conditions the Goodyear Cord Tire will deliver them *extra* thousands of miles.

They know that this mileage is superior in *character* as well as in extent, in every point of traction, dependability and freedom from trouble.

They know that Goodyear Cord Tires are sold under a pledge of service, designed to help the user get *all* the mileage built into the tires at the factory.

They know that, due to quality of materials and expertness of construction, Goodyear Cord Tires actually cost *less* in the end.

These things have been true for years, and in the *new* Goodyear Cord with the beveled All-Weather Tread they are given even larger emphasis.

This improved tire embodies the same highest-grade long-staple cotton, the same patented group-ply construction as before, in addition to important new features.

The famous All-Weather Tread is now beveled, and made of a longer-wearing rubber compound; the sidewalls are heavier, the ply unions are stronger, the tread itself is firmer and more efficient than ever.

Quieter, smoother-running, longer-lived and more economical, this new Goodyear Cord is in even greater measure the tire that is in a class by itself.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 38)

"But you are in love with him?"

"I'd hate for him to care for anyone else. Is that love?"

"I don't think so, because that's the way I feel about Oliver. It's just a dog-in-the-mangerishness we've all got. However, I can promise you that your Hal will be quite safe with me. I'm really most honorable about other women's men."

"Oh, I am too!" cried Eva. "I think it's simply dreadful to try to part people."

"Well, at any rate, it's much too easy to be sportsmanlike," said Gwynne, rising "Now I must run along. I've kept you up quite late enough."

"Oh, it doesn't matter when I get to bed," said Eva happily.

"That's because you're not a poor working girl like me," replied Gwynne, equally happy.

The very thought of a country house was a precious possession, as charming as a toy; and after Gwynne had gone, Eva curled herself up on the sofa again to play with the new idea. Oh, she had never had a house in her life -never a garden! Apple blossoms! She had seen them from train windows. Pear trees in bloom! Jonquils! Freesias! Tulips! She must order a seed catalogue.

A kitchen! There would be a little white, spotless kitchen with blue-checked curtains, open windows, breezes soft with sunshine and with flowers. In her dreams she went up the old, twisted, worn stairs of the farmhouse. A big, airy bedroom with white-dotted Swiss curtains and a green four-poster bed. She leaned out of her wide window into the warm, fragrant air. In the yard uncut grass, and apple boughs waving.

But everything was so still! She was alone in the house. The yard was empty. No laughing shouts from the orchard. No patter of feet on the stairs. Oh, a house like this was made for love, and the fulfillment of love; for peace, contentment. A life that should flow steadily, serenely onward, as sweetly monotonous as the bright days that pass in calm, unvarying succession for all the right, normal things.

Lost in her dream, forgetting where she was, time went by without Eva's heeding it. Living most vividly in the land of unreality, she was not recalled to reality even by the click of the opening door -not until a man's strong arms went suddenly round her and a deep voice murmured:

"Darling, I couldn't keep my promise any longer. I can't live without you, Gwynne."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 30)

ostrich in gobbling buckshot. He worked for eight years before he felt that he had attained his object; and when, at the end of the eight years, he climbed to his feet in all the majesty of his great height and his poke collar and spoke in the familiar Smootian, thus-saith-the-Lord manner there were few who were able to gainsay him; and those who did attempt to indulge in some more or less mild gainsaying for political purposes quickly discovered that their information was either incomplete or erroneous or both—usually both.

He didn't stop working at the end of the eight years, however. When he had gone to the bottom of the activities of government departments, he went to the bottom of the tariff and of everything else in sight that had to do with money. He read every report in sight. He read every bill in sight. He knows the business of the Senate and the status of every bill that is before it better than any other man.

Those who have known him and watched him for a long time say that his brain is like a New England attic—it has everything in it. Yet when he rises to make a few remarks in the Senate he frequently fumbles for words until brother senators throw suggestions to him in hoarse whispers; and it is not unusual for him to make separate engagements with five or six people for the same hour on the same day. This has caused it to be said that no one can ever tell, when Smoot goes up into his New England attic mind, whether he will come down with grandma's Paisley shawl or Cousin Nettie's doll's tea set. Everything is there, however; and given time, he can always find what he wants.

It is idle to use the words "work" or "labor" or "toil" in describing arduous and continued mental effort when the verb "to smoot" could be put in the dictionary for the purpose of conveying the idea of excessive mental calisthenics. In such an event everybody would know what a person meant when he said, "I have been smooting for three days, and I'm almost dead"; or, "If these estimates are to be produced on time we shall have to smoot steadily for a week."

As a result of all these labors, Reed Smoot sits over on the floor of the Senate and harpoons with unerring aim all efforts to raid the Treasury of the United States. For many years he has saved an average of one hundred million dollars a year to the Government by watching appropriation bills with a hawklike eye and emitting a piercing ululation of warning when Treasury raiders get too close. He might, with reason, be called a hundred-million-dollar baby.

There have been many legislators who bore the seedy and time-worn title of watchdog of the Treasury, but Reed Smoot is more than that; he is watchdog and bloodhound too. Occasionally his efforts are useless, as when many legislators unite to kick over the pork barrel and grab millions of dollars of public moneys for the development of streams and other things that were not in the bill as reported. When this happens his rage is so great that his gray mustache bristles, his eyeglasses steam up and his poke collar threatens to lacerate his throat; but on the following day he is back in his seat undismayed and ready to hurl the irons into the next would-be appropriation hound.

It is frequently said that Smoot might soon have to leave the Senate in order to take his place at the head of the Mormon Church; but the people who say this have never gone into the question in a truly Smootian manner. The president of the Mormon Church, Dr. Heber J. Grant, is not an old man, and is blessed with good health. If the presidency were to pass to the next in line it would go to Rudger Clawson, president of the Quorum of Twelve; and Clawson also is neither old nor suffering from poor health. Next to Clawson in the Quorum of Twelve is Reed Smoot. His immediate chances of being president of the Mormon Church, therefore, are about the same as the chances of a Secretary of State to become President of the United States.

Smoot will tell you, if you ask him, that not only will the bonus bill in all probability be passed into law within a comparatively short time, but that a pension law for the benefit of participants in the Great War will probably be in effect long before Great Britain has paid off her indebtedness to the United States. It should be remarked in passing that as a financial prophet Reed Smoot has proved himself worthy to rank with Cassandra, the Sibylline Leaves, the eight thousand original Roosevelt men or any other official or unofficial prognosticator of the future.

A pension law applicable to those who fought in the last war will cost the country the tremendous sum of at least one billion dollars a year, or practically two and three-quarter million dollars a day. As chairman of the Finance Committee Reed Smoot is keenly interested in the manner in which the country is going to raise this billion dollars over and above the three and a half billions that now must be assembled for the yearly operation of the Government. Again stepping into the rôle of financial prophet, he will tell you loudly and firmly that it can't be raised out of business, and that it can only be raised by a sales tax, which is the form of taxation that ought to be in force at the present time.

He grieves deeply over the misguided souls who think that money should be raised by increasing excess-profits taxes, but who fail to comprehend the inevitable result of such an increase. By it men are forced to put their money into tax-exempt securities instead of into business. Business men, therefore, won't take a chance when they can be safe with tax-exempts.

Smoot's views do not meet with the approval of those free, loose thinkers who so misleadingly refer to themselves as Progressives. They growl about vested interests and the wolves of Wall Street and reactionaries and standpatters when he fights their wild financial schemes. Yet Smoot was sufficiently progressive five years ago, back in 1918, to attempt to convince his colleagues that the issuing of tax-exempt bonds should be stopped, on the ground that the low interest and the great demand for them on the part of the rich would result in wasteful expenditure of public money in every section of the country. His mind could progress several years ahead, but there wasn't a Progressive whose mind could get two inches in front of his nose.

Reed Smoot is a prophet whose prophecies are based on hard work and experience; but as was aptly remarked upwards of nineteen hundred years ago, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house."

PHOTO. BY A. A. BAKER, PORTLAND, OREGON

Blackfeet Indians Off on a Hunt With the Weapon of Their Forefathers—Bow and Arrow

Guaranteed Shaves

The only articles which can be safely guaranteed are the kind so good that no guarantee is needed.

We wouldn't have dared to guarantee Mennen shaves if we hadn't known to a certainty that every man who tries it is convinced clear down to his subconscious mind that Mennen's is the finest Shaving Cream that ever tackled his beard.

Here is our guarantee.

After a week's trial, you can send tube to me and I will refund purchase price if you are not satisfied that the following claims have been fully proved:

1. Mennen's gives quick, *comfortable* shaves.
2. A small amount of Cream and plenty of water form an enormous mass of lather which never dries on the face but which totally softens the meanest beard that ever grew.
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7. Your skin doesn't itch or feel drawn. No alkali.
8. Mennen's is economical—less than ¼ of a cent per shave.

Mennen's comes in two sizes—the big 50 cent size for home use and the convenient 35 cent tube for traveling.

Read my guarantee again and then buy a tube. Get a tin of Mennen Talcum for Men at the same time. It removes the skin-shine, dries the pores scientifically and protects the face. Tinted the color of your skin.

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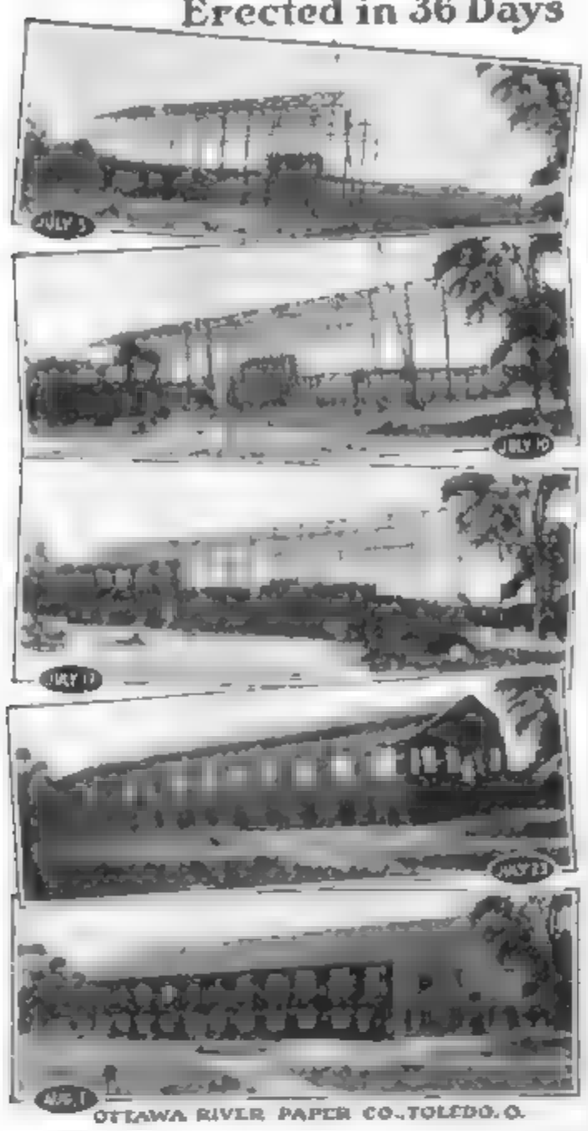

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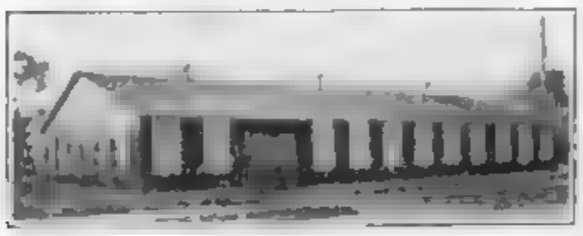

$5084 will erect this Truscon Copper Steel Building exclusive of floor and foundations in average locations east of the Mississippi. This is a Type 2 building. Width, 50 ft.; length, 100 ft.; height to eaves, 10 ft. 9 in. This low cost is typical of all kinds of Truscon Standard Buildings.

This building includes:—steel framing, 18 gauge copper steel roofing and siding; 33 ventilating Truscon steel windows, three lights wide and five lights high, 14" x 18" glass size (glazed complete); three rotary head ventilators in roof; two 8' x 8' steel sliding doors, two leaves each with steel panels, glazed sash, tubular rails and stiles, and necessary hardware. Price includes one shop coat of paint; glazing and erection. Heating, lighting and other equipment not included.

Send for Full Information

Ask for prices on other buildings. We furnish these buildings in all sizes with pitched, monitor and sawtooth roof, and with any desired arrangement of windows and doors. An individually designed building to fit your exact needs, yet made of standardized parts.

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Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic
For addresses see 'phone books of principal cities.
Canada: Walkerville, Ont. Export Dept. New York

Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for.....

Type ..... Length ..... Width ..... Height .....

Name .....

Address ..... (SP-9-22)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28

shoulders," assured Sammy. "That's the style this season."

The customer remembered that he was dealing with a deaf man.

"I say," he said loudly, "I asked what the price was."

"Excuse me," apologized Sammy.

He looked for the price tag, but there seemed to be none. He called over to Henry Cohen, who had been watching the proceeding.

"Henry," he asked, "how much is this blue serge, Lot No. 235?"

Henry consulted his book.

"Sixty-eight dollars," he responded.

Sammy turned to his customer.

"Forty-eight dollars," he informed him, "and I don't see how they can make them for the price!"

The customer hurriedly produced the cash and answered, "Forty-eight dollars. There you are. I'll take it with me."

"Oi," said Sammy cheerfully after the man had hastily left, "how these dishonest people would try to cheat me if they thought I was dumb too!"

—*Tracy Hammond Lewis.*

Politics

MURGATROYD PELL was a virtuous man,
No shadow of scandal had touched his fair name,
His life was a book that all persons could scan,
And he worked in the retail gents' furnishing game.

Now it happened one night that the powers that be,
In discussing their plans for the coming campaign,
Decided they needed a candidate free
From all scandalous taint or suggestion of stain.

Then up spake a henchman named Murdock J. Hoe,
"There's one we can name whom you all know quite well,
His life is as pure as the fresh-fallen snow
That virtuous citizen, Murgatroyd Pell."

That night a committee with flags and a band
Proceeded to Murgatroyd's modest abode.
"My friends," he exclaimed, as they each grasped his hand,
"I am proud of the honor that you have bestowed."

Next morning at breakfast while eating his toast,
And perusing the newspaper lying near by,
Poor Murgatroyd Pell turned as pale as a ghost,
And he shrieked at the headlines that greeted his eye.

"FAMOUS EX-BURGLAR AND CONVICT," *he read,*
"MURGATROYD PELL SEEKS ELECTION THIS FALL.
CANDIDATE ONCE SHOT HIS GRANDMOTHER DEAD
AND MURDERED HIS UNCLE AND AUNT IN A BRAWL."

Then his excellent wife gave a heartrending cry
As she fell from her chair in an agonized faint.
"Oh, Murgatroyd, darling, please say it's a lie!
Just read what they've written and tell me it ain't!"

"BIGAMIST CANDIDATE PELL'S DOUBLE LIFE.
PAPER EXPOSES HIS DASTARDLY PLOTS.
FAMOUS EX-CONVICT ABANDONED FIRST WIFE
AND LEFT HER TO STARVE WITH HER SIX LITTLE TOTS."

Poor Murgatroyd Pell, staggered out of the door,
And he passed down the street with his head bowed in shame.
With faltering footsteps he slunk to the store
Where he worked in the retail gents' furnishing game

His friends and his neighbors observed him draw near.
They stared at him coldly with stern icy looks
"There's Murgatroyd Pell," they remarked with a sneer,
"That cowardly villain. That vilest of crooks."

He was hopelessly licked that November, of course,
When they counted the votes he had less than a score.
His wife instituted a suit for divorce,
And the bankruptcy court closed his furnishing store.

The moral is clear; let those read who would run:
If you dwell in contentment and prize your good name,
Political office most carefully shun,
And stick to the retail gents' furnishing game.

—*Newman Levy.*

Ballade of Jazz

IF I COULD dance with piquant grace,
And fling my feet with jaunty air,
Or stride along at scandal pace
Against a partner passing fair,
I should not fear the heartless stare
Of dowager and old roué,
For I should know a bliss most rare,
Could I but dance the jazzy way.

I'd wear a gown of sheerest lace
And faint perfume would scent my hair;
I'd run the syncopated chase,
Nor give a thought to work and care;
I think that I should even dare
To flirt a bit; they say one may.
Oh, countless hearts I might ensnare,
Could I but dance the jazzy way.

But I must sit, nor show a trace
Of envy, and the dress I wear
Would never tempt a fond embrace;
With dignity my head I bear
And glare on all who toddle there;
I dance the waltz! But I would sway
With supple art and savoir-faire,
Could I but dance the jazzy way.

ENVOY

On, Jazz, be kind and hear my prayer,
I'd worship thee without delay
And gladly yield your every snare,
Could I but dance the jazzy way.

—*Ruth A. Stafford.*

Fred and Dick

THE Browns had a son and they christened him Fred,
The brightest young man in the town, people said;
A keen-looking youngster with black flashing eyes,
He won every medal, he took every prize.
So when he grew up and the time it drew near
For the parents of Fred to select his career,
His father exclaimed in a voice filled with pride,
"The boy is so bright it's not hard to decide,
So I think that we'll make him a lawyer."

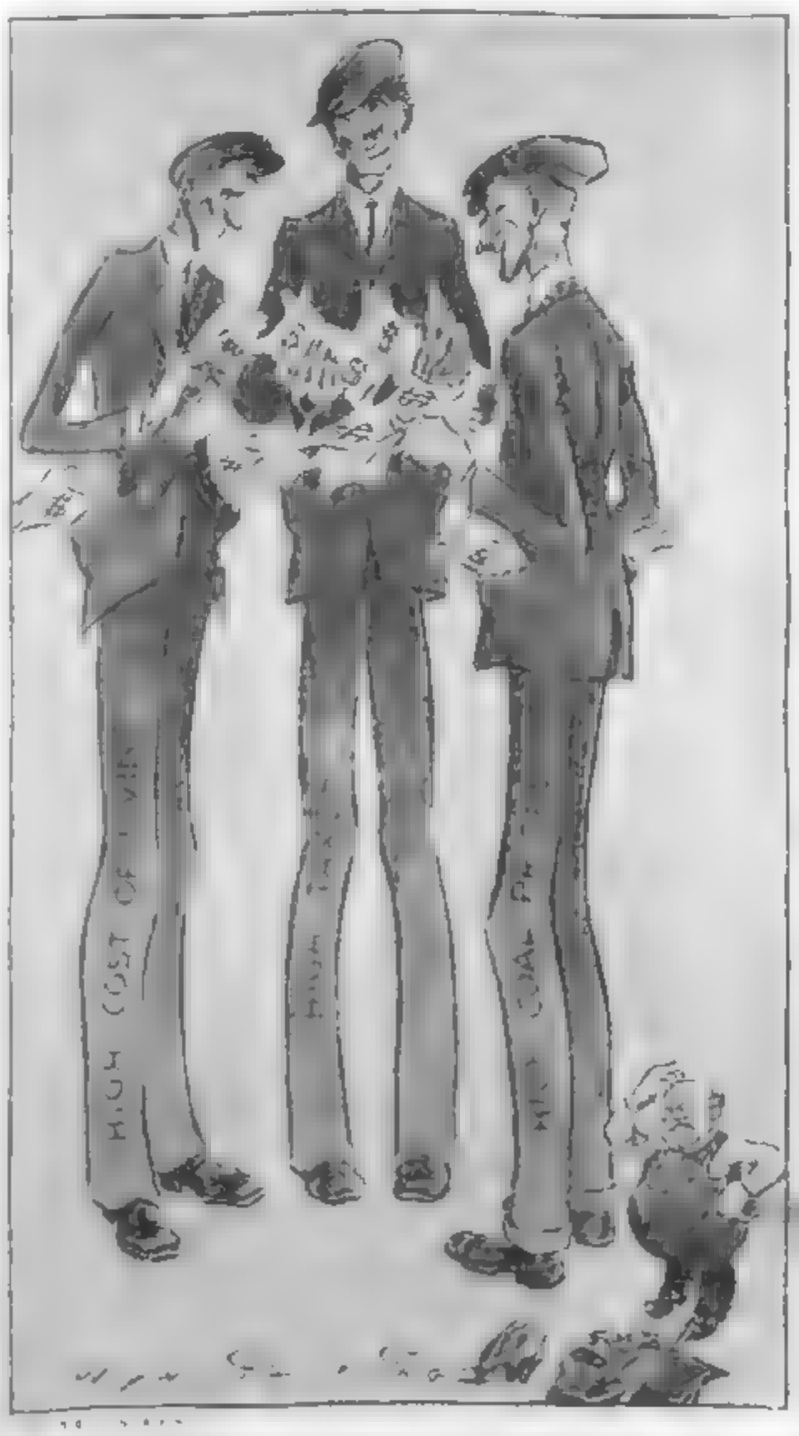
Now the Smiths had a son and they christened him Dick,
Throughout the whole town there was no one so thick;
He was stupid and lazy and also a fool,
He stood at the foot of his class throughout school.
So at last when his mother exclaimed, "The big oaf
Is growing too old just to stay home and loaf,"
His father replied with a groan and a sob,
"That fool couldn't hold down a regular job,
So I think that we'll make him a lawyer."

—*Jonah Cunningham.*

The $2.50 One-Day Excursion—New York and Return

THE advertisements in the newspapers and on the billboards.
The decision to go.
The rush for tickets
The wait for the train.
The pushing and crowding.
The rush for a seat.
The attempt to open the window.
The long wait.
The start.
The dust, the cinders and smoke.
The heat.
The attempt to open the window.
The crying children.
The scolding parents.
The spooning couple.
The young fellows that try to sing.
The man sprawled over two seats.
The attempt to open the window.
The final arrival.
The Liberty Statue.
The Aquarium, Wall Street, Trinity Church.
The Singer Building, Woolworth Tower, Subway, Elevated, Grant's Tomb, Forty-second Street, Brooklyn Bridge, Aching Feet, Rubber-Neck Wagon, Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive.
The glance at a clock.
The rush for the Subway.
The rush for the train.
The rush for a seat.
The attempt to open the window.
The long, long, long wait.
The final start.
The dust, cinders and smoke.
The many, many stops.
The long wait at each station.
The crying children, scolding parents, sleeping couples.
The dirty news butcher with stale candy, warm soft drinks, soft ice cream and old magazines and newspapers.
The final attempt to open the window.
Home at last!
Thank the gods!
Never again!

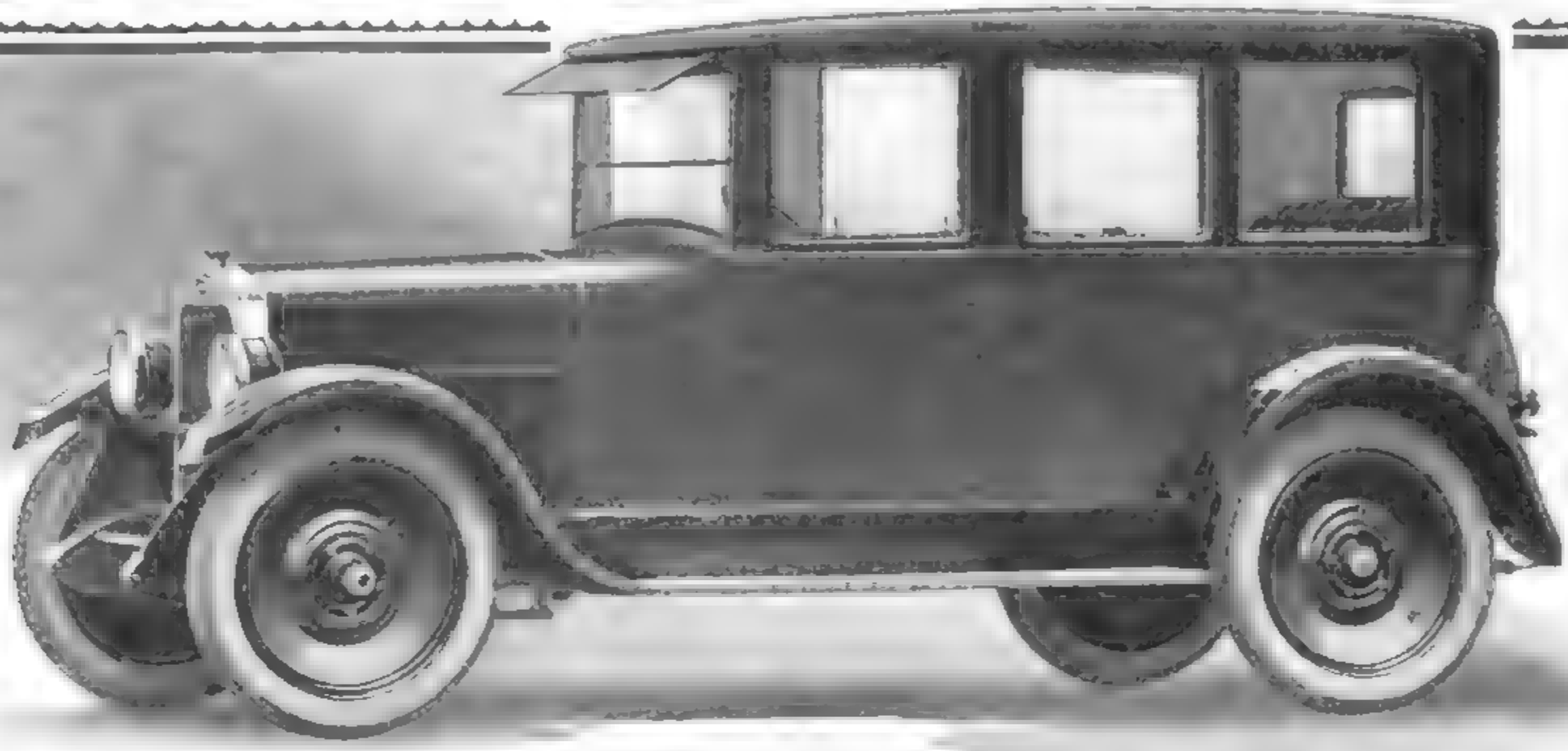
—*Alec Murray.*



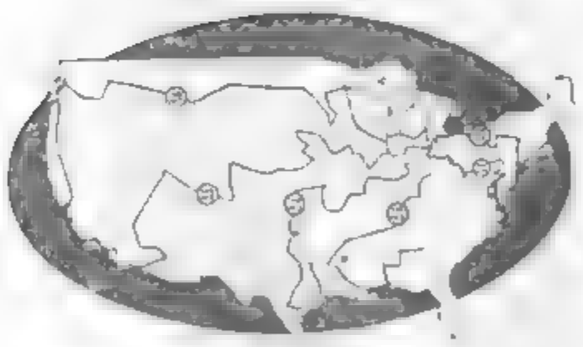
He Thought and Thought and Thought About It

Brand New and True Blue

Oakland "6"



Inspect Its Four-wheel Brakes! See Its Brand New Engine—Its Beautiful New Bodies!



Watch for the True Blue Travelers

A fleet of "True Blue Travelers"—of which the Brand New Oaklands are exact counterparts—is engaged in a nation-wide demonstration! With thousands of miles of test service already on their speedometers—they are out to demonstrate, at first hand, the high quality of Oakland construction, and the remarkably efficient performance buyers may expect from their True Blue Oaklands.

From axle to axle—this True Blue Oakland is *new!*

For two years—Oakland engineers and General Motors experts have labored, without handicap or stint, to produce the finest light-six in the world.

And now, it is here—ready for your inspection!

It has a brand new engine—smoother, quieter and more powerful.

Four-wheel brakes provide the very ultimate measure of safety. They are sound, simple and practical, requiring much less attention than the conventional two-wheel brakes.

Fisher-built bodies of rare beauty and luxurious appointments grace every model.

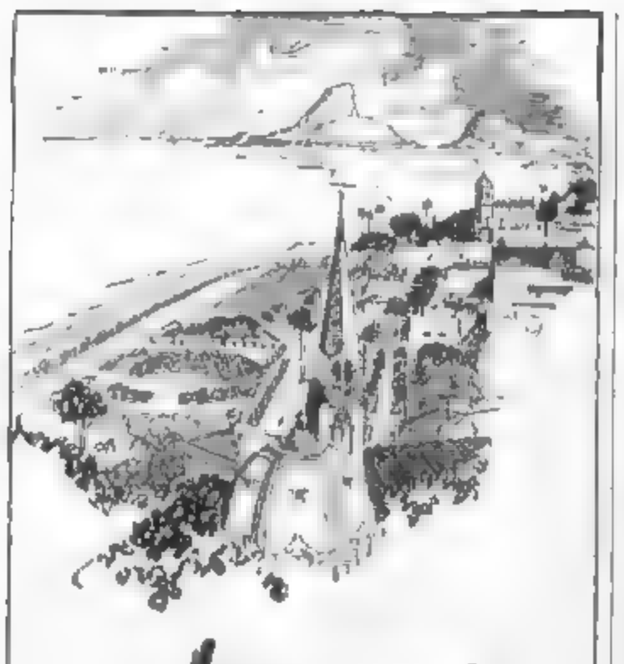
See it—inspect it—compare it! Let your Oakland dealer point out its centralized controls, its new type of permanent top and the many other exclusive features that stamp it—

—the greatest dollar-for-dollar value in the entire automotive market.

Roadster Touring Car Sport Roadster Sport Touring Business Coupe 4-Passenger Coupe Sedan

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Oakland



Autumn is Spring in RIO

NOW the wide boulevards of Rio de Janeiro are filled with gay and sparkling multitudes. Winter has gone—it's Springtime now. Everywhere is exquisite scenery—and modern luxury. South America calls!

If you are a prospective traveler let the Munson Line help you plan this wonder trip. The unexcelled standards of the four white American sister ships make it a rare travel experience. You should visit Buenos Aires, that great capital of brilliant social life and unlimited business opportunity—and Montevideo and Santos the other ports of call.

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American Legion
Oct. 27 Dec. 22

Pan America
Nov. 10 Jan. 5

Western World
Nov. 24 Jan. 19

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Please send the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to South America ☐, Europe ☐, the Orient ☐.

Mr. Name _____

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67 Wall Street New York

Managing Operators for
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SILVER THREADS AMONG THE DYE

Continued from Page 9

He was sinking deeper by the minute and I needn't of worried.

"Righto!" says he. "You'll want the best suite on the boat, of course. And d'yer know, I'd a notion we might do the whole thing on one of these B. B. Company trips. They are sending a boat around in about two weeks' time. It will fit in with our booking splendidly, and save a lot of bother. So far as their giving you space, leave that to me. I've a bit of influence there, and the advertising value of your names will help a lot. I'll do the whole bally thing if you'll permit me, except your passports, which unfortunately no one can attend to but yourselves. Will you be sure to get those started tomorrow? It takes a bit of time, you know."

"I'll subscribe to that," says Jim, "and I'll hope to tell you I'm glad Al sent down a live wire like you. But say, doc, where'd you get the English accent?"

"In England," says the bird. "I happen to be from there."

"Oh!" says Jim, completely floored, because now he couldn't kid the poor boy, see?

"I think the English accent is real chawming!" says I with a smile that was a regular boomering, meaning it come right back to me.

"Thanks," says he. "And I think Americans—some especially—are delightful." says he. Then he tried to get back to business after tapping his brow gently with another handkerchief. He seemed to have 'em by the dozen, on all parts of him. "I suppose you will, of course, want to see some of the more important places on the trip. I can arrange that, too, if you like."

"What sort of places?" says Jim.

"Why, for example, the Taj Mahal," says Mr. Blackwell.

"What kind of hall did you say?" says Jim.

"It's not a hall, my dear chap; it's a famous tomb, and the most beautiful building in the world. In India, you know."

"Yes, I know," says I, although I didn't any more than a stuffed rabbit. "I adore beauty." That drew a smile.

"You'll play Calcutta for a week, and so unfortunately won't be able to get up to see the Himalayas," says our learned friend. "But you'll want to see Boro-Budur, in Java, and Nikko, in Japan—really!"

"Oh, that's all right with me, of course," says Jim; "but do you think those sorts of things are any place to take a lady?"

Mr. Blackwell give a laugh.

"Why, Mr. Smith," says he, "those are two of the most famous temples in the world! I assure you there is nothing in the least—er ——"

"I get you!" says Jim. "But how about a little dash of Monte Carlo and a few hula dances and so forth? Seems to me there's a dog-awful lot of tombs and churches creeping into this trip!"

"See here, James Smith," says I, "you can have all the jazz you want on the side, but the main issue is going to be culture or I'll know why. My husband doesn't care for them things like I do," I added with a little sigh that got across perfectly well.

"Culture, hell!" says Jim. "I want to see the whole works, of course. Culture is all right in its place, which can be any place I am not. What I hope to see over there is a little good licker. I'm sick drinking the poison we get."

"Yes, it is frightful," says Mr. Blackwell. "I don't see how you Americans stand it, really!"

"You never can tell what you're getting, that's the worst of it," says I.

"Of course, I'm in favor of enforcement," says Jim. "But it certainly will be a wonderful thing to sit down in public and yell your order like a man. And now what say we have a little drink to grease the new deal, eh?"

"Righto!" says Mr. Blackwell; and just to show I wasn't one of these narrow women you read about, I says all right I'm in favor of it; and Jim rung for Old Bumblebee, and they did. And got even more friendly, see?—so that when our new guide, monotonous and friend had finally left, Jim pulled a line to the effect I kinda like that young whippersnappet, but don't you look at him too often, baby; and I says why he's only a boy, don't be silly; but pinned a leather medal on myself for it just the same.

Well, next day we drove into the big city and down to the tail of it, meaning the part that wags the dog, including ma. I mean she went with us, and kept a steady line of knocks going in all six cylinders the whole ways.

"Just because I bring home free literature on going around the world is no reason why you should upset everybody by acting on it," she says. "Next thing I know you'll be dragging me to Alaska or Niagara Falls or some other place I got pamphlets about. Oh, my land, when I was with the circus at least a person could depend on winter quarters; and now here I may die at sea, like as not, and then what'll become of that handsome monument I got all paid for?"

"Oh, hush, ma," says I. "You'll live to use up that piece of granite on its native element."

"I dunno," says ma with a sigh. "But that marble angel on that granite trapeze certainly wouldn't be suited to any other corpse than me."

Well, in the course of history we got her mind off that, and her hat off her head and her passport picture taken, which certainly had ought to of been suffering enough to satisfy any normal woman for one day. Jim and me underwent the same, and only for my smooth dark hair in my picture, even them that had taken it would never of recognized me; but the passport people added insult to inquiry by saying it would do all right; and then ma and me went uptown to do a little shopping, because the time was getting short.

I had made up my mind I would keep a dairy, and went in the bookstore and told the young man so, and he brought me out a lot of books on cattle raising and advised I should subscribe to The Country Gentleman, and I says hold on it is the other kind of dairy I am going to keep—the one you write your secret thoughts in, not the sort you express your secret thoughts about. And he says oh and brought me a neat one with a semidetached pencil so's a person would have no excuse not to write tonight I can't find a pencil or something. Also it had a padlock and key to it, so nobody could read what you had wrote even if it was legible. The title on it was My Trip Abroad, and so I bought it and says well I hope I will not trip abroad. I mean to watch my step—you know what they say about most American tourists.

Then I walked on up the Avenue, where I seen some of the cutest beads in a window, and I thought, well, I may never see as cute again I believe I will just drop in and buy a few strings and put them away until I get back so's in an emergency I can say oh by the way, dear, see what I brought you from Cairo, or some place. So I attended to that, and after, went on up to Kaplan's, my French wigmaker that makes them for our costumes, and etc, and I sat down in his place with a sudden resolve gripping my heart.

"Morris," I says, "cut off my hair!"

Well, naturally I expected him to drop dead. But he didn't. In such a case it is the woman which drops dead when she gives the fatal order—only, of course, she

(Continued on Page 46)

"I'm Old Enough to Know My Own Mind," Says He. "I'm Twenty-Four and I'm Simply Wild About You"

Illustration from photograph of Moon car in Northern Mexico

Through the Sage brush and Cactus Country

A record breaking trip from New York to Mexico City

A degree of reliability and reserve power such as ordinary motorists never exact from a car or its starting, lighting and ignition system was revealed recently by two Delco-equipped Moons in a rigorous, adventurous trip from New York to Mexico City.

Messrs. Javier Velazquez and Enrique de Miranda, piloting the two cars, encountered roads so difficult and so nearly impassable that at one point it was necessary to use dynamite in order to break through and continue the journey.

Still another indication of the hardships and obstacles of the tour, much of which lay through the mountains of Mexico, is the fact that one of the cars twice turned completely over at particularly treacherous parts of the road.

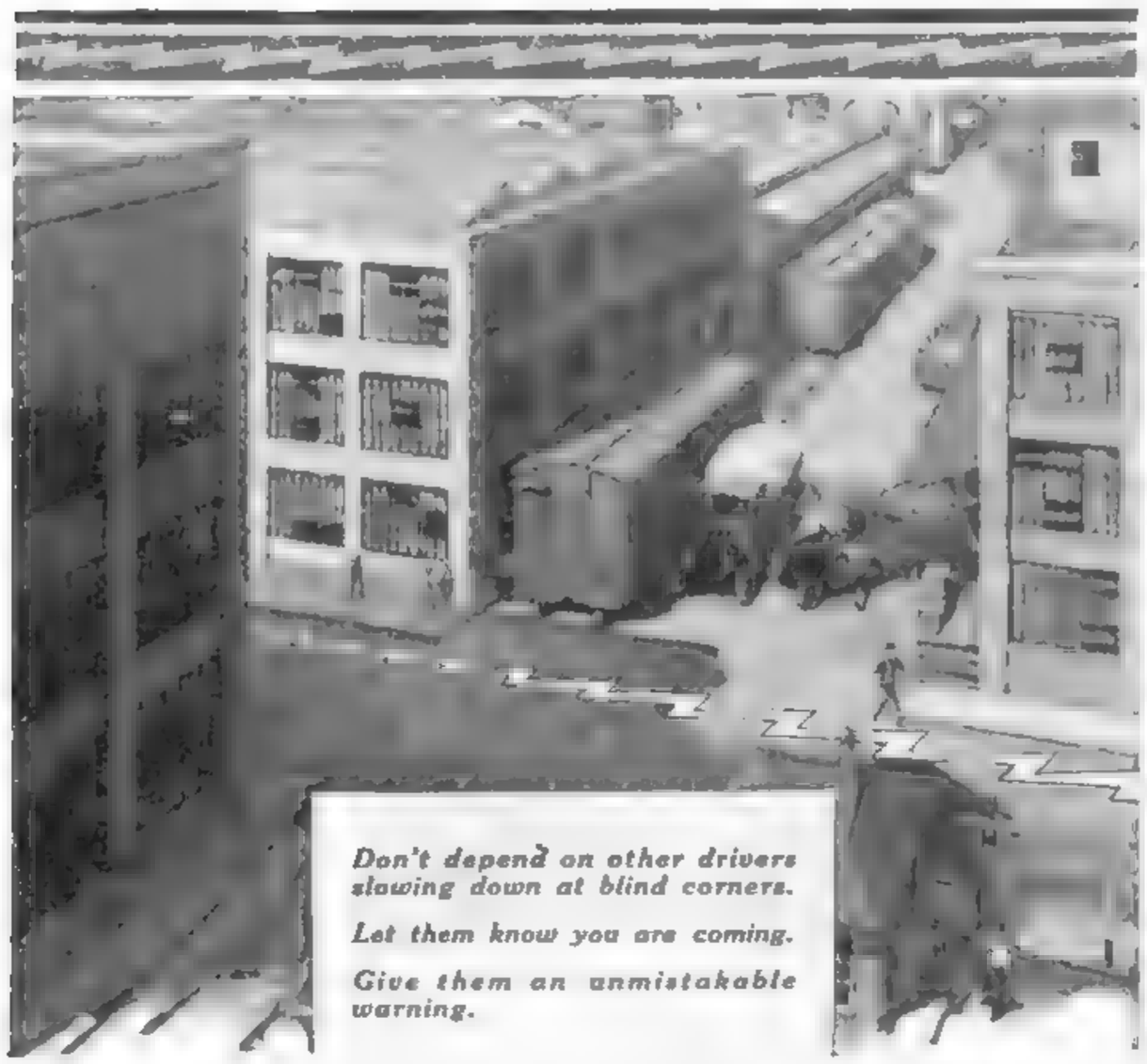
In spite of these mishaps and the adverse conditions which characterized the entire trip, both Delco-equipped Moons arrived in Mexico City safe and sound and in good condition.

The average purchaser of a car will never call upon it for the display of dependability and endurance such as these Moon cars and their Delco electrical system displayed on this trip—but it is eminently satisfying to have a degree of confidence in a car that such performances as these warrant.

And it is such tests as these that show why Delco is considered by nearly all builders of fine cars as the world's foremost Starting, Lighting and Ignition equipment.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Delco


Don't depend on other drivers slowing down at blind corners.
Let them know you are coming.
Give them an unmistakable warning.

Blind corners need not be deaf corners; sound Klaxon and avoid accidents : : :

Is it any wonder motorists are so enthusiastic about this new Klaxon 7? Think of it—a big, motor-driven, ball-bearing, self-lubricating Klaxon for only $4.95! It's Klaxon in appearance—Klaxon in quality! It has the distinctive Klaxon note—a low, rolling sound for congested traffic, a piercing penetrating warning when danger threatens. Remember "A Good Horn Is Safety Insurance—Only Klaxon Quality Is Good Enough." Ask your Klaxon dealer to show you this new horn today!

Other models ranging up to $30 give a wide selection which fully meet every warning signal requirement.

Genuine Klaxon Horns Made Only by
KLAXON COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

The New KLAXON 7

(Continued from Page 44)

tries not to show it. Morris merely took out the pins and give my head a critical check.

"All right," says he. "It does look kinda poor, don't it? But what you going to do? Let it come out natural?"

"Yeh," says I. "Morris, Jim thinks I would look good gray, so I'm going to try. But privately, see? And meantime I'm going to wear that all-over curled blond wig you made for me when I was doing Gilding the Gold of the Yukon. Remember?"

"Sure!" says Kaplan. "I got it right in the back part of the store. It's even dressed, maybe. Do you want to put it on now?"

I drew a deep breath. It was worse than when the parson at my wedding give me my last chance, but again I says "I do," and Morris got out the surgical tool kit.

"Regular bob?" says he, and that's when I made my big mistake.

"No," says I. "Cut it close while you're at it, Morrie. I want it to grow new from the roots and the wig to set perfectly natural. Make it snappy now! I can stand the pain but not the suspense."

Then I shut my eyes tight and he went ahead, and when I woke up I looked like something the cat had brought in until Morris Kaplan covered the blight with my glorious blond wig that was terrible becoming and made me look not over eighteen when the light was right.

"Make me two more of them eye rests, Morrie," says I, "before the fifth of January, which is when I sail, so Florida, my new light-yeller first aid, can always have a fresh one on the rack."

Then with my golden ringlets nestling to either pink cheek, I tripped out into the sunlight and straight into the arms of Mister Coincidence himself, for there, with an air of haste and a well-balanced light-gray top piece, was Rowlyn Blackwell, who give a start of glad surprise.

"Miss La Tour," says he, "this is, indeed, a pleasure. I say, how ripping well you're looking!"

"That's a thought!" says I. "I wasn't looking so good, because I nearly run into you."

"By Jove, yes!" says he, plainly not knowing what he was saying. "You can't imagine what a treat this is to me! I say, do you mind my speaking of it, but I do think you have the jolliest hair? I simply can't keep my eyes off it—couldn't the other day in fact."

This give me considerable of a jolt until I remembered the golden boudoir cap. Then I recovered.

"Where have you been all my life?" I says, laughing. "I kinda need somebody to tell me things like that. We don't use 'em much at home."

"Good Lord!" says he. "You'd hear nothing else if I were there. Thank goodness, I shall be for the next five months—that is, unless you fire me."

"Large chance!" says I coyly. And then, being kind of dumb at flirting, and a little scared of it, anyways, I made a excuse and beat it while he was still in that state which made my vanity feel so good. Besides, there wasn't much sense kidding with the boy when Jim wasn't looking.

I had decided not to take many clothes with us, but to wait for Paris and etc. and so I only got out eleven trunks and told the family they would have to make out with no more. And ma and I only bought a few evening gowns and thin white dresses for the tropics and knickers in case of riding camels or so forth, and six or seven kinds of wraps and hats both in season and hothouses, and enough silk stockings to last until we got to Paris on account we was told they and shoes can't be bought this side of there. Also we got medicines enough to cover a battlefield, mostly disinfectants against all the horrible diseases our friends told us that the Orient was full of, and make-up which they undoubtedly would not have out there, and soap and extra toothbrushes just in case, and in fact pretty near everything except the things which after we got started we found out we should of. Ma, which it's the truth she don't weigh less than two hundred and fifty if an ounce, wanted to buy herself a coupla middy blouses to wear on the ship, but I drew a chalk line at that.

"Nix!" I says. "The only one in our party going to wear any middy blouses is Junior," I says. "What do you think you are getting to—second childhood?"

"That's right," says ma, whimpering. "Rub in my age! I'm young enough in spirit to wear bibs, if it comes to that, and I'd get away with not over sixty if it wasn't for having a middle-aged daughter like you in plain sight!"

"That's a thought, ma!" says I bitterly; and, of course, it just naturally drove me to the telephone to call up Mr. Blackwell on some excuse and listen to his cooing.

Well, at last the big day come and we was to sail. Of course, a nest of boys from the press showed up and the cheery click of the camera murmured through the music of the band; still, the main portion of the city didn't seem to notice we was leaving, and I had sort of expected the Woolworth Building to totter a little. Anyone who has traveled for the first time will understand what I mean.

It seemed hours before the captain or somebody yelled for the crowd without tickets to get off the boat, but at last Maison Rosabell and her half-portion husband was saying to me good-by dear and be sure to wear a cholera belt in India, won't you. And Ruby Roselle, which I hate her really more then any other girl in pictures, was kissing me on both cheeks and saying don't eat the lettuce or any uncooked green thing in China or Japan, my dearest; a poor little trouper I knew died of it out there, or so I hear, for of course I've never had to take on one of these second-rate engagements myself. I have always plenty of booking right at home if I want to sign on, and now I must run off and see dear Mr. Belasco he's waiting. And I says waiting for his lunch—yes, I suppose so. Thank you so much, darling, for coming to see me off, and she says, well, I thought I'd like to see the last of you, and then we kissed again, and she run off before I could think of anything to say, and by the time I did, the ship had commenced to move.

Well, the German band we had aboard played the Star-Spangled Banner, and I and Jim and ma and Junior and our Mr. Blackwell and the rest of our staff, we all stood by the rail; and I thought, well, I am not going to mind leaving; I have none of this cheap sentimental feeling you read about, and yet and all, as the pier commenced to back off from us, I felt like I was going down in a elevator in spite of myself. As for the Statue of Liberty, when it melted out of sight I felt like it had tore out a piece of my heart, and anyone which they have left their native land, however freely, will know how I felt. Then our Mr. Blackwell, who by this time we was calling him Rowlie, says that's enough of sorrow; let us see the boat; and Jim says, yes, let us see how soon we reach the three-mile limit. And so Jim looked at the smoking room and Rowlie looked at me and at once I looked in my pocket mirror to see was my youth on straight.

"You look lovely!" he says in a low tone. "I've never seen a girl with such a gorgeous natural complexion. I'm mad about it!"

Well, I give Rowlie the hush sign, but smiled, and by this time we having reached Sandy Hook where the pilot got the etc., I and Rowlie went to look the boat over from stem to winder—from the bridge, which I can't yet imagine why they call it that, when practically all the bridge got played in the smoking room at the other end of the boat, way back to the secondhand cabins which was to the far rear, over the electric vibrator, at least so I thought at first by the feel of it, the ship being known to have every modern equipment on her. From this joggity end we couldn't see nothing except a thick curtain of snowflakes which fell faster every minute. They fell on my golden curls and on the ermine collar to my genuine five-thousand-dollar seal coat, and on my lovely pink complexion, which that didn't worry me none on account it was a new French brand they guarantee to be indelible and nontransferable. The boat was as steady and quiet as a hotel under Mgr. Volstead, and my middle didn't even have a quiver to it, but I was leaning over the rail merely so's to talk closer to Rowlie; and his middle was all jake, too, but it was easy to see his heart was as upset as the vainest lady could ask for.

"Oh, you do look adorable!" says he. "Please don't be angry with me for saying so—I just can't help it."

"Why, you silly boy!" I says in a tone quite to the contrary, if you get me. "You silly boy! Don't you realize I am quite a old lady?"

"Old, nothing!" says he. "Why, you look about sixteen! Sometimes I can hardly believe Junior is yours. And you are so beautifully real! I do adore reality in

(Continued on Page 48)

PACKARD

If you have made initial outlay the determinative factor in your selection of a car, you cannot, of course, expect to approach the fine manufacture and performance of the Packard Single-Six.

In the event that a misapprehension of Packard cost has been influencing you to choose a lesser six, you would do well to find out how reasonably and economically you can possess a Single-Six, with all of the prestige and superiority that go with the name Packard.

Packard price, distributed over the exceptional life of the Single-Six, becomes a negligible investment. And throughout these years of satisfaction, owner experience shows you may reasonably expect to get from 18 to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline and 20,000 miles from a set of tires.

Shown above is the Single-Six Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine. Single-Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed. Makers also of the famous Packard Single-Eight

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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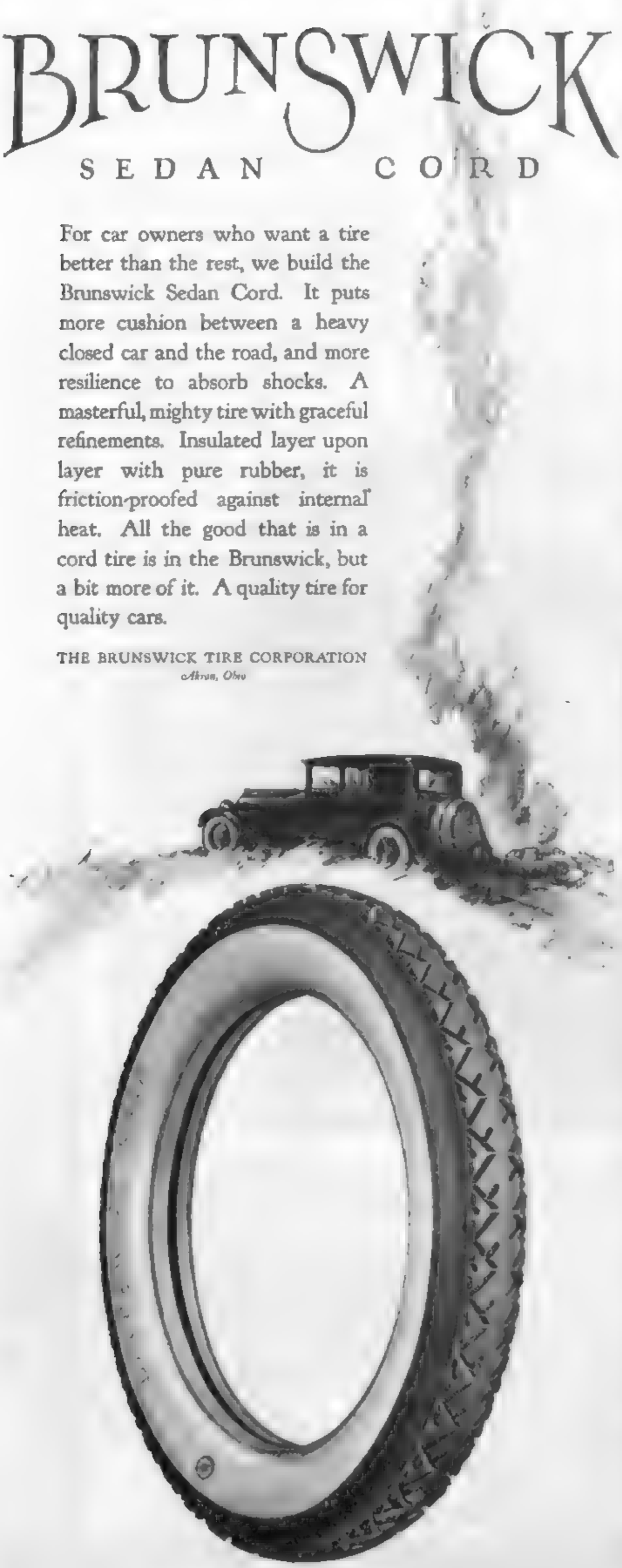
SEDAN CORD

For car owners who want a tire better than the rest, we build the Brunswick Sedan Cord. It puts more cushion between a heavy closed car and the road, and more resilience to absorb shocks. A masterful, mighty tire with graceful refinements. Insulated layer upon layer with pure rubber, it is friction-proofed against internal heat. All the good that is in a cord tire is in the Brunswick, but a bit more of it. A quality tire for quality cars.

THE BRUNSWICK TIRE CORPORATION
Akron, Ohio



"FRICTION PROOF"

(Continued from Page 46)

women. Do you know, Mrs. Smith, there is something I have been wanting to tell you ever since we first met?"

"Well, don't!" I says hastily. "Better not, please. I'd rather keep on being friends."

"I don't believe it would make us any less friendly," says he earnestly.

"Oh, but I do!" I says, my feet suddenly aware of the snow. "And now excuse me, please; I think I will go down and look at what the folks sent to show they was glad to be rid of me."

And so with a gay laugh that was intended to keep him in his place yet tickle his courage at the same time, I tripped away, shaking my bobbed golden tresses and feeling pretty good for my age.

Well, our cabin de lux looked exactly as if the late alderman had been highly thought of. There was flowers every place, and the only difference between it and a funeral was that the big horseshoe of roses Al had sent had Good Luck wrote on it instead of Rest in Peace; but at the same time it give me a good idea to send a motto just like it to the next funeral where I was invited, especially if it was to be Ruby Roselles.

Well, anyways, pretty near all the ones a person would naturally expect something from hadn't sent even a collect wireless, while people I scarcely knew had robbed the hothouse of its finest fruits out of season. Also there was telegrams and radios; and Madame Luella, the snake charmer, who was in the circus the same time as ma, had sent her a hand-knitted bellyband and a bottle of muscle oil, in case, I suppose, ma was to strain her Americanism like some tourists do.

"Ain't that real sweet of Lu?" says ma. "I tell you what, Mary Gilligan, if I die on this trip in some foreign port to which the express is high, you see that Luella gets my handsome tombstone. She can add a snake or two to it easy."

"Hu-huh!" says I. "All right, ma. And now for heaven's sake drag them relects out. That muscle oil smells like a fish garage and I want to write up my dairy."

Well, ma went away, muttering, after helping herself to all the free literature the boat management had left in the cabin, something for nothing always being a favorite indoor sport of hers, and she would eat free samples of food on top of a ten-course dinner if she seen any offered.

Well, when she was departed, I sat in the twenty-five-thousand-dollar seclusion of my outside staterooms, which it is the truth they was secluded from everything, including the open air, on account when I bought this suite, see, I had selected it because of it having portholes on the outside and not merely predigested air let in by ventilators, but finding, alas, too late, that said portholes could not be opened by reason that the least wave lapped right into your lap. Well, I sat there with at any rate my dairy open, pencil all ready for action and eager to go to it while my impression of the exquisite beauty of New York's sky line seen through a shifting curtain of white butterflylike snow was fresh in my bean. And so the minute ma was gone I wrote the entry:

January 5th. sailed S. S. Cantdetania. Boat sailed promptly. Snow.

Well, I studied that, and someways it didn't look so good. The words I wanted to say seemed to stick in the ends of my fingers and refused to come out of the fountain pen. But I had sworn to myself and friends that I was going to keep my dairy around the world and keep it up good and it had to be done someways, even though as a writer I was turning out to be a first-class dancer. But, I thought, there must be some way to do it, and crowding right on top come the brilliant idea why not write it ahead of time and get a bunch of places out of the way, so's when I get there I can simply enjoy myself? Nobody at home will know any different.

So with this in mind I got out a little book with all leading facts in it concerning the countries which we was to visit, which the Back Bay Co. had provided for the information of their tourists, and I set to work taking the meat out of it. I wrote:

Havana is ninety miles from New York. It is a tropic island with Morro Castle on it. It is located Latitude? Longitude? It has palm trees, license, and the Pop. is 361,000.

Well, that went pretty good, and I had Cristobal, the Canal and Panama City all cleaned up by noon, when the bugle call for lunch sent the wild digestions flying mostly in the opposite direction from the diner. But not me. My work had give me a appetite, and though the boat was playing put and take with itself, I lunged towards the eats, and at the door skidded into Jim, who had a wild look in his eye

"Marie!" he says, gripping me by the arm. "Come in and sit down before we fall down. I got something serious to speak to you about."

Well, my conscience not being any guiltier then as if I had committed a murder, my mind at once flew to Rowlie, so I says yes feebly, and allowed him to lead us to our table, which was already being shared by a lady and daughter and husband, all of which looked as typical of the Middle West as was possible on the ocean. We bowed with that instinctive antagonism which dares anybody to speak first at my table, and then we sat down. I give Jim a whisper to the effect for Pete's sake don't tell me now!

"Yes, I will so!" says he aloud. "It's a outrage and I mean to tell the world!"

"Jim!" I says, my breath nearly stopping. "Have a heart! Don't." But Jim merely glared at the Mister of the other party.

"Do you know why they call this a dining saloon?" he demanded. "Saloon, my eye! The boat's dry until we reach Havana!"

"That so?" says the ample stranger. "Well, I'm from Kansas, and it makes no more difference to me than if you said the boat had run out of castor oil—that's how much I like licker."

Jim give him one pitying look and shut up, and I was so relieved I even forgot the subject of his kick in spite of how I hate him to drink.

Ma didn't come anywheres near that meal, nor the next, nor the one after, and neither did Mr. Rowlyn Blackwell. I guess love must of gone to his stomach, after all. But by noon next day he was up again, chipper as a sparrow, and pretty near caught me with no powder on my nose, but not quite. And the time passed along quite quick, on account of people taking their steamer chairs out of the numbered sequence and then blaming the stewards because they couldn't find 'em, discovering what they had left behind that was absolutely needed, and etc. And I will say I personally myself didn't do so bad on account I only forgot my rubber-soled deck shoes and my letter of credit.

Another great deck sport in which all joined was finding out that the other passengers wasn't as bad as they looked, and proving to them that you wasn't as bad as you looked, either. In particular, the McKinney family at our table and we got real friendly, and by the time we reached Havana, population 361,000, the daughter, Mural McKinney, and myself would of been running around together real chummy if only she had been a little older. I am no dumb-bell to invite odorous comparisons, and Rowlie was going just strong enough to suit me and keep me feeling young.

Well, of Havana I will say little beyond that the most surprisingly respectable folks did take a drink and some of the wild-looking ones didn't. We was only there one night and did not play it, except in the sense we went out to a big casino they got on the outskirts of the city, where Jim had the time of his life spending the three dollars he won on sixty apples' worth of champagne, and I had the feet pretty near danced off me by Rowlie, with no chance to go lie down between numbers like I am accustomed to on the stage, either; but I would not give in and yell uncle on account of my viril youth and etc.

Yet Cuba, with its castled harbor, which looked just like I remembered it from the rotagravure sections of the Sunday papers, sure had all the charms of old Spain and old cheese and old liquor and so forth, and from there we went sailing along past the high mountains of the other side of Cuba into the Caribbean Sea, which give me a awful jolt, not on account it is rough, although it sure is as rough as an election night B. P., but because I had always supposed the Caribbean was off of Italy.

Well, maybe it once was, but at pres. writing it lays or would lay if it could keep still long enough, between Cuba and middle America, and you got to cross it to get into the Panama Canal.

Anyways, at the end of three rough days of Caribbeaning our heads and getting

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DODGE BROTHERS
TOURING CAR

In city traffic or on the open road, this new touring car impresses you instantly with its exceptional riding comfort.

The seats are deeper and lower. The body has been lengthened to afford more leg-room. Its low-swung design reduces side sway and increases the car's stability at all speeds.

The front springs are wider, and built of more, and thinner leaves; the rear springs—now underslung—have been materially increased in length.

In fact, the comfort of the car is comparable in every way with its good looks and the well known character of its performance.

The price is $880 f. o. b. Detroit

Food shot from guns

Professor A. P. Anderson's Inventions

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are whole grains steam exploded—shot from guns. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

The grains are puffed to airy globules, 8 times normal size. They are made thin, crisp and flaky; with a taste like toasted nuts.

The food cells are broken for easy digestion so the whole-grain elements can feed.

Thus Professor Anderson created the finest cereal dainties that children ever knew.

He made whole-grain foods so delightful that children revel in them—eat them morning, noon and night.

And he broke the food cells, so all the whole-grain elements can feed.

Thus millions of children are better fed and millions of homes have new food joys.

Never let a day go by without Puffed Grains in some form.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

12 minerals—3 vitamines —bran

The supreme dish for supper or at bedtime is Quaker Puffed Wheat in milk.

Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children must have. It provides the needed bran. Milk supplies the vitamines—all three.

Here is whole wheat fitted to digest. Every grain is a confection. Whole wheat and milk are made so tempting that children eat them in abundance.

Quaker Puffed Rice

The Quaker Oats Company

(Continued from Page 48)

acquainted in the new dampness of the smoking room, with pools on the ship's run each day, and they call them pools instead of betting because you sink your money in them and never see it again unless the winner buys. Well, anyways, after three days of loosening up in a good many senses and meanings, we come to the entrance of this Canal at eight A.M.

At the commencement it wasn't so good, having merely semtropical-looking things growing about as is usual in all tropical countries, as they are never as tropical in any sense as the pamphlets that is got out about them. Also, there was long thin breakwaters to protect this Canal from the Atlantic. Our sturdy S. S. Cantdetania seemed to fill the Canal from side to side, and the first lock, the one they call Go-on or something, looked like a giant flight of steps up which it would be impossible for the ship to climb unless it turned out to have feet or could leap like a trout going in for domestic life. The lawns, awfully neatly kept on either side of them steps, was of a peculiar bright wet shade of green as was the low-lying foothills, so-called, I guess, because they looked like somebody had stepped on them in places while they was still soft. Two aëroplanes accompanied us on our tower of the locks, and a troop of U. S. cavalry come charging down over a incredibly green field to watch us get hitched to a couple of small but husky double-ended engines called electric mules, one on each side of the Cantdetania, which pulled her along by cables no thicker then a piano leg. I have never been to Lock Lomen, that famous Scotch lock, but I guess it ain't much along side of Go-on or Gautun or whatever its name is.

One thing I didn't expect, though, and that is the way that canal was crowded. A English tramp was going through the second lock chamber the same time as us, and before we was out of it a huge steamer approached from the Atlantic, her hull vividly red as a débutante's lip stick. The boys down there can take care of four ships at the one time and average ten a day. And Jim claimed it was a shame they didn't have no stimulant to do it on other then hen whisky—the kind that makes you lay where you drink it.

Panama City is the, as you might say, Haarlem of Havana, meaning it is much like the big town, only on a uptown scale, if you get the idea, and it takes a person pretty near as long to get there by the Caribbean local as it does to reach Mike Kelley's Casino from Forty-second and Times Square. But it didn't take any time at all to get to the Pacific through the Canal, on account we took a lot of Shriners aboard at Cristobal, where we come in, and they helped pass the time, see, with song and story, as a person might say; and one real interesting thing was told me by a boy which was there when the water was let into what is now Gatun Lake but was then a valley, and I guess Noah, the original flood director, had nothing on this baby.

It seems this lake was then a valley, see, and the ones that cut the Canal dug a trench through the middle of it. Well, this valley had high spots all through it—little hills, like, and when the water commenced pouring in, why, all the animals, of which they have a very complete line in those parts, commenced beating it for the high spots. This chief Shriner, he told how tapirs and big snakes and mountain lions and pelicans and all kinds of animals which don't usually associate at all, was publicly seen huddled together real friendly, not to say cozy, on the top of them little hills which was fast becoming islands. And of all epochs of the past, well, I certainly would of loved to of see this sight, even more so than Julius Cæsar or the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Take it all and all, the principal thing struck me about the Panama Canal was the Americanness of it, and the way it showed how the Western plains was not the only kind of climate and growth we was able to overcome and that Canal is a living monument to the fact. Personally, I am in favor of monuments like that, which they can be used, instead of monuments on the order of ma's tombstone, which they will serve no purpose except to exercise the imagination of sight-seers, by making them wonder what they are supposed to represent. And that is all about Panama, except the Shriners give us a dinner with roast tapir and canned California peaches for dessert, them being the most highly thought-of delicacies of Balboa.

Well, we left that place behind and commenced the long trail up the coast of Honduras, Central America and etc. to San Francisco, where we was to take on a few more tourists. The sea appeared to be made of melted opals over which the flying fish spun like mechanical toys and kept Junior fascinated. Even ma couldn't manage to be seasick or stay below, and come on deck to turn her back upon the mysterious, mountainous coast line we was passing—a sky line like you might dream about, the peaks hung in a veil of hot mist, the sea melting into a foam against their base, you couldn't say just where. And I thought, well, now is a good chance for me to write up my dairy on the Hawaiian Islands and get them out the way before we reach there, as I have eight long days to do it in, with nothing else only the usual ship's concert, and watching actual tuna fish out of the can trying which was able to jump the furthest. So I found the company's fact book again and wrote a little stuff on these Islands:

The Island of Hilo has on it the largest active volcano in the world, Kilauea, the House of Everlasting Fire. The active pit is one thousand feet in diameter. It is a very interesting place. Honolulu, on the island Oahu, population 78,000, is the home of the song about the beach at Wakiki, ukuleles is the principal fruit of the country, and such skirts as they wear are made of hay.

Well, by the time I had got that far I kind of run out of copy, somehow, and, seeing it wasn't going to take me eight days, after all, decided I would get ma to go up in the ship's gymnasium to stretch me a little, because it was time I got in shape to swing ten times around Jim's neck when we played Honolulu. So I locked the dairy door before any of the cows was stolen, and giving a last glance at the gorgeous coast line that filled the whole inside of me with beauty, I went looking for ma. I found her in the hot writing room with Mrs. McKinney, and they was looking at stereopticon views of Arizon and the dining room of the Soldier's Home, respectively.

"Don't bother me, Mary Gilligan," says ma. "I am really enjoying sight-seeing for the first time since this trip commenced. Young Blackwell is looking for you. He went up to the swimming pool."

"All right," I says, "I'll go find him. But let me tell you, Ma Gilligan, the next time I buy you a trip around the world, it's going to consist of a set of picture post cards!"

And with that I flocked up to the crowded swimming pool, and my bathing suit, and I and Rowlie played shufflebored in them on the sun deck against Mural McKinney and a boy friend of hers.

And this kind of thing went on into San Francisco and out again, into the real true Pacific with its sunny days, long rollers and starlight nights, when Rowlie and me danced until I pretty near dropped, and Jim drank and played poker in the smoking room until ditto, and young Handsome commenced asking me where had I been all his life, and it was continually harder to stall him off, and I began to be scared Jim would notice it instead of hoping that he would. Rowlie'd keep me up late and all over the boat to get into this or that excitement until I was pretty near wore out, and the strain of keeping my whole appearance, make-up and all, just to the pink limit of youth, was pretty hard on a lady which she was accustomed to taking off her corset and laying down with cold cream spread over the map of innocence for a hour after lunch every day.

Well, while this was going on, and the colder weather off San Francisco, the Dream City, population 506,000, set in, together with a epidemic of heavy coats, seasickness and the decks all shut in with canvas, I did get a little rest now and then, or as much rest as a mother who has taken a seven-yr.-old question mark around the world with her could expect in her cabin; or as a daughter who had taken a mother who felt she knew more about running the ship than the captain did could expect either.

Ma had just about come to the point where she wished she had bought a tombstone with sea serpents on it, when the weather commenced to get warm again, and smooth, and it was lovely outside, and everybody felt happy, because the worst, as you might say, fin of the journey was over and we was approaching the Hawaiian Islands.

Well, having them all wrote up, I was free to enjoy this approach, and spend the

(Continued on Page 52

60 cents and 75 cents— Price of Dependable Champions

That Champion is a better spark plug is now generally recognized.

Yet the price is but 60 cents for Champion X and 75 cents for the Blue Box Line.

These extremely low prices are made possible only by Champion's tremendous production—more than 125,000 spark plugs every working day.

You may not know that 65 per cent of all the spark plugs made in America are Champions. Such a volume enables us to introduce manufacturing economies which bring down production costs very materially.

These savings are passed on directly to the car owner. That is why you can buy dependable Champions at such a low price.

Many of the finest cars made are Champion equipped—Rolls-Royce, Locomobile, Pierce-Arrow, Lincoln, Peerless, Winton, Cunningham, Wills Ste. Claire, Franklin and H. C. S., for example.

The owners of these cars pay but 75 cents for their spark plugs. There is no good reason why the owner of any car should pay more,—especially since that price buys a much better spark plug.

A full set of Champions saves not only in first cost, but also in gasoline and oil, to say nothing of the better engine performance which is the invariable result.

Dealers everywhere sell Champions. The genuine is identified by the Double-Ribbed core. A type and size for every engine. (Canadian prices 75 and 85 cents)

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CHAMPION X

Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 10 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Our "Best Street" Broadcloth $5.00

Broadcloth—a Correct Shirting

If Beau Brummel set the styles today, his wardrobe would include a goodly number of broadcloth shirts. They are eminently correct and strikingly practical too, especially when tailored by Wilson Bro's. The immaculate white, of course, has Fashion's approval, but so have the refined stripes and the pastel colors with self patterns.

Wilson Bro's

FURNISHERS TO MEN FOR ALMOST 60 YEARS

Shirts tailored to fit by Wilson Bro's reflect an intimate knowledge of what discriminating men are wearing in Paris, London and New York. Wilson Bro's shirts also have the Special (reversible) Cuff—with an even crease and a smooth fold—and a neckband of pre-shrunk webbing that requires no starch in laundering. Other Wilson Bro's products include: *Hose · Pajamas · Underwear · Belts · Cravats · Nightshirts · Handkerchiefs · Garters · Mufflers · Suspenders · Knit Gloves*

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York Paris

(Continued from Page 50)

day before our arrival aft, where the endless white train of the ship spread gracefully along behind her, and these strange rainbows you see on the Pacific lay along the horizon every few miles as if they was ambushing the ship, for they would rise right up off the water and leap for the sky as we come alongside; and once we passed under the complete arch of one, and these sort of things make a person feel happy in spite of no opportunity for cold cream. All the passengers felt pleasant and was by now pretty generally on first-name terms, and saying good morning each A.M. on deck with an air of glad surprise. In fact, when the sea got calmer, then the ship got rougher in every way, and we was all real chummy by the time Hawaii arose out the sea like a dream of Moe Hamet with the Mountain coming toward him.

What I mean is, the ship appeared to stand still, and the gorgeous mountain of Mauna Loa, its highest peak snowcapped, its feet buried in pale-green shoes of young growth, seemed like it was advancing upon us. The vast fields of sugar cane at its base was split into deep furrows by numerous waterfalls, all hurrying down to meet the breakers which dashed against the high cliffs of porous black lava. And all of that set in a sea like a million-faceted cornflower sapphire!

Well, we was put off in lighters, although what they was lighter than is more than I can say. They appeared to me both heavy and clumsy. Hawaiians come down in numbers to greet us with lovely leis, which is their name for the wreaths they are in the habit of putting around the necks of strangers as soon as said strangers land, and in the old days these was made of real flowers. But since tourists have been coming in large numbers, why, these leis are now made exclusively by a well-known American crape paper manufacturer, with a good hefty string in the middle of them.

Well, anyways, they decorated us with these precautionary signs of welcome, and also music both incessant and lovely, and we saw the volcano. I will not attempt to describe the great frozen sea of lava, the bottomless fire pit and the steam vents, because they all belonged to a period of the world when thought and language were not yet invented, if you get the idea, and give the one which beholds them a inexpressable shock about her own importance.

Well, we drove along the beautifully paved road, which somehow took a lot of the terror out of the volcano, back to the dock; and there was more natives, also not in grass skirts but just regular pants and bungalow aprons, but each with the conventional ukulele. They sang delicious songs of farewell, even more enthusiastically than they had the ones of welcome, and the moon come up and the night was beautiful and Rowlie sat the one side of me on the lighter and gazed at me and whispered why can I never get you alone, I'm simply wild to talk something over with you; and Jim sat the other side of me, looking anxiously toward the warm, welcoming lights of the smoking room; but I was miserably nervous on account you never can tell what a husband will see. And when once on board the steamer we stood together by the rail, Jim put his arm around me and turned a serious face towards me in the moonlight, I got all set for an attack.

"Now," I thought, "here is where I catch a good call. He is jealous at last."

"Marie," says he solemnly, "I'm going to admit something serious. This is one pretty country, and I intend to make some stills of it myself. Find me that book on the care and feeding of cameras in the morning, will you, old lady?"

Well, that sort of false alarm is what gets a person old from worry, and when I took off the yellow wig that night, and seen where the gray was commencing to grow out quite a little at the untouched roots, I got a sinking spell about myself which lasted clean over until the next very late P.M., after our show in Honolulu, which, thank God, it went over big and we got a truckload of real genuine leis with no strings to them at all. And when Rowlie, it being the first of our shows en tower, as the French say, kissed my hand in front of Jim, my self-respect come back a good deal; and I thought, well, I'm no chicken perhaps, but I'm no hen yet, neither.

"You were the sweetest little thing I ever saw in my entire life!" says Rowlie. "Especially in the last number, where you swung around Jim's neck—the lucky old deah!"

"Oh, Mary ain't so worse for her age," says Jim, meaning it to be sweet, but I could of killed him with pleasure. "Especially considering she hasn't been dancing for—let's see—how many years is it since we went in the pictures?"

I give him a dirty look and clapped a fluttering hand over my palpitating but with anger heart.

"O-h-h, I feel so faint!" I gasped feebly. "Get me some water quick!"

Well, Honolulu was a piece of heaven, with mountains that looked like the ones on a relief map, they was so sharp and unexpected. It was hung with veil-like waterfalls, as if every peak was a June bride; and it is always June, and always a wedding day there; or at least that's how you feel. The island has got many Japs on it, and kimonos is far more usual than weed skirts, alas.

But when it comes to scenery, golf courses and pineapples, Honolulu has almost any place else beat. Also, they can train a ukulele to do double-jointed music in a way that makes you forgive a lot of your personal friends for having bought ukes for no apparent reason unless it was in support of the industry. And that is the Hawaiian Islands—a paradise with American plumbing.

Well, anyways, when we left the gracious harbor and Diamond Head faded into the edge of the world, I thought, well, here we got twelve days on the water. I will get written up on Japan on account I will be very busy there, we playing all the big cities, and so here goes. So I went up on the boat deck and hid behind a boat and got the dairy out and set down the cream of Japan:

Roughly speaking, Japan is made of eight large islands, which, including Korea, cover an area of 176,000 square miles. These islands have a very long coast line with a backbone of mountains running its length. The Japanese monarchy was founded in 660 B. C. As the steamer approaches Yokohama, population 422,000, the majestic form of Fuji-yama, the original ice-cream cone of the world, greets the eye. Japan is very interesting, as all the Japs wear kimonos not only to breakfast but through the day, and nobody considers them sloppy for doing so. The houses are made of light wood, and paper such as butter is wrapped up in at home. The Japs are a wonderful little people.

Well, when I had got this far I as per usual run dry both as to fountain pen and ideas, and while I sat there trying to get a little nourishment out of the butt end of the pen and gazing seawards trying to remember what else had I ever heard about Japan, who would come along but Mural McKinney and Rowlie. They passed real close together and didn't even notice me. And, of course, that got my angora and I thought, well, I will not allow any corn-fed flapper to slip one over on me, so I left Japan where I dropped it and went after my youth restorer good and plenty, with the result that before I realized, it was overdone. I had my boy friend steaming along like a clam, and a soft one at that.

Nights he would have me up on the boat deck looking for the Southern Cross, and days he would incessantly tramp around the deck with me, the both of us having fine sea legs, the kind that bends with the boat. And while I was nervous over what I now knew was coming, someway or another I managed to keep him game, but not too game, like a properly stored bird, until the very night before this Yo-oklahoma, pop. 422,000, Japan, when the storm bust up on the boat deck at latitude something, longitude also, and about seven bells P.M., and I had went up there to sit down before I fell down from exhaustion, we having been playing tag all evening like a couple of kids.

"Marie!" says the boy suddenly, in a voice made me think at first he was seasick "Marie, I love you! God knows I do!"

"Why, Rowlie!" I says, all at once terrible uncomfortable and wishing I had never worked for it. "No, you ain't! Please don't be. Why, you are only a kid!"

"I'm old enough to know my own mind," says he. "I'm twenty-four and I'm simply wild about you. Say you care a little!"

Well, no matter how much a lady loves her husband, even a husband who thinks she has got to the inactive-partner stage, when a young and handsome man pulls a line like that to her, why, she is loath to tell him the straight no, on account she will at once lose him. There is a terrible kick in playing with fire when you are certain you got asbestos around your own personal heart, and I had it around mine, with all my love inside it, locked safely away for Jim. Yet still and all, I stalled a little.

(Continued on Page 54)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide coöperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

Ben Lyon Arrives

WHO WILL BE the stars of tomorrow? Ben Lyon for one. Critics who watched his work in "Potash and Perlmutter" called him the most promising young actor in filmdom. Whereupon everybody rushed Ben with contracts, which he cheerfully refused. It so happened that First National had already placed him on its roster for a span of years and glowing prospects. "Flaming Youth" and "The Swamp Angel" will be his next two.

Ben Lyon

"The Eternal City"

ROME CERTAINLY did its utmost to make a remarkable picture of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," which George Fitzmaurice produced for Samuel Goldwyn. Senator Cremonesi, Lord Mayor of Rome, blocked off famous streets for the company's exclusive use in "shooting" exteriors on the story's exact locations. The Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Palace placed at their service squadrons of the King's Own and First Italian Regiments. Through the courtesy of Prince Caetani, Italian Ambassador at Washington, the Balcony of the Capitol Building, Rome, was used as a location, while for weeks the players made the Coliseum their camping ground. Just one glance at the pictures Mr. Fitzmaurice brought back is enough to reveal the full extent of popular co-operation. Thousands of people swarm through riot and festival; and although that has been claimed for many pictures, "The Eternal City" substantiates the claim in scenes breathlessly big. Barbara La Marr, Bert Lytell, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett and Montague Love head the cast.

Some Husbands Never Die!

PITY the poor girl! I forget her name, but anyhow she had to marry within twenty-four hours or the million dollar legacy left by her aunt would go to the Haven for Homeless Cats. The girl needed the money, but not the husband. A bright idea! She would get a husband who would last just about long enough to see the marriage ceremony through. Her happiest prospect was a gentleman of ninety-three. She married him—or someone she believed to be him—but found her temporary husband very much alive. Despair for her; much merriment for everyone else who happens to see "Her Temporary Husband," with Sidney Chaplin, famed brother of the celebrated Charles, in the principal comedy rôle. Sid was last seen in "The Pilgrim." Remember he lost his hat? Edward Paulton's play is now being filmed under John McDermott's direction.

Why Men Leave Home

WITH "THE WANTERS" proving that everyone wants just the sort of entertainment he provides, John M. Stahl is now preparing "Why Men Leave Home" for production. Avery Hopwood's play came to Broadway as a laughing hit, but underneath there's the theme of wasteful wives, wives with the squanderlust. An assembly of favorites is promised in the cast.

Few characterizations have been as vivid as that of Owen Moore as white man, yellow man, beach-comber and mandarin in the Oriental drama, "Thundergate." Virginia Browne Faire is with him in this scene.

Tarkington Writes Another

HAPPY at the reception of "Penrod and Sam"—because Ben Alexander was a regular Penrod and Producer J. K. McDonald gave the story the best screen translation yet accorded any of Booth Tarkington's writings—Mr. Tarkington has prepared another story for filming. "Old Fathers, Young Sons," is the title and, of course, Ben Alexander will be featured.

A bad man turns Cupid. Holbrook Blinn encourages affection in his picturesque portrayal of "The Bad Man" which Edwin Carewe is screening. Other players shown here are Harry Myers and Teddy Sampson.

Africa Moves to Hollywood

SOUTH AFRICA has shifted ten thousand miles or so. Directing "Ponjola" for Producer Sam E. Rork, Donald Crisp brought to Hollywood the veldts and kopjes, diamond mines, kaffirs, ox-carts and nearly everything else Cynthia Stockley made romantic in her latest novel. Technical experts who lived years in Rhodesia, chose every location and checked every atmospheric detail in settings before "shooting" commenced.

"Ponjola" startles. A beautiful woman, seeking suicide as an escape from scandal in Paris, is saved from the Seine by Druro, a mine owner from South Africa. He tells of a "man's country," and she decides to go there in masculine attire. But Druro never knows. Jilted by the girl he is to marry, he also returns. On the veldts, living as a man among men, fighting for Druro, now wrecked by ponjola, the native drink, loving him but frightened to admit either love or sex—all that provides dramatic conflict from which Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood extract the utmost. Tully Marshall, Ruth Clifford, Joseph Kilgour and Claire Du Brey swell the cast to six-star proportions.

Frank Borzage made "Humoresque" a masterpiece of mother-love. In the "Age of Desire" he pictures mother-memory and a son hating and planning to rob the mother who deserted him. Left to right—Josef Swickard, Mary Philbin, William Collier, Jr.

The Call From Colorado

COLORADO'S voice booms lustily when First National attractions are planned; for Colorado's pioneers include pioneers of motion pictures, too. Harry T. Nolan, whose theatres comprise the Rex in Greeley, the Majestic in Grand Junction and the Colonial in Pueblo, puts the weight of his state behind First National's purpose to encourage independent production, develop new talent and elevate screen art and standards.

* * *

FASHIONISTS have a thrill coming when they see Colleen Moore's gown of pearls in "Flaming Youth." And that's just one of a hundred style surprises.

Best For "Black Oxen"

SO MANY different players were suggested for the rôles of Countess Zattainy and Clavering in the screen version of "Black Oxen" that the comment of Frank Lloyd, who will produce and direct the picture, is sure to come in for discussion. "There are few actresses on the screen today who could, I believe, enact the difficult rôle of Madame Zattainy convincingly," says Mr. Lloyd. "I know of none who is so suited in appearance, in experience and who has the versatility for this part as Corinne Griffith. Both Miss Griffith and Conway Tearle are ideally suited to their rôles. Mr. Tearle has demonstrated to me in several pictures in which I have had the pleasure to direct him, that he is the leading man best able to portray the cynical New Yorker who falls victim to the charm of the unique Madame Zattainy."

Because everyone wonders just how "Black Oxen" will be filmed, Mr. Lloyd is giving close attention to the scenario; for that has important intricacies.

Have You Seen These?

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"—Take two nights off for Samuel Goldwyn's hilarious production—you'll want to see it twice. Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr and Vera Gordon win laughs aplenty and a sob when a sob is best. Here are wonderful comedy, thrilling drama, dazzling style show and a night at the Follies all in one picture. That's perfect.

"THE WANTERS"—Isn't it eternal wanting that makes the world go 'round? So let's all see ourselves among the characters in this drama of a girl who was a servant one day, mistress the next—and after that a broken-hearted little figure fumbling for the old happiness. Great work by Marie Prevost and Robert Ellis and an all-star cast under John M. Stahl's guidance.

"THE HUNTRESS"—Different in every way. The hero doesn't win all the fights; and Bela, the Indian girl, doesn't become a society knock-out even when she is discovered to be white. Her social aspirations never go higher than running a mining camp cafeteria. Colleen Moore wins a chuckle a minute and your approval all the while.

"TRILBY"—"There is in it the thrill of Bohemianism in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Best picture in many months."—Detroit *Free Press*.

Also "The Brass Bottle," "Penrod and Sam," and "Children of Dust."

—*John Lincoln.*

No, he's a she. Beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson makes a handsome young man as Desmond in Cynthia Stockley's "Ponjola."

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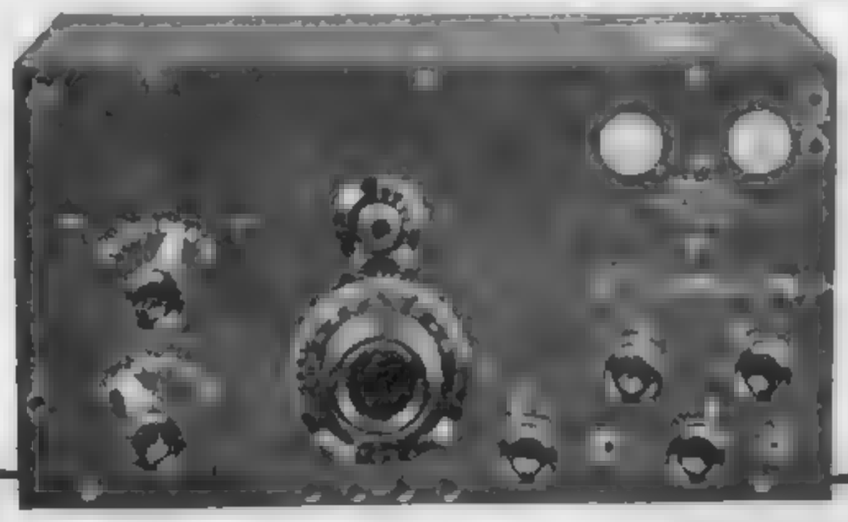

Federal Long Distance Receiver No. 58 D.X.

(Continued from Page 52)

"Why," says I, "don't be foolish, hon! I'm a thousand years older than you are. I'm—I'm twenty-nine."

"I don't care how old you are!" he says passionately. "I adore you. You are romance to me—fame, beauty, everything that makes life worth while. Old? With that glorious halo of gold on your head? Old? With the fresh perfection of your every detail? Why, darling, I have seen you at all times now, from early morning to late at night, and you are utterly perfect!"

"Yes," I thought, "and some bother you have given me, keeping that way, too, young feller, my lad!" But out loud I only says, "Oh, Rowlyn, you mustn't—honest, you mustn't!"

"I have no choice," says he. "Marie, don't move away!"

Well, it was a mighty pretty night, and Jim was as usual in the smoking room, and at dinner he hadn't even noticed I was wearing one of these Swiss-cheese embroidery dresses I had bought in Honolulu; and take it all in all, I let my boy friend kiss me; and then right away I was sorry I done so, for it showed how he really felt, and also showed me how I felt, which was like a mutt. Right at once I pushed him to one side and commenced telling him a few.

"Listen, Rowlie!" I says, my voice cold enough now. "I lied to you. I'm a old lady. I'm thirty-five. I'm a fake, and I'm a bad actor for leading you on. You are stuck on the idea of me being the famous Marie La Tour and you are the boy wonder that is saving her from a husband's neglect. I don't love you a bit, hon, and I'm sorry I been so mean. I'm a vain, selfish old lady that's been using you to sharpen up her belief she's young yet. What you want is a nice girl like Mural. Forget me, kid, and forgive me, please, for playing the game crooked. And from now on let us be real pals. I'm not stalling for another comeon—I mean it!"

My boy friend put his arms on the rail in the moonlight and laid his handsome head on them for a minute. When he looked up he was actually haggard.

"I shall always love you," he says in a dry voice, "no matter how you feel towards me. I am not your friend. I can never be that—never while I have to look at your glorious golden hair."

With which he give a gulp and made his exit at right down the nearest stairs to the bar, leaving me to think it all over, and worry about now I had gone and done it, and so forth, and how on earth was I to hand him the rapid cure he needed so bad? But then I left the ice water and his cholera belt and flannel pajamas out for Jim and turned over to sleep.

Well, next morning we come into the cold gray mist of Yohoaklahoma, or whatever they call it, harbor, with Fuji in full sight on the picture post cards only, and in less than no time I and Jim was surrounded by a flock of Japanese reporters all talking at once in Kaliadescope, or something, and I was saying yes, I thought Japan was a beautiful country, and yes, I loved my art, and sure, the ship was wet and ect. through a interrupter, when along comes two of the ship's officers and one of the tower managers, and says something is wrong with my passport.

"I'm afraid you'll have to come down to the cruise cabin, Miss La Tour," says one of these birds. "The Japanese port authorities are awfully strict, and it seems the whole ship may be held up for hours on your account."

"All right," says Jim as we moved away. "Say, is Japan dry, does anyone know? Is it safe to drink the stuff here?"

My heart was beating so fast with worry over all the guilty things I had ever done in all my entire life, and wondering which one of them these hatefully clever Japs had found out about, that I didn't even hear the answer to that boob question, and in another agonizing moment we was before the jury—three small round gentlemen, hiding, one and all, behind heavy winter-weight cheaters.

"Aggekk-suey?" says one of them, or something, and then they all commenced jabbering at once for about five minutes. When the endurance contest was over, the professional interrupter turned to me and pointed to my hat.

"Please to remove honorable product of Paris, France," says he. "The high officials wish to respectfully gaze."

"That's all jake with me!" I says, and took off the latest creation from Madame Maison herself.

The jury made a polite hissing noise which sounded like they had learned it from a bunch of geese, and then recommenced their radio sounds to each other for the beginning of the second inning, while I and Jim and Rowlie stood and looked at each other and them, trying to dope out where the catch was. Pretty soon we got it.

"Honorable strange lady dancer is suspected of being some other person," the interrupter says at last. "Passport call for black hair, whereas present occupant has nothing on the golden sun!"

Well, for a minute I didn't know what to say or do. I give one agonized look at Rowlie, and then slipped an ugly one at Jim, who started laughing his fool head off.

"That?" says he, making a boarding-house reach for my head. "Why, that's nothing but a wig! Her hair's black, all right. Lookit!"

With which he give a jerk and took the old California itself in his paw, leaving me with my matted black mop, which the gray had grown out considerable at the roots by now, all too plain to be seen.

The wiseacres behind the official seals all commenced chattering and adding up laundry marks to the effect they was now perfectly satisfied, and just about then I caught sight of Rowlie's face. My head, with my make-up ending abruptly where the wig band had commenced, had done more than all my womanly arguments of the night before. He was cured, all right—one look at him told me that; and all of a sudden I saw clearly what a dumb-bell I had been all the way through. With a muttered gulp I turned and run for my De Lux B Deck No. 20 and flung myself on the overstuffed for a good cry. Hardly had I got comfortably started before I felt Jim's arms around me, and he was murmuring as nice things in my only available ear as if I had been nineteen and we just married.

"Honey, what is it, dearest?" says he over and over, and at last I struggled up and flung both arms around his neck.

"Oh, Jim!" I sobbed. "I'm so ashamed the way I been going on, making out I was only a broiler, and hitting such a disgraceful pace, and leading a young man pretty near to distraction, and putting you in such a position by mortifying you, and I suppose that people have talked; but there's nothing to it, honest there ain't; and I don't care for him a bit; it was only kidding and I'm sorry you been so upset and everything."

"Upset?" he says. "What about? What you talking of, anyways?"

This made me take notice for fair, and I sat up and reached for the jar of cold cream. As I done so I heard Rowlie's voice outside in the corridor. He was saying something. I couldn't quite get what, but it sounded like "Do come up on the boat deck. I have something I want to say to you," and then Mural McKinney's laugh followed in reply.

"James Smith!" I says feebly. "So you mean to tell me you wasn't jealous, that you never even noticed?"

"Noticed what?" says he, lighting a cigarette and sticking his feet up on the edge of the table. "Jealous of them Honolulu notices you got? Not much, baby doll! You can have all the credit—you deserve it, hon, looking like a kid and dancing like a pony the way you do!"

I give him one swift glance to see was he kidding, but he wasn't, so I let out my corset and a sigh and dug into the face cream good and plentiful.

"I think I'll smear on a little cream and tear off a rest before rehearsal," I says, "if you can stand the sight."

Jim gave a little laugh, swung his feet down, come over and kissed me again, Lime Kleansing Kreme and all.

"It ain't only the way you look I love, hon," says he, smiling and sincere. "It's the you that is under either cold cream or your most perfect make-up. Get your rest, dear, while I go up and pilot ma to the cable office. She wants to send some feller back home a message to add a Jap balancing umbrella to her tombstone, because she says she may die here and would want a native touch."

"She needn't worry about getting a native touch when the kimono boys see us coming ashore," I murmured sleepily. But by then Jim had gone, shutting the door quietly behind him, the same as he had been doing for the last ten years, and leaving me to close my eyes and wonder just how much he had noticed, after all, and I couldn't decide. Men are not always as dumb as they look.

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Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or Colorblende rigid—red, brown, gray or blended
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[illegible]	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

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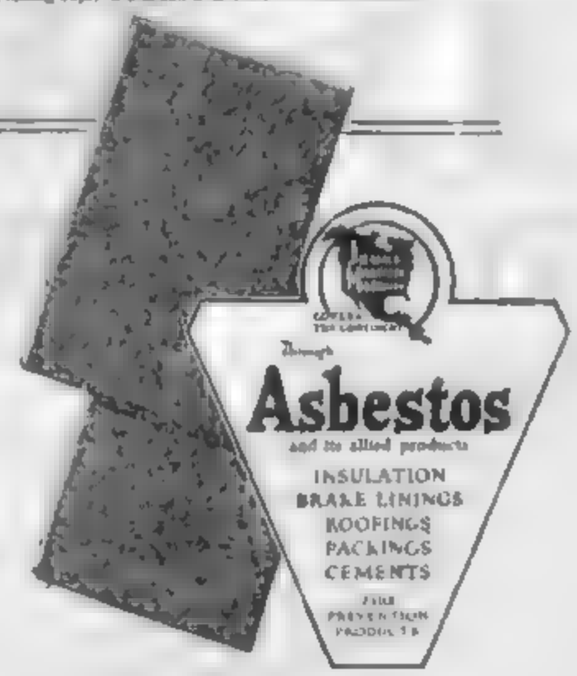

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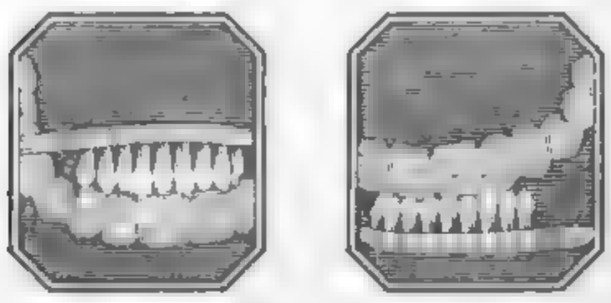

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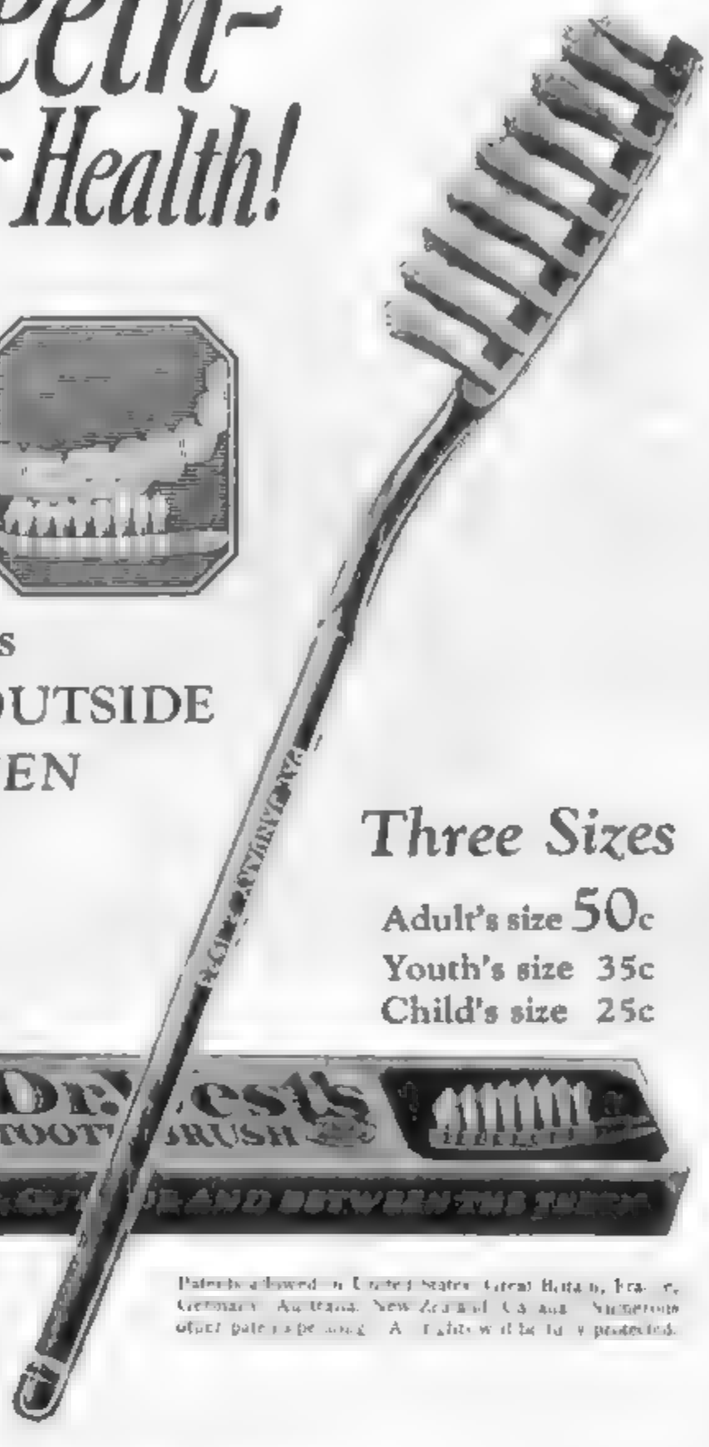

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A WEEK-END AT WINDSOR

(Continued from Page 4)

A little after eleven there was a move, the Queen going down to her rooms, followed by all the princesses and ladies. The King and most of the men remained, the King and Prince of Wales shaking hands with us all at the door. It was a pretty procession as it moved down the Long Gallery, all the women with their long trains and jewels, which flashed and took all sorts of colors in the bright light—a small army of ladies in waiting, equerries, pages, footmen and grooms of the chamber in every direction. The Queen and princesses stopped at the door of the private apartments and I continued my walk—quite a long one—always preceded by my faithful page, to my rooms. The sitting room looked charming—a bright fire and plenty of light. The page inquired if I wanted anything and said that prayers were at 9:45 in the chapel and breakfast at ten. I told him I never came down to breakfast and would like a cup of tea and some toast in my own rooms at nine. I wish you could have seen the repast that came up this morning—most tempting, but enough for a family: Tea, eggs, bacon, fish, toast, rolls, buns, jam. I explained that about a quarter of what there was on the table would be quite sufficient. They brought me also the papers—Morning Post and Standard.

If my chronicle is now slightly incoherent, it is because I am always getting up and looking out of my window, which overlooks the Slope and the town. All the morning, carriages, automobiles, mounted grooms, omnibuses piled high with luggage, soldiers, policemen and *badauds* generally, including many nurses with baby carriages, have been coming and going on the Slope. It is a beautiful cold winter morning, patches of snow on the grass in the park, no mist and no wind. The royal standard on the top of the tower hangs down quite motionless. There is a sound of music in the air and I see in the distance a dark line moving up the hill—evidently the new guard coming to relieve the others. From my bedroom window I look down into the Quadrangle, also most animated. Just in the middle a long gray line is formed; one hears the sharp word of command, an occasional roll of the drum. The music is getting much nearer and the Grenadiers are marching up the Slope with half the population of Windsor behind them.

Rooms for Royal Visitors

The changing of the guard is quite a long ceremony. I don't see all the Quadrangle from my window, but enough to interest me: the newcomers, who march off two by two to relieve their comrades; and the music, which stands at ease while the various changes are made. Some of the little drummers are quite sweet, not much bigger than their own bearskins. They stand perfectly still, their eyes fixed on the bandmaster, as, from time to time, there is a burst of music. The long line of the old guard stands absolutely motionless, waiting for their turn to march. It made me think of an account I remember in some book of the French and English soldiers during the Crimean War; how the French soldiers, quivering with impatience, rushed to the attack like devils—light, wiry figures, dashing at the enemy. The English column waited, absolutely motionless, then hurled themselves forward, a compact, irresistible mass. I like, too, their slow step—parade march—as they cross the Quadrangle, changing into a quickstep as they get to the gate.

I was interrupted by a message from Colonel Frederick, asking if I would like to see the state apartments and library—saying that he would meet me in the Long Gallery. I put on a jacket, remembering how very cold the gallery was in Queen Victoria's time; but I did not want it, as there were fires everywhere. The state rooms, particularly the Vandyke and Rubens rooms, are splendid. They are usually given to foreign sovereigns when they make any stay at the castle. They are all very high, with wonderful painted ceilings and the walls covered with beautiful pictures. The Vandyke Room interested me particularly, all his pictures of the royal family are so marvelously painted. He seemed to understand so well the proud, sad Stuart face. At one end is the well-known family group of Charles I, Queen Henrietta Maria and the children; at the other, the picture of King Charles on his white horse; and on the walls many portraits of the royal family and various important personages of the time. Vandyke lived for some time in England, was sent for by King Charles and obtained the title of Painter to His Majesty.

The Rubens Room is very different; but there are many fine pictures, particularly the portraits of Rubens and his wife, painted by the artist, the wife the same fair, fat, red-cheeked, red-haired woman that Rubens always painted.

We went through many more rooms, but I cannot remember even half the things we saw. In the Throne Room is a splendid Indian throne of ivory and precious stones—some very large ones. The Waterloo Hall and St. George's Hall are magnificent. The Waterloo Hall has no windows, is lighted from the top. It stands in the middle of the castle, with rooms opening into it on both sides, and is only used on great occasions for state banquets. I never saw one in either hall all the years I was in England. There was a grand banquet one year in St. George's Hall for the Emperor William, but W. was in France for his mother's funeral and our mourning of course prevented our going. All our colleagues who were present told me it was a beautiful sight. The ceiling is quite covered with the coats of arms of the Garter Knights and their banners hang on the walls. It must have been very difficult to light in the old days. Now there is electricity and floods of light everywhere.

The Palace Library

Mr. Fortescue, the librarian, had promised to show me his treasures. It would take weeks to see them all and, of course, my first impression is rather vague. The library consists of several rooms in the wing built by Queen Elizabeth and overlooking a terrace. There are wonderful old books and manuscripts. Some of the old bindings, particularly the Italian ones, are quite exquisite. There was a Koran brought from Khartum, many Indian manuscripts, a book of Edward VI with annotations in his own handwriting on the margin, many missals and *livres d'heures* beautifully illuminated, curious old editions of English books and scores of music; a fine collection of old prints and miniatures.

The end room, overlooking the meadows and river, with Eton in the distance, must be enchanting in summer, for even today, with the cold winter landscape, the view was lovely. Near it is a small room, with the same extended view over river and meadows, called Queen Anne's Closet, as it was there she heard the news of the victory of Blenheim. On the wall is a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough in armor, and underneath the letter which he wrote announcing the victory. The writing is most curious, all the letters exactly the same height. There are also two portraits of Mary Tudor and Queen Elizabeth in the room. The one of Queen Mary—one does not say any more the Bloody Mary of my childish days—is just like those one always sees of her—the hard, narrow face of a fanatic; sad, too; the look of a disappointed woman. One can quite feel that any appeal to her clemency would have been unavailing. The one of Queen Elizabeth is curious—a girl's simple, ingenuous face—not at all the impression the later portraits give. I think Mr. Fortescue expressed it exactly—"as she looked while Sister Mary was alive."

I think Mr. Fortescue has much to do getting his library in order. There are such quantities of interesting things of all kinds, but one sees his heart is in his work. He seemed to know already all the most important books and papers, and he handled his missals and manuscripts most carefully. I should hate to let in the general public, but I suppose that can't be helped, though I imagine there must be always a special permission.

We stayed there, looking at everything, until we were summoned for luncheon. We lunched with the household in the dining room—two round tables. Everyone was making plans for the afternoon. Lady Alice Stanley asked me what I would like to do and proposed a walk in the gardens. However, as they are rather far from the castle, we went in her automobile and

(Continued on Page 58)

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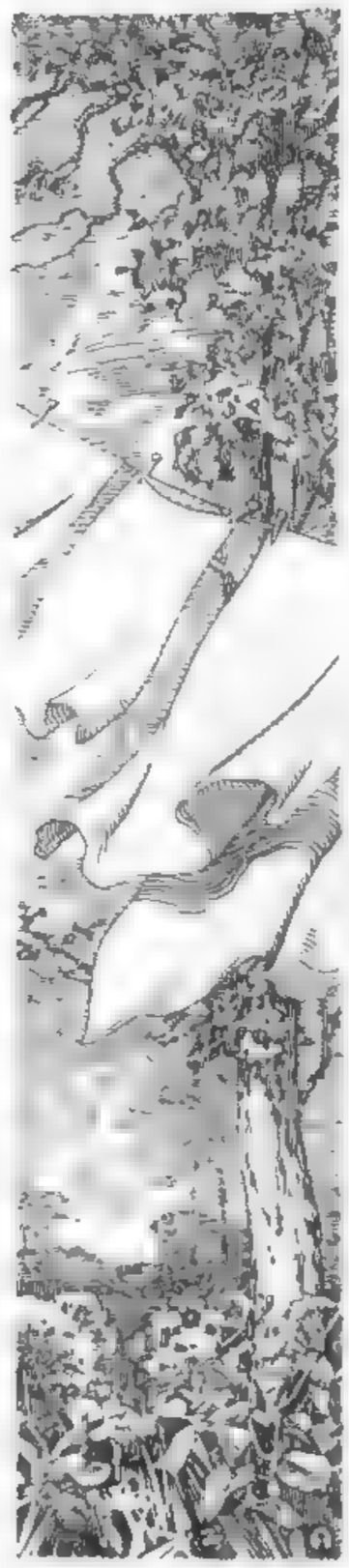

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(Continued from Page 56)

walked home. The gardens and hothouses are very fine, all most perfectly kept. It was charming on such a cold winter afternoon to see all the bright-colored orchids and begonias and lilies. It was nice walking, perfectly dry and just enough nip in the air to make a fast walk pleasant. We met various members of the household—Mr. Fortescue taking a regular constitutional, Gay Edwardes and a friend going to play golf, and two, at least, of the Prince of Wales' sons bound for golf or football—fine, sturdy little specimens—cheeks glowing with health. We separated at the foot of the stairs, Lady Alice telling me that tea was at five o'clock in the red drawing-room.

When I went down I found quite a party assembled. There were two tables, with everything one could think of in the way of muffins, cakes, jam, toast and the like. There were some newcomers—Sir Mortimer and Lady Durand, just from America, where they made many friends and left many regrets; also Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald—he is British ambassador at Tokio. The tea hour was pleasant enough—always new arrivals and everybody talking and easy. About six, while we were still sitting there, a message came from the Queen saying that she and the Princess of Wales were in the Long Gallery, where the Princess of Wales' children were going to act charades, and they would be very pleased to see us. So we all adjourned there, where the children were having a fine romp. Some of the ladies—Lady Katherine Coke, Gay Edwardes and others—were helping, and the charades were most amusing. Not very easy to guess, as the children all talked at once and the babies toddled about after the big ones, getting in their way and tumbling under their feet, but never hurting themselves.

The young Wales princes are a fine family. There are five strong young specimens of boyhood; and one handsome girl, very like her grandmother, quite recalling the picture of the Duchess of Teck—Princess Mary of Cambridge—as a child, putting a piece of bread on the nose of a big dog. The children seem very fond of the Queen. All call her Granny. One sweet little sailor boy climbed up on her lap, knowing quite well that it was bedtime and his nurse waiting, but feeling sure that no one would come and take him out of Granny's arms. The Queen asked me what my grandchildren called me: Bonnemaman, she supposed—which is what all French children say. I told her that was reserved for their maternal grandmother. I was Granny, like her majesty.

The children's hour was charming in that stately old gallery. Little white figures raced up and down, tumbled over the cushions, hid behind the heavy damask curtains, talked and laughed and sang, with childhood's happy insouciance. "All their troubles before them," as someone said.

A Memento of Peking

I am finishing this late—twelve o'clock—so that it may go tomorrow. Our dinner and evening were very pleasant. An old friend, Schomberg MacDonnell, took me in to dinner and I had a brother of Lord Knollys on the other side; both men easy and agreeable. Prince and Princess Christian dined. There was no bridge tonight. Both King and Queen moved about and talked to everyone. There are some beautiful miniatures in glass cases in the Red Room. I went over to look at them with Lord Farquhar, who has taken much trouble about the placing and lighting of all the pictures and china. The Queen looked lovely tonight, all in black, with a diamond dog collar and diamond bows on her bodice, which, she told me, had belonged to Queen Victoria. She showed me some of the miniatures. There are some fine ones by Holbein—very rare, as he seldom painted miniatures—a charming face of the Duke of Monmouth and an equally charming one of a sister of Oliver Cromwell—quite the puritan type, in white cap and fichu.

We came up about eleven. I don't know what plans there are for tomorrow. There are a good many lights still in the Quadrangle, but the place is curiously still. I really almost hear the measured step of the sentinel at the gates—such a contrast to the animation and movement there has been all day. I think dozens of carriages have passed under the archway.

FRIDAY, twenty-fifth. I see my only chance of writing will be at night; but as we usually come upstairs about 11:30, I can always get half an hour before going to bed. I had a visit from Lady Alice Stanley about eleven o'clock this morning to ask me if I would like to see the state rooms and armory again, as Colonel Frederick was going to show them to the Durands and MacDonalds. The rendezvous was at 11:30 at the end of the gallery. We went again through several of the rooms. On the wall of one of the small rooms was a clock given by Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII. She paid for that present in full with her head. We saw also the china which is arranged in glass cases in some of the passages. There are all kinds—some so delicate one would have scruples about taking it off the shelf and using it; but Colonel Frederick told us it was all used in turn. One person has charge of all.

The armory is very well arranged—interested the men, perhaps, rather more than the women. There are many historical souvenirs—the bullet that killed Nelson, with a little bit of gold fringe from his epaulet still attached to it, and many curious old swords and shields which had been captured in foreign parts. An interesting bit of contemporary history was the flag—quite black and riddled with shot—that was over the British Legation at Peking at the time of the Boxer rising. Sir Claude MacDonald, who was British minister at Peking and who went through all those terrible days, was quite pleased to see his flag. He said that at one moment, when bullets were flying about rather briskly, they saw the flag fall—the staff shot away. They could not stand that. He called for volunteers. They sprang on the roof and in a few minutes the broken staff was arranged and the flag floating proudly again over their heads.

Someone said, "You must have been under a very heavy fire," and he answered quite simply, "Yes, it was hot; but we couldn't see our flag down."

Windsor in Victoria's Last Years

On the floor was one of the most enormous tiger skins I ever saw. It must have been a most formidable beast, and was shot by the King. There were also all sorts of Indian trophies—a huge gold head, and a peacock made of silver, crystal and precious stones, most elaborately worked. They say it makes the most wonderful effect at night when the light strikes the stones. They are both, head and peacock, used occasionally for state banquets.

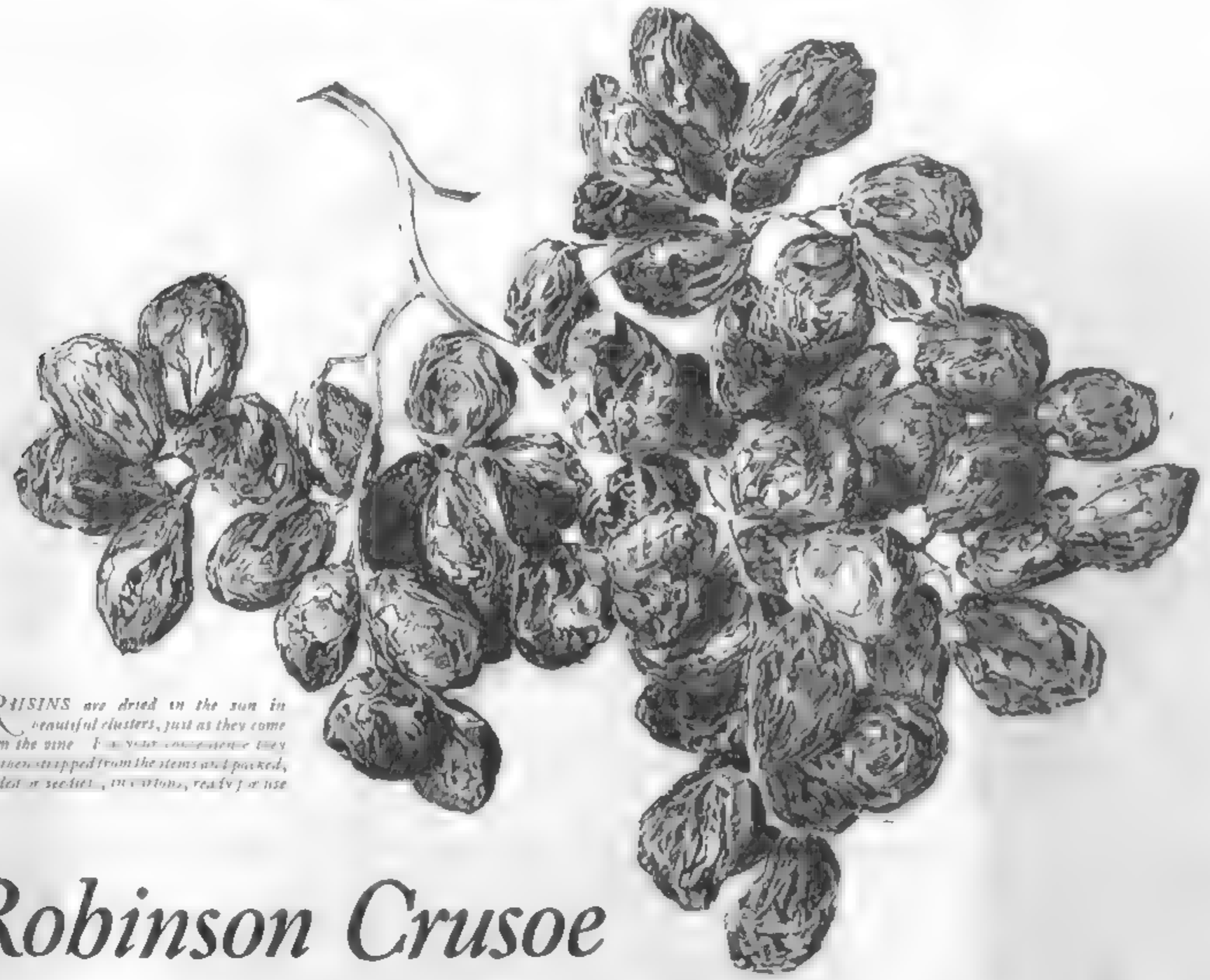
King Edward has brought to light treasures of all kinds—tapestries put away anywhere, pictures out of their frames, rolled up in a bundle; one beautiful Cuyp, which is now in Buckingham Palace in the Long Gallery, was found in a housemaid's room; miniatures in drawers in the library that no one ever opened.

Queen Victoria received so little the last years of her life that no one took much interest in arranging all the beautiful things that are in the castle. I had been at Windsor often, but had never really seen the castle. We were always asked to dine and sleep. We usually arrived late, about 6:30, saw no one but the master of the household and the lady in waiting before dinner. Dinner was at nine.

We assembled at a quarter to nine at one end of the Long Gallery, which was rather dark and very cold. We were never a large party—sixteen or eighteen. Just before the Queen came we moved up close to the door of her private apartment. She came in very simply, shook hands with the ambassadresses, bowed to the rest of the company and went at once to the dining room, just across the hall.

The dinner was quickly served; not much conversation; each person talked to his neighbor. After dinner the Queen held a circle for about three-quarters of an hour in the gallery, just outside the dining-room door. The first two or three times I saw her she stood and moved about a little, always talking most easily and always with her beautiful smile; but the last years she was easily tired, and sat down all the time. Her armchair and small table are still in the corner of the gallery, just as she left them. After the Queen had gone, we finished the evening with the household, either in the gallery near the fire or in one of the drawing-rooms. We left the next morning by an early train, about ten o'clock, so that really, until this time, all I knew of Windsor was one apartment—which was charming—in one of the towers, one end of the gallery and the dining room.

(Continued on Page 61)



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(Continued from Page 58)

The last time I was there, fourteen years ago, when W. and I came for our *audience d'adieu*, the Empress Frederick was staying at the castle. It was interesting to see the two sovereigns together. We were all assembled, as usual, in the gallery. The royal ladies appeared exactly at the same moment, each one coming from her own apartment. The Empress was still in mourning, with a long black veil falling to the bottom of her dress. She wore her beautiful string of pearls. She made a very pretty curtsy to the Queen, who also curtsied and kissed her daughter's cheek. The two ladies walked in to dinner side by side, and at the table the Empress sat next to her mother, on her right.

The actual Windsor was a revelation to me. The Long Gallery is splendid, filled with every description of beautiful and artistic things, brilliantly lighted and perfectly warm. I feel that I am like Mrs. Nickleby, making all sorts of digressions; but as I am always seeing something interesting and going quickly from one thing to another, it is rather difficult to write coherently, particularly for me, who haven't at all the *plume facile*.

While we were still in the armory a message came to me from the Queen, to ask if I would go with her majesty, in her motor car, to join the royal party for luncheon at Virginia Water. I had just time to change my dress, and was in deadly terror lest Eugénie should have gone out. Fortunately she was still there, and got me into a short skirt. The Queen had a nice little yellow brougham—English make; Princess Victoria, who had the Princess of Wales with her, had a big limousine. All the ladies were in short tweed dresses and fur coats. We drove through the park, straight down the Long Walk. Unfortunately they have been obliged to cut down the trees on each side of the walk. They were all dying—had been there for centuries and there might have been accidents from heavy branches falling. It was a lovely drive, some snow still on the grass, and a bright sunny day. We arrived before the sportsmen, and walked about a little waiting for them. Both the Queen and Princess Victoria had their cameras and took various photographs. The shooting party soon arrived, King Edward riding a sturdy chestnut cob; with him the Prince of Wales, who is a keen sportsman—they say, the first shot in England—he seemed very satisfied with his morning's work; Prince Alexander of Teck and several gentlemen; an army of keepers, beaters and servants in the distance. They were six guns, I think they said.

The Queen's Apartments

We had lunch in a little pavilion overhanging the lake, ending with a roly-poly pudding—I don't know how to spell it. They discussed it at table, whether it should be simply "ro" or "row." It was very good and is an eminently English dish. I never saw it in France except on my mother's table. After lunch we stood for some little time on the balcony of the lodge. Though it was so cold, there was no wind, and the King did not even put on his overcoat. It is a lovely place; quite a broad expanse of water, all artificial, made, the King told me, by the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland's army after they had defeated the Pretender at Culloden. Green banks and woods shut it in on every side, and over everything, today, there was that purple mist which makes all English landscapes so soft.

We had coffee and cigarettes, but didn't stay very long, as the shooters were anxious to get back to their work. We waited to see them start. The King's cob is so tame he came up the broad steps when the Prince of Wales offered him some sugar.

The Queen took me a long turn through all the little villages near—Egham, Ascot, and so on. Such pretty country, with many people about, driving and walking; so unlike my part of the country in France, where one can drive miles without meeting anything. On some of the ponds the children were skating and sliding. We were quite comfortable in the closed brougham, with one window open, but we were well wrapped up.

We got home about four, and the Queen asked me if I would like to see her private apartment, and I had a delightful hour with her. Her rooms are charming—Queen Victoria's old apartment. There is a large drawing-room, boudoir, bedroom, dressing room and bathroom. There were no bathrooms in old Windsor. The King had them put in—or rather on small additions made outside. The rooms are very bright, with lovely views over the park. The drawing-room is filled with beautiful furniture, pictures, cabinets, quantities of flowers, birds and bibelots of all sorts. In the boudoir there is a large writing table and in every direction photographs of friends and relations. It all looked warm and comfortable on such a cold day. Just opposite the bed is an excellent picture of Prince Eddie, Duke of Clarence.

The rooms are not at all what one would expect from the rather severe medieval fortress that Windsor looks from the outside. I think probably that is one of its charms—all the luxury and elegance of modern life seem to have found their place quite naturally in those old walls which have sheltered generations of English sovereigns. All have left something of themselves, and there is such an atmosphere of the past pervading the whole place—when one speaks of Edward III building the Round Tower and Henry VIII putting a coronet on Anne Boleyn's head in the Presence Chamber—that one would hardly be surprised to meet knights in armor clanking about the passages, or princesses in ruff and farthingale who had stepped down from their heavy gold frames to look and wonder at the Windsor of today.

Evening Chat

The dinner was very pleasant tonight; several new guests from London; among others, Arthur Balfour, whom I was pleased to see again. We talked about old days at Hatfield—such an easy, hospitable house, always full and always interesting—people of all nationalities and opinions whom one was delighted to meet. Sir Mortimer Durand took me in to dinner and I was on the King's left. I hope his majesty did not mind all the questions I asked him; but there are so many things in and out of the castle I wanted to know about, and I haven't time to read. Years ago, when I was staying, for the first time, at Biebrich, with my brother-in-law, De Bunsen, I was much interested in all the old châteaux and ruins that are scattered about the banks of the Rhine. As a child, I had been brought up by a German governess on all the legends and poetry of the Rhine—the Lorelei and others of the kind—and I was quite excited at seeing all these famous ruins. I suppose I asked a great many questions, for on the second day of my stay he said to me, "There is a very nice little book in the library which I will give you. It contains all the information you want." King Edward did not refer me to a Windsor guidebook.

Sir Mortimer Durand was very interesting. We talked naturally about America a great deal, and he told me most curious things about Persia, where he was for some years. They say the whole world is alike in this twentieth century, but I fancy the court of Teheran is not exactly modeled on that of Windsor; and a subject, or even a high official who had ceased to please his Persian majesty, might still be put out of the way quietly, without any trifling details of trial or justice. I told King Edward how much I had enjoyed my outing to Virginia Water and the motor turn afterwards. He said we would do the same tomorrow if the day was fine. We talked a little about my plans. I said that as I would be in London on the twelfth of February, I thought I would try to go to the opening of Parliament. I had seen it before in Queen Victoria's time, but that I should like very much to see it again under the new régime.

"You should certainly go," was the King's answer; "and I will send you a card for my gallery." Adding, with his usual consideration, "In fact, I will send you two, as it will be much pleasanter to take someone with you."

After dinner I talked a little to the Princess of Wales. When their majesties settled down to bridge we nonplayers had a general conversation which was agreeable enough. The rooms are so large that the talk doesn't worry the bridge people. The King always played in the farther drawing-room.

I like the view from my bedroom window so much at night. I always go and look out the last thing before I go to bed. The Quadrangle looks enormous—lights everywhere, some very high up in some of the towers and sometimes a broad streak of light stretching out into the courtyard. At all the entrances one sees dimly the tall, gray-coated sentries pacing up and down. There is a great stillness—one hears nothing. I suppose the walls are so thick that no sound can penetrate from the outside. There is no moon, but quantities of stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

SATURDAY, twenty-sixth. It has been again a splendid winter day, bright and cold. I had a message from the Queen about eleven, asking if I would motor with her to lunch with the shooters; rendezvous at the foot of her staircase a little before one. As I had plenty of time, I wandered about a little in the gallery, looking at the pictures. I like some of the family groups so much—one particularly, The First Council of Queen Victoria. The Queen, dressed in white, sitting very erect in her high throne chair, looks so young and girlish, surrounded by her grave and gray-haired ministers. There used to be many more of those large modern pictures of almost all the principal events of the reign of Queen Victoria, but I fancy some must have been taken away. Some of the miniatures are most interesting, but of course everything in the castle is interesting.

We started about a quarter to one, the Queen taking me in her car, the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and Lady Alice Stanley following in another, all the ladies most warmly dressed. They say it is bitterly cold. We drove through quite a different part of the park to Cranbourne Tower. It is a square, half-ruined tower, with one very large room, where we lunched. It has had its celebrity. King George III shut up Princess Charlotte there because she would not marry the Prince of Orange. One would not have minded such a prison today. The tower stands on a slight slope; beautiful broad alleys stretch away from it in all directions. We saw nothing but woods and meadows and little green hills, with a bright winter sun over all. It was very cold, but the room where we lunched was perfectly warm, and we stood some little time at the window, waiting for the shooters to appear. They soon came—quite a party—King Edward, as usual, mounted on a stout cob. They were all very *en train*; said there was plenty of game. We saw rows of pheasants laid out on the grass when we left. We were a very gay party—two round tables.

Shopping in the Town

The Queen proposed that we should make a turn in the motor after luncheon and she would bring me home by Eton, which I had not yet seen. It was lovely driving through the park, and in fact the whole country is charming—all the little villages so clean; nice cottages with white curtains and geraniums in the windows; gardens and a little grass plot before each house. The grass looked wonderfully green even in midwinter. Pony carts, donkeys, children and dogs in every direction. I fancy the Queen's little yellow motor is well known in the neighborhood, as there were most smiling faces and respectful curtsies from all classes.

Eton looked most picturesque as we came up to it, but one must not see it for the first time too near. Seen from the street, for instance, it makes much less effect. The main street was very crowded. As it was Saturday afternoon, all the boys were out and there were quantities of them walking about in groups of three or four, all—the tall thin ones and the short stout ones—dressed in the regulation Eton short jacket. It was an interesting sight—the long, straggling street filled with youngsters of all ages, all laughing and talking and enjoying themselves.

We got home before four, so I thought I would go for a stroll and do some shopping in the town of Windsor. The Queen gave me the address of a curiosity shop where one found sometimes some good bits of old silver; but I had forgotten that it was Saturday and all shops close in the afternoon, so my shopping reduced itself to some post cards. I had also forgotten to take any English money with me, and merely had my little gold purse with French louis in it. So I was obliged to give my address; the woman said she would send them. It was funny to see her face when I said where they must be sent. She evidently did not think the lady, very simply dressed in short black tweed skirt, was a fitting inmate for royal residences. I walked about a little, past the famous old hotel, White Hart, but it was really too cold to stroll. I wasn't warm enough walking in my astrakhan coat.

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NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

The Slope was most animated, carriages of all kinds dashing about. A German prince—Hohenzollern—is coming tonight with his aide-de-camp, to dine and sleep, and the German ambassador and some of the ministers are also coming. You cannot imagine anything more lovely than the view as I walked up the hill—the sun just setting below, making all the windows of the castle glow with a warm red light, and a beautiful yellow moon rising over the park and the old gray towers.

I had just time to change my dress before tea. The page told me tea was to be at five punctually, as the German prince was to be received before dinner. I supposed there would be all German uniforms at dinner, as the King is honorary colonel of the prince's regiment; but they were only worn for the reception. Tea was rather amusing. There were plenty of uniforms; a good-looking young guardsman in attendance on the prince, the German military attaché and the King's equerries in the regular Windsor dress.

I asked Lord Farquhar if I might have over the two young Ruspoli princes—who are at Eton—tomorrow afternoon. It would amuse them so much to see the castle, and as I am going straight to Rome to stay with Josephine Ruspoli when I leave here, she would be pleased to have direct news of her boys. He said certainly, nothing easier; lunch or tea, whichever I wanted; that it was quite a tradition at Eton for boys to come over when they had friends or relations staying at the castle. If I would write the note he would have it sent. So I wrote a few lines to Frank, asking him to come about four to tea.

It is most amusing having my rooms at the extreme end of the gallery, as I have to walk through it every time I go backwards and forwards and I see everything that goes on. I crossed the prince just now on his way back from the King. He was rather elegant-looking in his light-blue uniform—not at all the heavy German type. Someone told me rather an amusing detail. When they were all getting ready in the gallery to receive the prince they discovered a large wooden train, belonging to one of the Prince of Wales' children, standing directly across the gallery. They just had time to shove it behind a curtain.

The dinner and evening were brilliant. The table a blaze of gold and silver plate and all the women beautifully dressed, with fine jewels. We were a very large party, so many new arrivals—Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, she—daughter of Princess Alice—quite charming; Metternich, German ambassador; the Bishop of Ripon; Lord Roberts; Haldane, Secretary of War; John Morley; Lord Redesdale, whom I had known as Barty Mitford; and various others whom I can't remember.

The Spanish Wedding

King Edward always takes in the Princess of Wales, going out first. The Queen almost always goes with the Prince of Wales. Tonight she had the German prince. The Bishop of Ripon took me and I had the Prince of Wales on my other side, so I was very well placed. It was the first time I had had any long talk with the prince and I found him very sympathetic and easy—ready to talk on every possible subject and expressing himself with great frankness. He is very English, but I suppose that could hardly be considered a fault in an English prince. He was very interesting, telling us about the Spanish wedding and the bomb. He said the wedding lunch, which should have been at 12:30, was only at four in the afternoon, and was a ghastly entertainment; everyone still so nervous and shaken with the terrible event of the morning, and he himself really quite embarrassed when he had to make his speech and propose the health of the young couple. The usual congratulations and wishes for the happiness of the young queen in her new country seemed a mockery after such a tragedy. His principal feeling was that it was a miracle that they were alive. He said only a few words of gratitude for a great danger averted and hoped they had many days of happiness before them.

He said the Queen's wedding dress was terribly stained with blood, and it was said it must be cleaned before going to the convent where all the wedding dresses of the Queens of Spain are kept—I suppose to dress madonnas on great fête days—but the King wanted it sent as it was, with all its ghastly stains, so that people should never forget what a terrible crime marked that day, and how near death the young sovereigns had been.

The Bishop of Ripon, who was also much interested in all the prince was telling, asked me a great deal about the religious question—church and state—in France. I told him I thought it was a mistake to touch the Concordat. It had worked very well for many years, and I could not see what anyone gained by stirring up such bitter feeling. After all, France was a Catholic country and couldn't get on without her priests and her churches. In the country about me I don't see any change. The curés still live in their *presbytères*, the inventories have been made and some people have taken away from the churches what they had given—vestments, silver ornaments, and the like—but the services are just the same; also the fees for marriages and burials. I asked a very clever, refined old man, the curé of La Ferté-Milon—our little town—whether his position was at all changed. He said no, everybody bowed to him; he never heard any disagreeable remarks as he passed along and quite as many people came to church as ever before—only he felt he had less authority, was not so much consulted as before. I think it will all settle down.

The bishop asked me if it had not been a very trying thing for the officers, when the troops were ordered out to help the civil authorities break open the church doors. That, of course, was a very difficult question. I told him what one of my nephews—a Catholic—told me. If his company had been ordered on such duty he would have gone and done what he was told to do. A soldier must obey orders. But he would have resigned the next day.

"But your *carrière?*"

"*Brisée, ma tante, mais on a sa conscience.*"

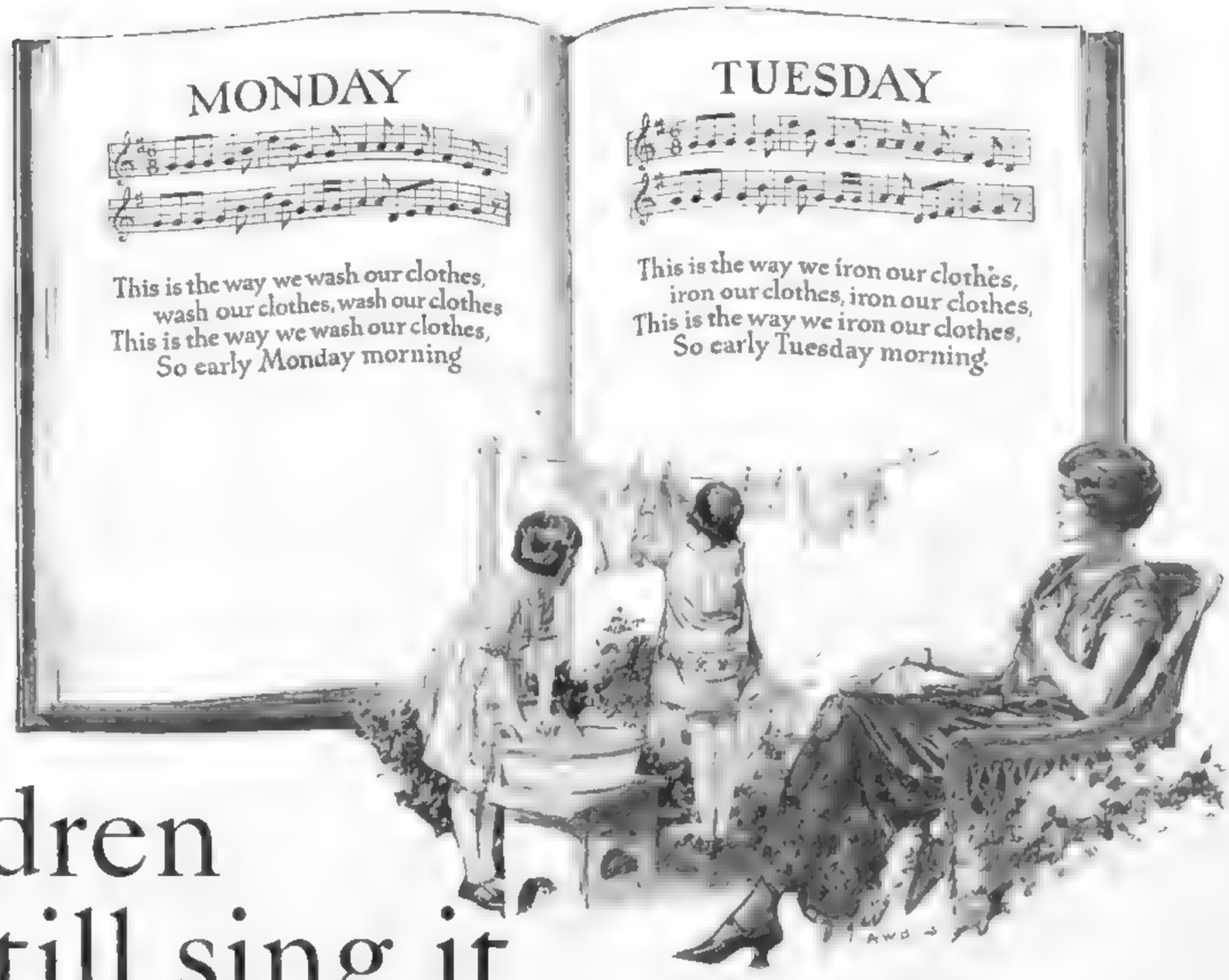
Sunday Morning Service

I enjoyed my evening very much. I found the German prince very nice and easy, speaking wonderful French. We stood a long time, as the King and Queen moved about talking to all their guests. I told the Queen the result of my shopping expedition—all the shops shut. She said that would be for another time. I had a nice talk with Lord Redesdale after their majesties settled to bridge. He told me all about their expedition to Japan, where he went with Prince Arthur of Connaught; said it had changed so much since his first days there as a young secretary of embassy. I always remember his description of an execution he was obliged to witness there—a high official opening his stomach. All the *corps diplomatique* were assembled. Some of them could not stand it. The Italian, I think, fainted; and he said he had a struggle to sit there calm and stern, but he managed it.

SUNDAY, twenty-seventh. This has been our first dark day. It has been misting all the morning. We all assembled in the gallery at 11:30 for church, everyone without hats. The chapel is just opposite the drawing-room where we meet every evening. It was a pretty sight—all the royal family in two large pews upstairs; the King, Queen and Princess Victoria in one, the Prince and Princess of Wales and all their children in another. We were downstairs. It was nice to see all the head servants file in. The housekeepers looked so respectable in their black dresses and white caps. The service was not very long, the singing very good—the choir boys from St. George's—and an interesting short sermon from the bishop. We went straight in to lunch after service—were very numerous—three round tables. We loitered a little in the drawing-room afterwards, and Colonel Frederick asked me if I would like to go to the evening service at St. George's Chapel at five o'clock. I accepted gladly and he gave me the rendezvous at a quarter to five in the gallery. I must say that Lord Farquhar and Colonel Frederick do all they can to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of the guests of the castle.

I had some little difficulty in getting back to my apartment. I hadn't got halfway down the gallery when I saw all the royal family just coming out of their private dining room—the oak room where we used to dine with Queen Victoria—and standing talking at the door. I didn't like to invade their circle and waited at a little distance, looking at the miniatures—there is always

(Continued on Page 64)


MONDAY
This is the way we wash our clothes,
wash our clothes, wash our clothes
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning
TUESDAY
This is the way we iron our clothes,
iron our clothes, iron our clothes,
This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.

Children still sing it

—but mothers no longer live it

Remember, back in your school days, how lustily you sang that old song of the domestic calendar? Remember how energetically you pantomimed the tasks of each day?

And while you at school were singing and gesturing, your mother at home was actually living that song—washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, and so through the week to baking on Saturday —doing a definite task every day.

In fact there was no escape from it. Outside help, such as the bakery and laundry furnish today, was not then available. Some schedule was necessary in order to get all the work done.

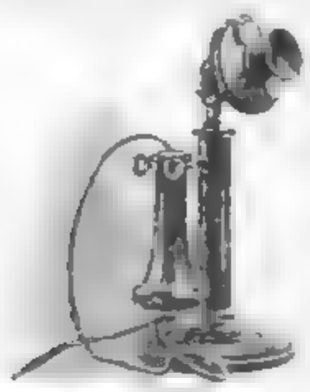
But as modern institutions and inventions appeared, women were gradually freed from the "task-a-day" custom. The bakery banished "baking day." Improved cleaning methods hastened the death of a set "cleaning day." Then the laundry did away with the "Monday-washday" habit.

Today there are five washdays instead of one. Today hundreds of thousands of women use Thursday or Friday as washday. Other hundreds of thousands use Tuesday or Wednesday, while some still cling to the ancient practice of having the washing done on Monday.

The result is not only a new convenience, but better and prompter work, a greater variety of services, and even lower prices. Women have been well repaid for sending their bundles on different days.

Below are described six improved services that laundries offer. Among them are helps for every family's needs, for every family's purse. Some laundries give all of them; all laundries some of them, or equivalent services under other names.

Today—choose your service. Then phone one of the modern laundries in your town to send for your bundle.



Prim-Prest

A finer laundry service. Everything washed in the purest of rain-soft water and mild suds, everything beautifully ironed, ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

Ho-mestic

A most acceptable medium-priced ironed service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed, but because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels are fluffed dry ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

Float-Ironed

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home.

Thrif-T-service

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds, and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

(Continued from Page 62)

something to see. However, the Queen saw me and made me a sign to come and join them.

She put her hands on the shoulders of a lady who was standing with her back to us and turned her round, saying, "This is Louise"—Duchess of Fife "I am sure you would not have recognized her."

She looked delicate certainly, but not nearly so tired as I expected to see her after such a severe illness. She was always slight, not at all robust looking as a girl. She has grown very like the Queen -the same small head and pretty smile. I was very pleased to see her again.

Fife, too, came up and we had quite a talk. He recalled old days when W. used to play tennis at Sheen, in his private court. I went with him often, for the drive, and have lounged away many a summer afternoon there, sitting under the trees, half reading, half dreaming, until W. finished his game.

The Princess of Wales asked me if I would like to join them in the library; they had given rendezvous to Mr. Fortescue at three o'clock. She would like to show me some of her mother's things which had been brought there. I had just time to go upstairs and talk to the page about my boys, who were to arrive at 4:30 from Eton. He assured me that all the orders had been given and a man posted downstairs at the door to bring them up to my rooms, as the young gentlemen would never find their way alone. He also asked if they were to have tea with me or downstairs, as he must order plenty of cakes if they were to have tea with me.

"Young gentlemen mostly like sweeties."

We had a delightful afternoon in the library, looking at all the treasures. Some of the books look so old one is afraid to touch them, and it is certainly wise to keep them under glass. We went downstairs, where I had not been before, to look at the prints. Some of the old English ones were most curious. I had to leave at 4:30 to look after my boys. They were just coming upstairs as I arrived. We had a little talk; I showed them my rooms and the pictures in the sitting room, and then I had to go down to the gallery to meet Colonel Frederick. I asked them if they would like to go to St. George's Chapel, but they were not at all enthusiastic at that idea, so Colonel Frederick arranged with one of the men that they should be taken over the state apartments and the armory while we were at church, and I gave them rendezvous in the anteroom downstairs at six o'clock.

Happy Young Visitors

Colonel Frederick and I walked through a great many rooms and across the Quadrangle to the chapel. The inner chapel was almost dark, lighted only by tapers, which made a sort of darkness—visible. We could just see the splendid carving of stalls and pulpit. There were very few people—the singing quite beautiful, the boys' young voices rising up in the dark spaces overhead. It was very impressive and devotional. It rained quite hard when we came home and I thought I must go upstairs and change my dress before getting my boys, but the servant said to me, "The young gentlemen are already at tea, madame," so I went straight to the drawing-room and found my two sitting quite happily at the tea table, between Lady Alice Stanley and Gay Edwardes, eating unlimited cakes and jam and not at all shy. They were quite delighted with their afternoon; had seen the state apartments, the armory and the big tiger skin. The little one said he would snoot a much bigger one when he was a man. We got them off about 6:30 and then I lingered a few minutes in the gallery with the Princess of Wales, who was there with her children. The charades were finished, but we had a fine game of stage coach—so funny when one of the boys was telling the story.

Lady Alice Stanley told me the court was to go out of mourning tonight, as it was the German Emperor's birthday. I crossed Prince Charles as I was going down to my rooms. He was walking about the gallery, looking at everything. He told me it was the first time he had been at Windsor and he found it a magnificent royal residence—first, the outside so imposing and grand, and then the quantities of beautiful things inside. The lighting seemed to strike him very much, and it is wonderfully well done. Not only the big pictures and cabinets but the smaller bronzes and miniatures stand out so well. It is a splendid *cadre* for all the dresses, jewels and uniforms.

When I came down to dinner some of the princes were already assembled in the gallery, waiting to come in with the court: Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Prince Charles and one or two young ones. All the men in black evening dress, with the German ribbon. I like the entrée of the court so much. It is very stately and royal, and King Edward and the Queen have a charming, gracious manner. Prince Louis of Battenberg took me in to dinner and I had Haldane, the Minister of War, on the other side. The table was quite beautiful. A splendid gold service, salt cellars as big as soup tureens, blue Sèvres and quantities of flowers. Prince Louis talked a great deal about America, from where he has just come; said he had never seen so many pretty women or so many diamonds as in the New York opera house. Haldane was charming—talked about anything and everything, from Schopenhauer and German philosophy and poetry to the last French novel. The talk was very animated all round the table.

At dessert the King rose and in a very few words proposed the Emperor's health, wishing him many more years of health and prosperity. Everyone stood and drank his German majesty's health in champagne, and the music played God Save the King.

The Chef and His Realm

The evening was pleasant. No bridge, but it was not at all stiff. Everyone moved about. I had quite a talk with Princess Christian, who invited me to lunch with her tomorrow—the King and Queen were coming. I was amused with Prince Charles. He was very polite and very easy, but he was quite taken up with the rooms and the quantities of pictures and miniatures that are scattered about—much more than with the guests, though they were most interesting; all the leading men of the day, some ministerial, some in the opposition. There are many family portraits in the drawing-rooms, some charming royal children. The children's pictures all over Windsor are lovely—almost always with an animal, dog or pony. There is a sweet little girl in one of the rooms—in the Queen's apartment, I think—sitting on the ground with her arms around a dog's neck.

We broke up early—about 11:30—the ladies, as usual, all going first together, saying good night to the King at the door. Eugénie could hardly undress me when I came up, she had so much to say about her afternoon. She and Joseph had been all over the kitchens with the chef. He knows our chef and was very civil to my servants. She says the chef is quite a bourgeois, has sixty people under him and a very pretty apartment with a private office, where he has a large writing table, "*tout à fait le bureau d'un homme d'affaires*," with telegraph and telephone, so that he can order whatever he wants as quickly as possible. He never touches a dish himself; has two excellent premiers; merely superintends and orders everything, and is always present when the meals are served so as to see for himself that everything is properly done. I must say the result is wonderful. The meals are excellent, served very hot and very quickly. We were forty people every night for dinner, to say nothing of the numerous other repasts—breakfasts, luncheons and teas—that were always going on. Eugénie says the chef has quantities of medals and presents from the various royalties who have stayed at Windsor—scarf-pins, studs, sleeve buttons, most of them with precious stones—*des bijoux superbes*. He also took them to see the dinner table, which they described—Joseph was waiting, too, to tell me all they had seen and to know at what time we were to leave tomorrow—as something fairylike. Had madame noticed the *bouts de table* and the way the wreaths were put around the candelabra and the beautiful tablecloth, like satin? They were quite awe-struck by all they had seen. I should like, myself, to have seen the kitchens and the stables, but I had not time. We were out so much and there was so much to see in the castle.

MONDAY, twenty-eighth. This is my last day at Windsor. I was to have gone this morning, but the King asked me to stay over till tomorrow and go up with the court in their special train. The Harcourts, whom he knew I should like to meet, come tonight; also John Burns, the Labor candidate. I went with Colonel Frederick this morning to the mausoleum where Queen Victoria is buried by the side of the Prince Consort. We drove over and I walked home by Frogmore, the Prince of Wales' place. The tomb stands very high; the two figures in white marble rest on a sarcophagus of dark gray and black marble, Prince Albert in uniform. The walls and ceiling are very richly decorated—a mass of color. In the same building is a monument to Princess Alice of Hesse, a pretty group of mother and child. Near the entrance on one side is a fine statue, placed there by Queen Alexandra in memory of Queen Victoria. The Queen always speaks of Queen Victoria with the greatest love and respect—says she was such a good mother and good friend to her from the first moment she arrived in England.

It was a pretty walk home across the park. We didn't go into Frogmore, but through the windows I saw a fine hall. The house seemed comfortable; has always been a royal residence. The castle looked very fine as we came up to it on that side. It is an enormous pile, with so many towers and gateways and terraces and courtyards that it is very difficult to get an idea of the whole building. I waited for the royal party, as usual, at the foot of their private staircase. I motored over to Cumberland Lodge with the Queen. I am getting very fond of the little yellow motor that flies along the roads so quickly and smoothly. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria followed in their motor.

Cumberland Lodge is a charming, old-fashioned, low house, covered with ivy. Princess Christian was waiting for us with her daughter and lady in waiting and very soon the sportsmen arrived. The dining room was rather dark; a long room with windows at one end only; but the place has a certain *cachet* of its own—looks unlike anything else. The drawing-room is a pretty room, long and narrow, with big windows that look out on the park and avenues. All the Windsor places have such beautiful green surroundings, as if they had been put down anywhere in the forest, and then a space cleared.

Old Friends

We did not make a very long turn this afternoon. I think the Queen was a little tired and wanted to rest for the evening. I was delighted to have a quiet hour in my beautiful little sitting room before tea. It looked so comfortable and warm when I came in—it is still very cold—bright lights and a good fire and quite a pile of letters and papers on the table. The page asked me if I was tired and would like to have tea upstairs, but I preferred going down. I like the tea hour; it is so easy, and everybody tells what they have been doing all day. I was pleased to find the Harcourts there. I knew they were coming to dine and sleep, and I was very much pleased when the King asked me to stay over and see them.

I am writing by fits and starts. It is not easy to find the time. I went to the Harcourts' rooms and sat some time with them before dinner. I was delighted to see Loulou again. I had not seen him for years—not since he was quite a young man. I must say I found the young couple most attractive, so simple and intelligent and interested in everything, and so perfectly happy and contented with their lives. He is a very busy man and May is very keen about politics.

Our last evening was very pleasant. I sat next to King Edward at dinner, and was very sorry it was my last evening in that beautiful dining room. It is impossible to imagine a more perfect host than King Edward. It is not only that he always has something kind and gracious to say to all his guests, but he makes it so easy for everyone to talk to him. One of the most interesting guests tonight was John Burns. He has an intelligent, powerful face, with fine, deep-set eyes. He sat opposite to me at dinner and I had quite time to study his face. He looked at his ease and was talking a good deal to his neighbors. It seems he was a great radical not so many years ago and made violent speeches against all the royal family. One would not think so today. He was perfectly well dressed and didn't seem at all overpowered by the pomp and state at Windsor, though he had never been there before. I fancied he started slightly at the first strains of the bagpipes. There was a rumor that he would not wear breeches and silk stockings, but he had them on, just like all the other men. I had a little talk with him after dinner, but he wanted to speak to the Prince of Wales on some business matter, so it was really too short for me to have any impression of him. I noticed him at intervals during the evening and I think he was very pleased to be at Windsor. He must have been satisfied with his reception, as everyone was charming to him. I should think the man was very masterful and would not easily be dissuaded from carrying out any scheme or idea he had at heart.

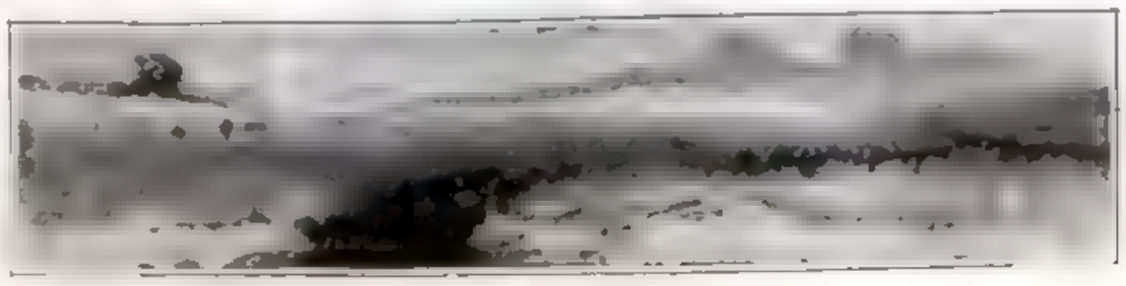
Last Hours at Windsor

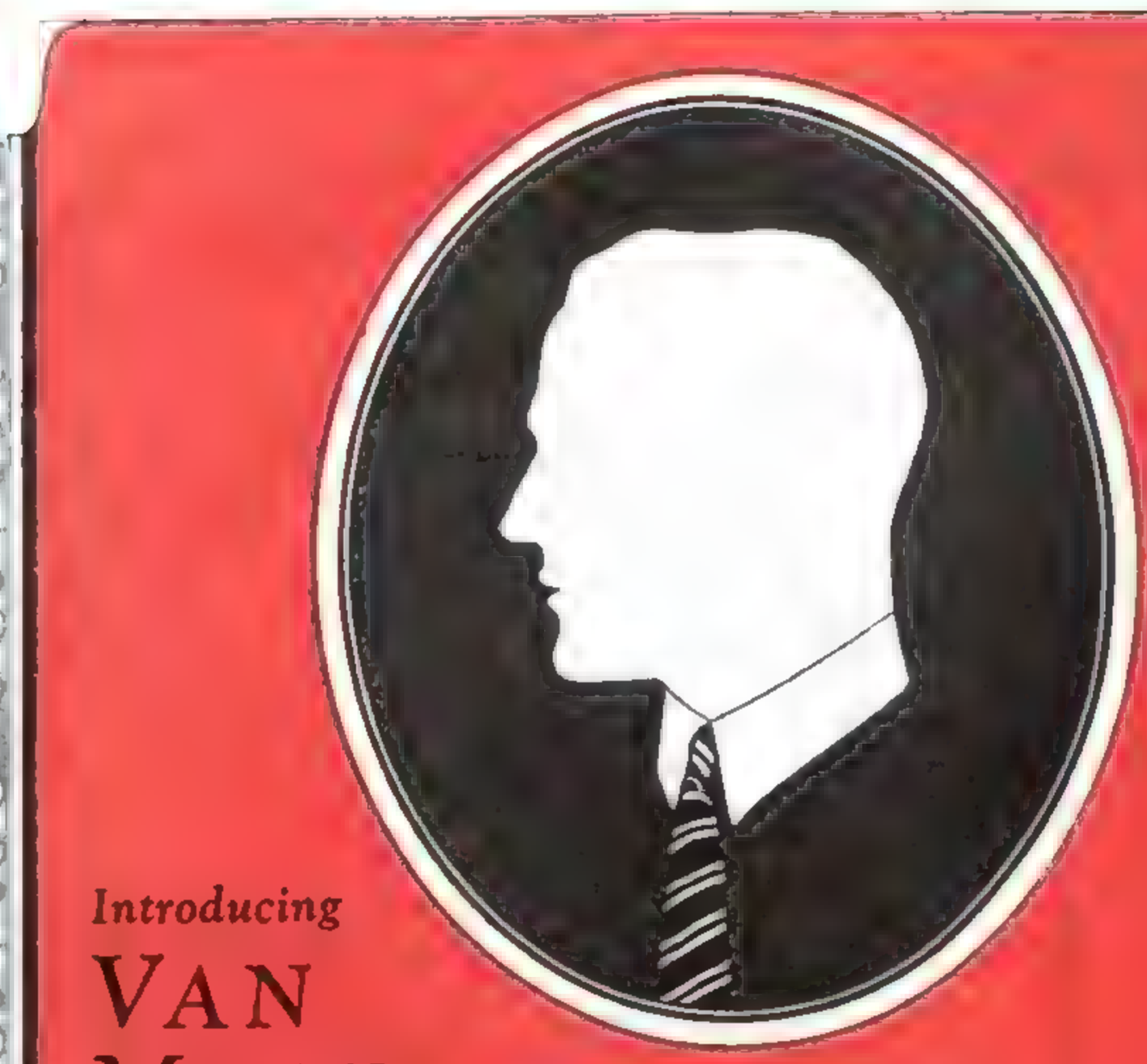
I found plenty of people to talk to: among others, Sir Walter Parratt, organist of St. George's Chapel. We talked music, of course, and I told him how beautiful his Bach prelude sounded on Sunday in the quiet dark chapel. The King and Queen played bridge. May Harcourt played at the King's table and Loulou with the Queen. That seemed a less serious game—what I should call conversational bridge. I talked a little while with the Princess of Wales, who never plays bridge. We spoke about old times at White Lodge and the delightful Sunday afternoon teas under the big tree in the garden. She said I must come to lunch with her in London and she would show me her rooms at Marlborough House and all the changes they had made.

TUESDAY, twenty-ninth. This is my last letter from Windsor. It is a bright sunny day. The place looks beautiful. All the morning, carriages and omnibuses, with piles of luggage, have been rumbling through the gateway and dashing down the Slope. The court leaves today at twelve o'clock. Their stay at Windsor for the winter season is finished. Squads of Grenadiers are marching up and down the Quadrangle. The music is not playing for the moment and the little drummers are standing motionless beside their big drums. In the distance one hears the word of command. The page has looked after me until the last moment. He has ordered an omnibus for me at Paddington and sent a registered letter to America—didn't think Joseph could manage it, remarking casually, "French servants aren't much good, leastways out of France." I have just been summoned, so must leave this and finish my letter from London.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL. The departure from Windsor was a pretty sight. When I went down I found all the ladies waiting in the gallery. The courtyard was most animated; six or eight carriages with gray horses and postilions waiting, mounted grooms moving about. I got into the first carriage—open—with Lady Alice Stanley. It is about two minutes' drive to the station. All Windsor was out—soldiers, police and *badauds* halfway down the Slope; all the officials and various officers waiting on the platform; the red carpet down. In a few minutes their majesties arrived in a shut carriage—postilions and outriders. They were received by all the functionaries and household and the train started at once. I traveled with the household in the compartment next to the King and Queen. They told me at a certain moment to look at the royal standard on the top of the Round Tower. Just as the train passes out of Windsor town limits the standard is hauled down and for half an hour, until the King reaches London, his standard floats nowhere in England, as the King is traveling.

I hurried out of the carriage at Paddington to take leave of their majesties and to say how much I had enjoyed every minute of my stay at Windsor. The King said it was not good-by but au revoir, as he would certainly see me before I left England.





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A New, Somewhat Higher FALL VAN HEUSEN

THOUSANDS of VAN HEUSEN wearers who have favored the VAN JACK with its narrow front and its light touch of formality, will welcome VAN MEAD, which has the same lines as VAN JACK but is built slightly higher for Autumn wear.

VAN HEUSEN

the World's Smartest COLLAR

50¢

ASK YOUR haberdasher to spread a VAN HEUSEN on the counter. You will note how beautifully simple it is. No bands or seams.

The VAN HEUSEN, woven in a single curved piece in the loom, needs no bands to make it fit, and therefore has no seams. That is why the VAN HEUSEN is so smooth around the neck. There is but one thickness of material, without any lining to wrinkle, blister or buckle.

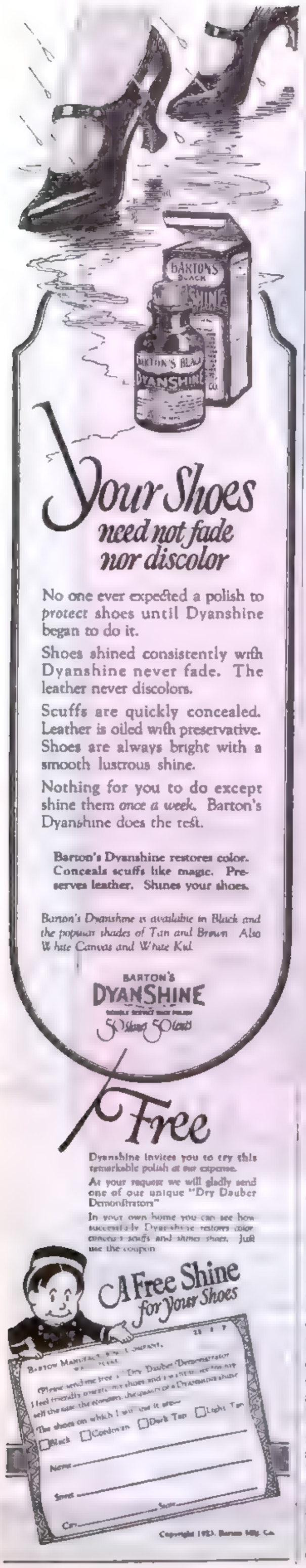
In ordinary collars the fold is produced by pressing with a heated iron; but in the VAN HEUSEN the fold is *woven* into it, which makes a natural division in the one-piece fabric. The collar "folds itself," as it were.

The VAN HEUSEN Collar is correct for all occasions —formal and informal—and yet has a graceful naturalness because it is laundered entirely without starch. Its trim and stylish appearance is *woven* into it. Not starched or ironed into it.

Your haberdasher will explain that the VAN HEUSEN, made of a special, multi-ply fabric, needs no starch to give it crispness and, being bandless and seamless, will never wilt or buckle.

Then you will know why the VAN HEUSEN, at 50c, is the world's most comfortable and smartest collar.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



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Shoes shined consistently with Dyanshine never fade. The leather never discolors.

Scuffs are quickly concealed. Leather is oiled with preservative. Shoes are always bright with a smooth lustrous shine.

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Barton's Dyanshine restores color. Conceals scuffs like magic. Preserves leather. Shines your shoes.

Barton's Dyanshine is available in Black and the popular shades of Tan and Brown. Also White Canvas and White Kid.

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5¢ Shines 50 Pairs

Free

Dyanshine invites you to try this remarkable polish at our expense.

At your request we will gladly send one of our unique "Dry Dauber Demonstrators"

In your own home you can see how successfully Dyanshine restores color conceals scuffs and shines shoes. Just use the coupon

A Free Shine for Your Shoes

Barton Manufacturing Company,
Please send me free a "Dry Dauber Demonstrator"
I feel friendly toward your shoes and I want to see for myself the same thing happen on a Dyanshine shine
The shoes on which I will use it are
☐Black ☐Cordovan ☐Dark Tan ☐Light Tan
Name
Street
City State

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MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 23

character. You are constantly under the strain of holding fast to your poor old indignant integrity against the odds of youth. I suppose this is why college communities are the oldest, most patient and the most righteously cynical people in the world. The very girls of it get to be widows before they are twenty without ever having been married, because they have had so many lovers who passed on without being deceased.

In Oxford we lived in a state of outraged piety on account of what the students had done to us or the town, or to Few's monument on the campus the night before. We were the butt of every joke they could perpetrate. We had to be temperate in everything except our tempers and our tongues, because young men who drank were expelled from the college. The W. C. T. U. was a fiercely strong organization. I remember a certain meeting we had in which some of the students were invited to take part. A pale sweet girl recited a poem, the refrain of which was, "Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine."

When she sat down a tall, red-headed young student was called upon to speak. It was expected that he would make a manly response to the sentiment just expressed by the young lady. He stood up, folded his hands low down in front of him with an agonized twisting of his fingers, bowed his head, shook it sadly, heaved his breast as if strong emotions gripped him, and remained silent so long that some of us were moved to tears. We thought he might be a secret drunkard brought to repentance. Finally he seemed to get command of himself. He lifted his head, swept the feminine part of the audience with a look of proud virtue often tried, and exclaimed in a firm voice:

"I can say with the poet, 'Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine,'" and sat down.

We endured much of a similar nature from these youngsters, who were in that mischievous period of masculine adolescence. We were obliged to love them and bear with them for Jesus' sake, and frequently said so; but we often hated them cordially from our own human sense of outraged justice. The result was warped characters that made us queer.

I could write an album of pictures of us in those days. The old bachelor and his two spinster sisters who lived in a tall white house. He was a lawyer by profession and a poet by intention; also an author. He wrote a novel of the Civil War which was a feat in American literature that has never been surpassed. He mounted all his characters in the first chapter on horseback and kept them riding hard to the end of the story, which covered five years. It seems that he himself had belonged to a cavalry regiment and knew by experience how long a man could keep in the saddle. His sisters had never changed the style of their dress since the Civil War. The eldest wore an iron-gray curl down her back, with the remainder of her hair tucked up. The other wore all her curls down, at the age of sixty.

This old gentleman called on us every Sunday afternoon for ten years. He was devoted to little Faith. On Christmas Eve he would appear at the Santa Claus hour, bringing a small sawdust doll with a china head that had been dressed ante-bellum style from some scrap of his sisters' prewar frocks. He had a good, kind, homely face, but I shall never forget the villainous look he used to have, bending over Faith's bulging stocking hung beside the fireplace. He would be hunched up, knees bent, on tiptoes, casting a wary eye at her asleep in the crib as he stuffed that doll in the top of the stocking, gave it a welcoming tilt forward with outstretched arms and spread the voluminous skirts till they stood out like a tiny yellow balloon figured with roses. Then he craved the favor of being present the next morning when the child should awaken and find her stocking. So we had to be ready to let him in at daybreak, in time to see Faith whisk out of bed in her nighty and fly to her treasures. What a scene! Shrieks of joy, Faith dancing with the doll in one hand and holding fast to the old colonel's hand with the other. He is gone long since, and the sisters, both laid away in their fine 1858 party frocks. What quaint figures they must make in heaven if there are wings to correspond to our earthly fashions! If there are any small angels there the old colonel will be in his glory no matter how dim a crown he wears.

The Oxford shoemaker literally made shoes and was a philosopher with a spark of wit. I remember what he said about Father Branham's shoes. Father Branham was a very old Methodist preacher, retired many years ago, a kind saint who would come and have prayers with you as if he were still your pastor. Maybe he had walked too much on his Lord's business; anyhow, his feet were bad. The shoemaker said the soles of his shoes inside resembled a map of the Rocky Mountains, so many places must be hollowed out to fit his calluses.

In the very heart of the town lived an old man who took to his bed for twenty years because the world did not appreciate him. He said he was "a bright star revolving in the dust," pulled the covers over his head and let it go at that.

In a fine old white house the son of a famous scientist lived with his numerous family and his boarders. I do not remember that this man ever did anything or said anything or made the least impression on the community until one day he wrote a poem—a good one, you understand, with notes in it as sweet and high as a lark's song. Then he fared forth and put the rest of us in our place, which was in the rear. Never from that day did he notice any man. He was exalted.

I always thought it was strange that he wrote no more poetry, because the thing he had done was his own and attracted favorable comment when it was published in one of the best magazines.

Somewhere in one of the circuit-rider stories there is a sort of interpretation of Doctor Ed. He lived in Oxford now and then, white and shriven by his one sin of intemperance. He was a brilliant and successful physician at times. His great gift, however, was his instinct of peace and good will to men. He made no distinction between the good and the bad. I suppose he forgave more saints on account of their harsh criticisms of him than the Lord himself could countenance. When one of us would be dying Doctor Ed was always called in, not to consult about our case; but his office would be to tell us, prepare us for the cold chill of death, because he could pass us on to our Lord with no jarring of our mortal nerves. He seemed to stand like heavenly medicine between us and the last wild terrors of life when we were too weak and hurried to bear them. He was ill a long time before his own release came, and bore his suffering with a strange patience, as if this pain might be his atonement. He wished for eternal life, but I doubt if he expected it to be pleasant. His entrance into heaven must have been a great surprise to him. Sometimes now when I think of him I cannot help hoping the waters of the River of Life may be mildly stimulating.

We had our middle-aged meddlers and a few cloven-hoofed saints. I remember one. He was always calling down the vials of wrath upon somebody. I do not know if you have observed this fact. Very few men, even the worst, ever speak critically of God, but a good many of us call upon Him to curse somebody else. This old man belonged to that class. He prayed earnestly for the punishment of the wicked. The queer thing was that he died happy in the assurance of his own salvation. If he ever meets Doctor Ed in paradise there will be something doing, or I am no judge of spiritual bodies that have been delivered from the flesh that led them into temptation.

I am skipping many pictures in this Oxford album, but there are two old faces that must shine here. They had been married a long time. You had the feeling that even death could not part them. They lived near the campus, and were different from the rest of us, because they never talked about anybody. For all they knew, the earth represented the fullness of the Lord, and the world of men was a good one. He had a fine, keen eye in his old withered face and always went about one-sided, with his elbow crooked from having walked so much with his little old wife clinging to his arm. She had a heavy iron-gray mustache, I remember, and the kindest expression. These two people never went about doing good, but goodness emanated from them as light flows from two elderly stars on a dark night.

I must not forget Mr. George, who had been blind from his youth and who was the best farmer in that section. I suppose he was the only living man who knew every step of the streets, roads and fields about Oxford by heart. He went everywhere alone, popping his cane on the ground in front of him, testing the depth of the plowing, and measuring the growth of his corn and cotton with this stick. He was always cheerful and asked no favors, although he might have commanded the eyesight of everybody in town.

Finally there was Brother Lonyers' dog. Lonyers was the official drayman of the town, but his little dog was a prominent citizen. He was not only a volunteer member of the town council every time it met, he was a faithful attendant upon all church services, and used to sneak up to sit among the trustees of the college during commencement exercises. Never shall I forget the night a gangling, red-headed sophomore strode upon the rostrum to declaim The Convict's Dream. His voice was melancholy, his gestures woeful. The little dog, curled under the chair of a trustee seated at the back of the stage, heard and was moved. He uncurled, pricked his ears, listened, caught sight of the speaker. Ah, here was a man in pain and needing sympathy! He crept forth, tail between his legs, sat down a short distance behind the declaimer, watched him a moment, then keened his nose and let out a piercing long-drawn howl. Never did a dreamer have a ruder awakening. He leaped violently into the air, shot one glance behind him and fled. That was the most realistic performance I ever witnessed on the stage.

Oxford had a spiritual mania for prayer meetings. The whole town steamed with religious fervor. Even the students were affected. Still, we produced a normal amount of human heinousness. I have no idea of the impression I produced upon this community. Now and then someone who has not seen me since those old days appears and begins to tell me something I did or said that does not sound like me, and is rarely so complimentary as the thoughts I can think of myself. But let that go. I confess to being a trifle remiss in attendance upon the prayer meetings. I was at last a free moral agent and desired to exercise this liberty.

What I remember most vividly is Lundy's pacing back and forth in his library or behind the house in the cow pasture, memorizing his Greek text for the next day. He would never use a book in the classroom. Ten years after he had resigned this professorship in Emory College and had given up the study of Greek he lay in a hospital delirious with fever, chanting page after page of Homer's Iliad. Give him an anæsthetic for no more than the extracting of a tooth and he was immediately changed to a joyful pagan, with all the poetry of the ancient Greeks on the tip of his tongue. Not a word about his Lord and Savior; not a prayer; but the roll and rumble of this great poetry. But let him come to his right senses and he was at once concerned for some gift from his Jehovah God.

He became a great preacher at Oxford. I do not know how this was, because I still have those sermons; but when I read them they are strangely ponderous, not at all like the winged and sublime discourses he made them by delivery. He always memorized these too. He could commit to memory in an hour a sermon that would require thirty minutes to deliver. This was an amazing performance. He would lay the pages down somewhere and pace them off, so to speak, step sedately back and forth, head thrown back, face lifted as if at a time like this he preferred to look his Maker squarely in the heavens. Not a word escaped his lips, not a gesture. Presently it would be done. Then he would retire to pray, which was a far more anxious business.

We were happy in Oxford because he was too much divided between his Greek and his religion to concentrate as formerly upon the Holy Ghost. Maybe he did not feel so much the burden of souls. His conscience took another turn, that of imouing brand-new American youths with a love and knowledge of Greek. There is many a man in the South today who knows he did it.

The years passed. Faith grew more and more into the likeness and image of her

(Continued on Page 68)

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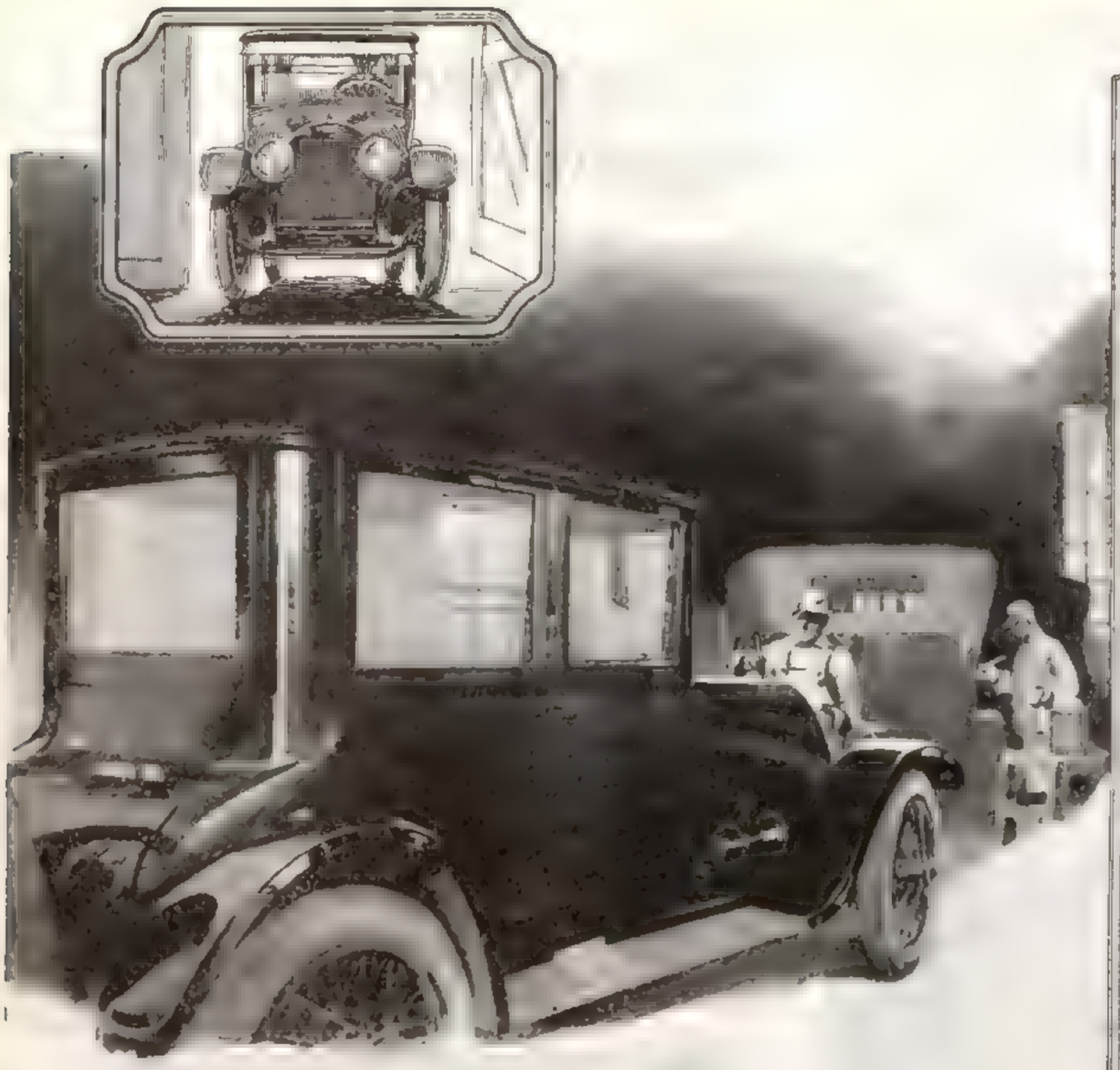

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You get back from the paint shops what is to all eyes a new car—the same old familiar performance plus a brilliant new surface

FROM every point of view a professional painter's custom finish on your car is worth every dollar it costs. The investment always shows a profit if you sell; it brings a high offer when "trading in" and, if you decide to keep it yourself, you will have a new car—plus the same snappy motor, the same easy-handling chassis and the same familiar riding comfort.

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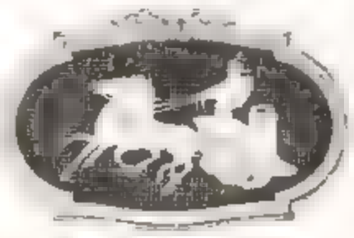

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"Save the surface and you save all"

(Continued from Page 66)

father. The relation between them was intimate. She had a large mind for adventure. For example, having heard of lions she desired to hunt these beasts. For some strange reason Lundy was not hidebound in his veracity to this child. He went so far as to take her lion hunting. I can see her maybe four years old, wearing a red hood and coat, going off with him one winter afternoon on this thrilling expedition. He carried her on one arm and his gun on the other shoulder. I brought up the rear, being no more than dragoman of this expedition. We came to the edge of the town where there was a shallow brook running across the road into a dense wood.

Suddenly Lundy set Faith upon her feet in the road, assumed a sneaking pose, cocked his gun, cut his eye at her and said "Hist!"

Faith clasped her hands and histed with ecstasy.

"Do you see the lion, daddy?" she whispered, face lifted, eyes on him in whom she placed all her trust.

"I smell him!" he muttered savagely.

She perked up her nose and sniffed. Yes, she smelt a lion!

Meanwhile, he was creeping nearer the beast with such exaggerated genuflections that I grew weak with silent laughter. No fear on the part of Faith. Her father was omnipotent. No lion could touch him.

Suddenly there was a loud report, a blinding flash and Faith's father in hot pursuit of the wounded lion. "Bang! Bang!" went the gun again as he disappeared in the forest.

Faith merely turned very red with courage and would have followed if I had not held her back from the shallow stream. I wondered how her father would face her without so much as the tail of this lion. But he knew the quality of his child better than I did.

Presently he appeared upon the edge of the woods, walking rapidly toward us with the air of a victorious Nimrod, but minus any carcass. Faith did not observe this omission. She tattooed with her feet upon the frozen ground and smacked her hands.

"I shot him, Faith! He will die later!" he shouted.

She was satisfied with this explanation. What she wanted, I believe, was not the lion but to know that her father could kill one anywhere if he chose to do so.

For a time he had full possession of Faith, and I must say that he was more of a Greek than a father in his relations to her. When she was five years old she could recite the twelve labors of Hercules with astonishing histrionic effect, and she could print in straggling letters the first Latin declension on the floor with matches. He read a huge biography of Napoleon Bonaparte to her before she was six years old. She was so much excited by Napoleon's campaign in Egypt that she would get up in her sleep, stand upon her pillow and shout, "Asses and savants to the center!" You will recall that all the wise men and donkeys were ordered to the center of Napoleon's famous hollow-square formations when the enemy was about to attack.

This was too much, and I was obliged to rescue her from her father's intellectual clutch. But there was no way of making an ordinary child of her. She invariably changed my wisdom to mockery, not intentionally, but with a sort of merry originality that was characteristic of her.

It may be that her father considered a man's and a priest's religion too stern for her. In any case, I was allowed to conduct her spiritual education. I did this in secret, much as I prayed certain confidences to the Lord about Lundy. I was careful to call her attention to how much her heavenly Father had done for her, what tremendous provisions He had made for our peace and happiness. Therefore, I explained, it was grasping and ungrateful to be always nagging and praying to Him for something else; that this was a frightful fault of Christian people. She must always pray to Him cheerfully and thankfully, but never to demean herself by becoming a sniveling beggar on her knees to God. And by way of illustration I used to get down on my knees occasionally when Lundy was nowhere about and pray a cheerful, happy prayer, with Faith squatting beside me and peeping through her fingers at me.

All went well until a certain night when she fairly lifted the hair on her father's head with one of these communions with the Lord. She was ready for bed, a small figure in a long white gown, and her hair plaited in two thin pigtails. She whisked back and knelt as usual beside her bed. Presently we heard the most entrancing giggles, and we could see Faith fairly wriggling with merriment through this prayer. Lundy strode across the room and stood staring down at her in the wildest moral confusion. You dare not interrupt even an infant's prayer, but the moment she stood up he caught her in his arms like a little white brand he had snatched from burning

"Faith, what were you doing?" he demanded sternly.

"I was thess telling the Lord a little joke," she answered, still smiling.

Well, she had to learn the Lord's Prayer then and there! I reckon this was all right. Still, I cannot think the Lord could have been displeased with her little joke when you consider how many thousands of years the prayer-bearing angels have had nothing so cheerful to deliver.

She started to school when she was ten years old. She wore pretty little frocks and a white Mother Goose bonnet with an embroidery frill around it, and she switched in the most exaggerated manner when she walked. This would be when she was going in the morning. When she returned in the afternoon she was frequently a scarred veteran. She had the appearance of a dainty girl child, but in this village school she proved to have the nature and fists of a boy. Once she came home stepping proudly with a scalp wound, and the same afternoon a little boy went home to his mother sadly disfigured from having been severely handled face downward on the frozen ground. She had staged the Battle of Waterloo during the noon recess. The little boy insisted upon being Napoleon Bonaparte. Very well, she would be the Duke of Wellington, Faith agreed.

From all accounts this was a drawn battle, with both the French and British armies drawn from the sixth grade, to which the two generals belonged in school. But the boy claimed the victory because he said Napoleon conquered Europe. Faith flew into the schoolroom, flung open the unabridged dictionary to the biographical supplement and proved to him in black and white not only that the Duke of Wellington won the Battle of Waterloo but that Napoleon had been seized and banished to the Isle of St. Helena. It was while she was endeavoring single-handed to carry out this last historical detail that she received the scalp wound, and he had suffered similar open-faced abrasions rather than be rolled by a girl into an adjacent brier patch.

I do not know how this happened, but she would fight for the dropping of a hat during her childhood. My belief is that she was the true Tartar descendant of her father. Lundy had a secret taste for war. But his conscience restrained him. If it had not been for the Lord he would have settled more than one score like a man instead of a Christian. Even with this handicap, I rejoice to record that a certain bishop did once back out of his presence without taking the time to turn around.

As she grew older Faith began to show qualities that she could not have inherited from such a father; a certain moral expertness in turning her corners in life neatly. What I mean is that it was difficult to overtake her in a fault. She was obedient and reverent, but if either one of us pushed her too close she would turn upon us with the bright sword of her tongue. For example, she was intelligent, not mechanical mentally. She reached her conclusions by unerring flights of inspiration. Therefore she was not good in mathematics, which is a penguin science. Partial payments, at the age of twelve, were beyond her comprehension. She adopted the simple expedient of copying the answers to these problems from the back of her arithmetic.

Her father discovered this sin and accused her. I can see her, sitting primly on the edge of an adult chair beside his desk, her blue eyes peacefully level with his, lips pressed to a proud firm line, enough color in her cheeks to show the cherry blossom, listening faultlessly while he lectured her upon the sin of dishonesty.

"Now," he concluded, "what have you to say for yourself?"

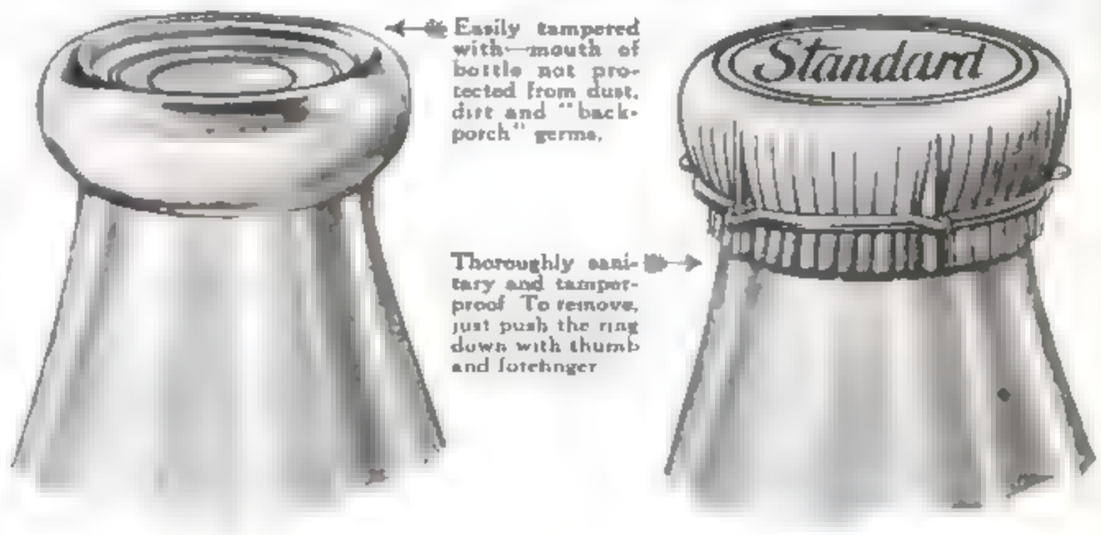
She folded her hands and drooped.

"Well, of course, I did it," she sighed.

Then before he could get in the first sentence of his atonement Gospel her little face crumpled like a rose in a rainstorm. Tears streamed, she keened her nose to the ceiling and wailed, "And oh, how terrible it must be to be the father of a child who cheats!"

Protection Now in Selected Milk

Capped with a Hooded Seal that shuts out "back-porch" germs and ladened dust on bottle tops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MILK, by its very nature, attracts germs and bacteria. It is a living food. It harbors dust and soot once in contact with it. That is why laws are so strict regarding cleanliness in dairies.

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For the Standard Hood Seal is non-replaceable. It can only be put on by special machinery at the dairy. Once removed it cannot be replaced. So you can detect any tampering.

Secondly—it is a hooded cap that comes down over the entire milk bottle top. Seals out all germ-laden dust that settles around ordinary milk caps. Thus you know that the top and pouring lip of your milk bottle is as sterile when you use it, as when it left the dairy.

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The British Government in India went to great lengths to stamp out the typhus plague. Even imported military herds to protect their milk supply. But typhus continued. Then they specified the Standard Hood Seal on milk bottles, and typhus was practically eliminated. For investigation showed that 28 bottles in every 100 were tampered with by natives.

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Now leading dairies in almost every city will cap *selected* milk and cream for you this way. With this cap the dairy will guarantee that 'certified' milk will come to your table certified' that selected milk will reach you selected, and that cream cannot be thinned.

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I would like to have my milk protected by being capped with the Standard Hood Seal.

My Dairy is_____

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"My wife helped design this Bond Bread"

AWAY in the woods for a fortnight, they were aglow with the health and joy of the outdoors. They were as hungry as bears. But the shades of night were falling, and they thought of home.

"I am glad we brought this Bond Bread along. *We* use it at our house. My wife helped design it."

They asked how that was. He told how she was one of the 43,040 housewives who submitted their home-baked loaves, in order to show us the kind of bread *they wanted*. He told how Bond Bread had been copied from the best of those home-made loaves.

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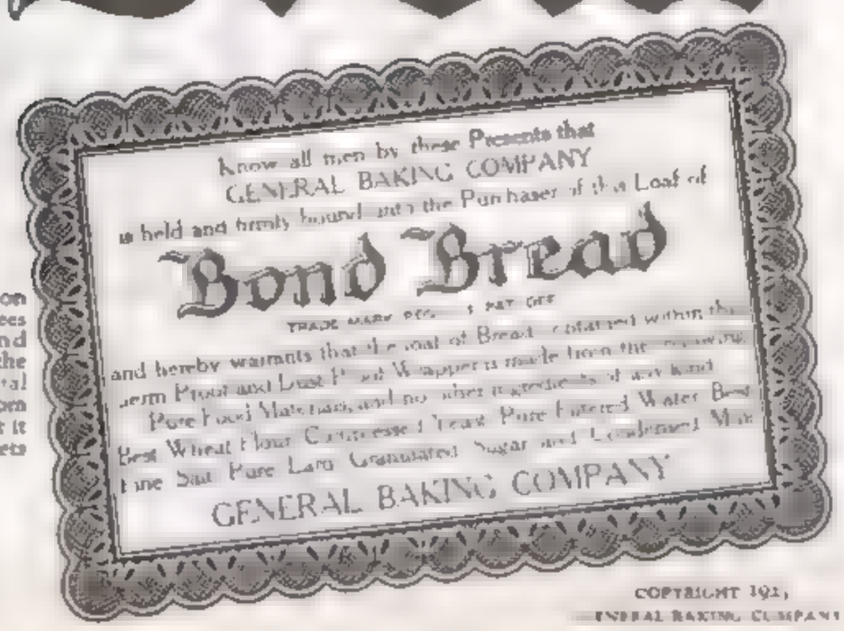
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Pure Food Materials, and no other ingredients of any kind
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He was shot to pieces. He gathered her into his arms. Never have I heard a good man fling righteousness to the wind so quickly. He perjured himself with eloquence and tenderness. What she had done was not so bad. He had himself copied whole examples when he was her age. He distinctly remembered looking in his spelling book when the teacher gave out the word "Constantinople." Practically all children did such things until they learned not to do them. He was proud to be her father. Oh, yes, he preferred it to any honor the world could bestow upon him. She was his crown and his supplement, and so on and so forth.

She could always turn him over like that, either by attacking him under the fifth rib where his affections made him vulnerable, or with some side-stepping of her feminine wit. At least she inherited her sex from me, and a certain shrewd evasion of the he-law of righteousness. I remember something Lundy said to me once when I was endeavoring to lead him out of his darkness by accounting in a purely normal way for some transgression he had committed.

"My dear," he exclaimed dolorously, "it will require all the legal talent in heaven to convict you of your sins!"

I could write an anthology of the child Faith was then. Of how she wept and rejoiced over the adventures of Christian when her father read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress aloud to her. Of how earnestly she asked the privilege of punishing herself for a fib she had told. And when she had striped her chubby bare legs with the switch, the gallant way she looked up and wanted to know if I thought that was enough punishment. I left it entirely to her own conscience.

"Well, maybe I had better switch me some more then," she decided, and did it.

Of the apples she used to steal and give to the students who passed by. Of their devotion to her. Of the time she begged to lead in family prayers and wound up her petition with, "And, O Lord, save daddy from self-righteousness." He being a preacher, I suppose, was her only justification for this calumny, because preachers were already associated in her mind with a frightfully forbidding form of righteousness. She was tender toward every living thing.

In an old chest upstairs there is a yellowed bit of paper with a pen-and-ink drawing of Faith's kitten, which died and was buried under the peach tree with much pomp and ceremony. To console her, Lundy drew this picture of the little black kitten with bulging tail, crawling with considerable animation over the barn door of paradise. On the bar above this astounding back entrance to heaven was printed "Requiescat in pace." For days Faith giggled about that kitten's arrival in paradise. She had no doubt about it. In the same chest is the little silver bracelet she won as a prize for spelling the first year she was in school; and a book on ethics she studied when she was seventeen at Goucher College—footnotes on every page, commenting upon the philosophy of Hobbes, Kant and all the rest of them, with the free, firm sweep of a young mind taking the air upon its own wings. And her first evening gown with a train; and a diary kept when she planted her first flower garden after she was married, with sentences like this in it:

"March 18th. Candytuft, petunias, mignonette in beds on left of the door. Cosmos where the rocks were. Marigolds and zinnias beside the wall. Coreopsis in bed around the old stump. Sunflowers in the garden. Grandiflora, phlox, snapdragons and four-o'clocks behind the cabin. China asters and forget-me-nots in log bed on hillside." And finally, a week later: "Planted ten thousand seeds this week, helter-skelter. The weather has turned cold. They are lying now beneath the frost like little children crying in strange beds."

What I tell you is that every seed must have come up, every plant bloomed. Never have I seen such a riot of color or Faith so happy as she was moving among these flowers, bending above them, introducing them to us by name. And now sometimes when I think of her it is not in a gilded heaven wearing wings and a crown, but bareheaded, wearing a white dress, walking lightly as she used to walk in her garden here between the rows and rows of flowers in paradise. You, my dears, who have grown to such poverty of wisdom will call this the sentimentality of illusions, but do you not envy me the confidence I have in Him that makes them? Nothing can prove the defeat of faith in immortality. But all wisdom without it is only the dull science of defeat.

Dr. Warren A. Candler was president of Emory College in those days. He has long since become a bishop. I do not like that term which is so frequently used to denote a bishop, "A prince of the church." It smacks too much of the monarchical form of our church government to suit my democratic soul, but if anybody deserves this title Bishop Candler does. He is in my opinion far and away the greatest churchman of his times. He comes as near as any mortal man ever did to being an autocrat even before the Lord. And like all truly great men, his years have sweetened him; not that I would advise anybody with less power of the Holy Ghost or wisdom of the world to tackle him. Nothing, no success, adversity or opposition, ever outwitted him.

There have been years in my life when I doubt if he would have really wanted to speak to me. I have said things abhorrent to him about our church. I may have been guilty of lese majesty more than once by a sort of inverted reference to him, and I will not claim that I felt called of God to do it. It seems to me I did it with the natural human kick of a bare-headed mind with the wind of all weather in my face. Such experiences make you a bit ferocious at times, when maybe you should have been meek. But I am not regretting anything. Now that it is all so nearly over for both of us, and since we are sitting down more with the sun on our backs, I am handing it to him. He is a great man and a good one. Nothing in this world will ever make me believe that he really accepts the Scriptures as literally as he claims to do, but he does it for the church's good and conscience' sake. I am and ever shall be teetotally against some of his methods, which were not worldly, but have smacked too much of the Old Testament Jehovah to suit my convenience spiritually.

God is certainly getting him at last. He is more of a saint and less of an orator than he used to be. He cannot catch a great audience by the neck as he used to do and shake the money and the tears out of it. The reason is he is becoming more scrupulous, the rhetorical power of the stump speaker that he used to have is passing away. Nothing else will move such a world as this, and he is drawing too near his Lord to use it. He is still rumbling, but it is like the noise Isaiah used to make when nobody paid much attention to him. He has outgrown all his worldly titles like that of bishop; he is too far up the ladder to be heard distinctly.

Heaven help us if he takes a notion to come back down and fetch another surge at this perverse generation! I do not think he has got it in him; but if he has, and decided to make the fight along evangelical lines, something would happen.

In the old days at Oxford he was in his glory. He ruled the students and the faculty with tenderness and power according to the wisdom of the Lord and his own digestion, which was not always good. I remember a terrific campaign he conducted for Christian education in this state, with ex-Senator Rebecca Felton—then Mrs. Felton—close at his heels conducting with her characteristic feminine license a similar campaign for the University of Georgia. The dust flew in Georgia. The churches' teeth chattered with horror at some of the things Mrs. Felton said, and she would say anything. She was a fearful antagonist. And that in days when women wore at least two long, full petticoats beneath their longer, fuller skirts for decency's sake and never mixed in men's affairs. Dressed like this ages ago Mrs. Felton was an advanced woman before the rest of them girded up their loins for the fray. She exercised all the privileges of her sex, espoused any cause that appealed to her, made herself at home in any political party, and has come precious near ruling the politicians of this state more than once like a schoolma'am who knew what they had been doing and would tell it for the dropping of a hat.

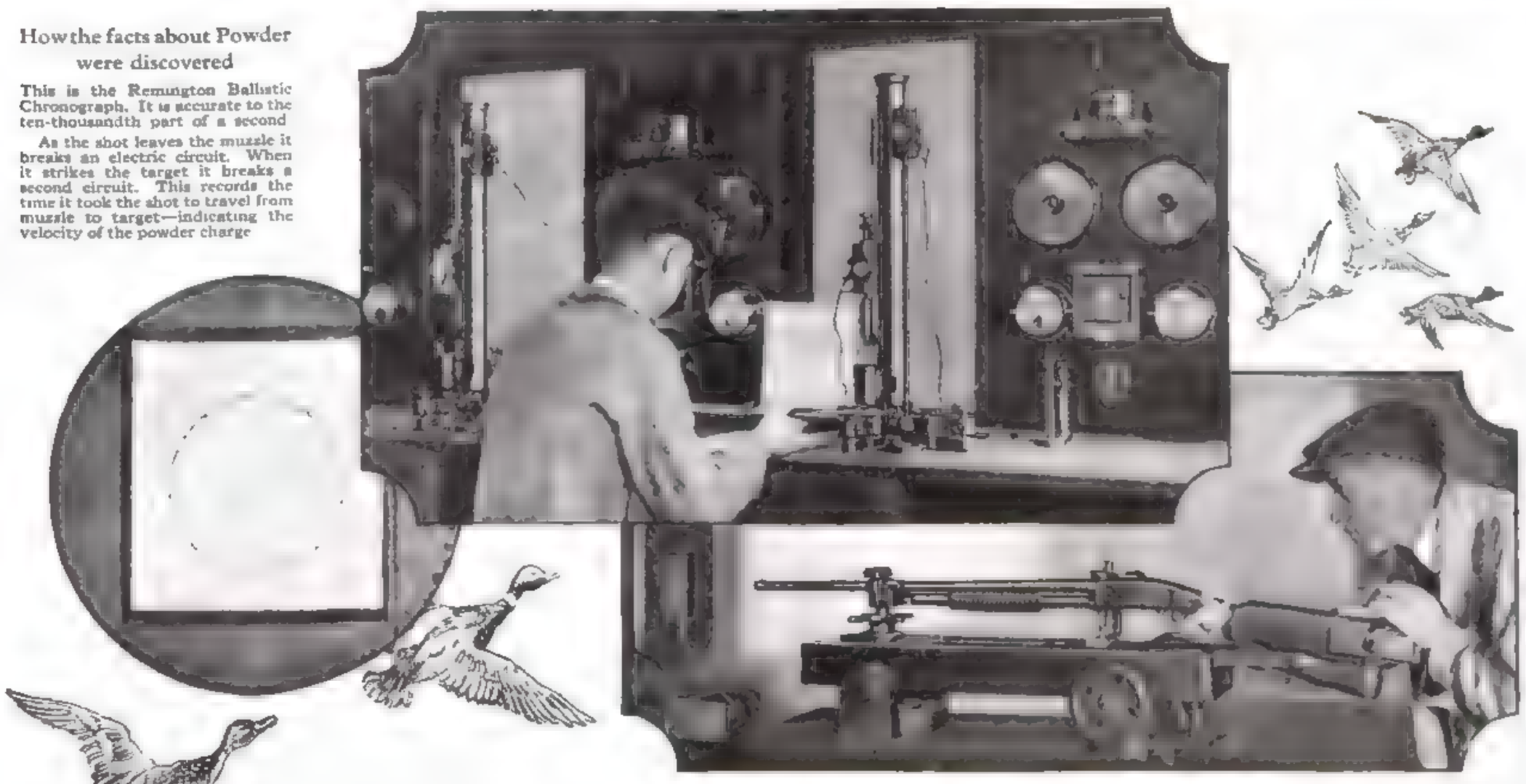
The impression at the time was that she got the better of Candler. What really happened was that he fled like a gentleman before her until she worked off her energy for the university, dropped it feminine fashion and took up something else. But Candler went on. He never stops or lets go what he sets out to do. The evidence his success may be found in the Emory University of today, built along magnificent lines in Atlanta and splendidly endowed.

(Continued on Page 72

How the facts about Powder were discovered

This is the Remington Ballistic Chronograph. It is accurate to the ten-thousandth part of a second

As the shot leaves the muzzle it breaks an electric circuit. When it strikes the target it breaks a second circuit. This records the time it took the shot to travel from muzzle to target—indicating the velocity of the powder charge



The new Remington Game Loads are the result of Important Discoveries about Powder

ABOUT two years ago we carried out a number of tests on loaded shells at our Bridgeport ballistic laboratories.

When the job was finished here's what we had found out:

A—A given weight of the same kind of powder doesn't always give the same velocity, pattern or penetration.

B—Powder varies batch by batch—even the same kind and make. One batch, for instance, gives a velocity of 925 feet per second. Another may fall as low as 840 feet per second.

C—This is nobody's fault. Powder comes that way.

D—The man who buys his shells by the weight and kind of powder, often misses a lot of game, and never knows why.

* * *

Once Remington found out these facts, the next thing was to produce shells of *uniform shooting quality*.

They created the New Remington Game Loads.

Remington Game Loads are loaded for one specific purpose—*to get the game*.

There are 28 Remington Game Loads in 12, 16 and 20 gauges.

Each is loaded to get a specific kind of game. The picture of the game is shown on the box.

Each Game Load is guaranteed by Remington to give you the *safe and uniform velocity, pattern and penetration* for the game for which the shell is loaded.

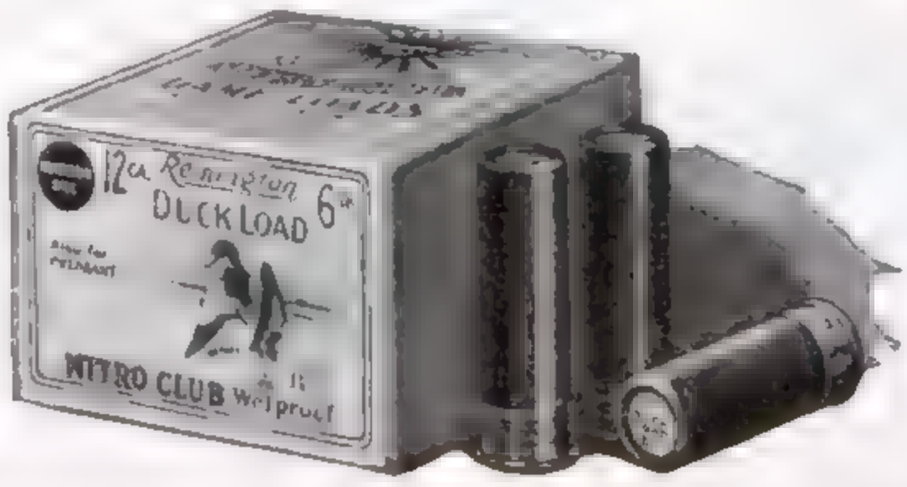
As Remington sees it—to give you these uniform results is *Remington's job*, regardless of variations in the powder.

You can be sure that you will get the *finest American powders* in Remington Game Loads. And you will get exactly the *right quantity* of powder to give you *uniform shooting quality*. Powder varies—*Remington Game Loads do not*.

Remington Game Loads are loaded exclusively in Remington "Nitro Club" Wetproof Shells. Wetproof means just what it says.

Write for Booklet A—
"The Complete Story of Remington Game Loads."

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
25 Broadway, New York
Established 1816



Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

(Continued from Page 70)

The students had their societies and fraternities at Oxford, and the women had their parlors and prayer meetings; but if you ask me, I would say without hesitation that the center of literary life there was about the stove in June Branham's store.

This was an ordinary village store stocked with everything from bacon, flour, molasses and horse collars to writing paper, peanuts, candy and whatever else appealed to the appetites and needs of hungry college boys. Late in the afternoons members of the faculty used to drop in on the pretense of purchasing a cigar, but really to sit around this stove and horn one another in arguments concerning everything from poetry and religion down to the latest novel.

One afternoon Lundy had gone in a great hurry to the post office. He must return at once; much Greek to master before the next day's recitations. It was nearly dark before he appeared in the distance, his long coattails billowing in the March wind, walking very fast, with a sort of spur-clicking step. He swung through the gate and banged it behind him.

He entered the house breezily and took no notice of my prominence there. He continued to stride up and down the room, swollen with wrath, hissing to himself, flashing ominous glances at the innocent walls of his home, snapping his fingers with a scornful gesture. I waited, knowing well that he had met somebody on the bloody sands around the stove in Branham's store where duels were fought daily between the warriors of learning.

Presently he picked up one of Kipling's books from the desk. I forget now whether it was Plain Tales From the Hills or Soldiers Three, turned the pages, found a passage, read it and muttered:

"Well, of course it is there! I never claimed that Kipling is modest. Neither is Shakspere nor Candler, for that matter. Humph!" with a nose snort that reflected upon the delicacy of Candler's genius.

"There is strength, charm and life in this thing," he exclaimed, whacking the book and glaring at me. "There is toughness, a man's fiber in his style," he went on, working his right arm back and forth at me.

"Who denies it?" I asked calmly.

"Candler. He quibbles. He is down on Kipling. Quoted me something from this last book which he considers unspeakable."

"What did he quote? Read it," I said.

"No"—with another hasty glance at the open pages—"it is not elegant; I admit it is inelegant. But the taste a man has in his mouth at times might be interpreted exactly as Kipling does it. Not a thing to say in polite society; but in a book, yes. I told him so. He couldn't see the point. When you touch one of his puritanical prejudices Candler has got a mind like a bone felon. We had some words," he said, subsiding

This is an example of what went on around that stove in Branham's store daily between certain members of the faculty, with their students ringed about at a respectful distance listening. There were scholars among them, a few learned men. But in my opinion Lundy was the only one of them who could digest learning into culture or who had any real sense of literature.

But we all had the usual provincial reverence for celebrities. Never shall I forget the occasion of Thomas Nelson Page's visit to Oxford. He delivered a lecture or gave a reading—probably the latter—from his stories, which made no impression upon me. What I remember was the scene at the Candlers' the following Sunday afternoon. The Candler home was the White House of Oxford.

We went to call on Mr. Page and found him sitting literally with his back to the wall in the parlor. He was surrounded by a wide semicircle of students sitting with their legs crossed and their eyes fixed upon him. "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note," is a quotation that occurs to me in memory of that scene; only now and then the creaking of a chair as some youth eased himself slyly to another position or changed his top leg. Mr. Page appeared to be far spent, not by conversation but by this terrific silence. Our coming roused him only for a moment. He had been literally shot to pieces for the time by the gun play of human eyes. The spell of silence ingulfed us also. This was distressing to me, because I had the manuscript of a story to discuss with him. I had never published one at this time, which is the reason I desired to show the thing to him. This strange idiocy afflicts all amateur writers and unsuccessful writers. They levy a tax of praise from their helpless friends for a thing that they either dare not submit to an editor, or which has been rejected by editors, and they want you to agree that a grave injustice has been done them by these careless, indifferent, bungling editors. I have had my share of this kind of afflictions, but I bear them meekly in memory of my own early stages when I did the same thing. Poor Mr. Page left Oxford with my story in his portfolio, not even typewritten! I remember what he wrote when he returned it. He said he had read things not so good in magazines. He was a kind man.

Meanwhile I sat, you may say, in the amen corner of this circle of silent watchers surrounding him, waiting for something to happen. I do not know if you have observed this; but stillness and silence cannot last in a room filled with human beings. If nothing else happens, there will be an accident of some kind. There was a certain youth sitting like the keystone exactly at the top of this human arch. He belonged to that type of freshmen always to be seen in the foreground on every college occasion. They used to wear striped socks and outgrown trousers, and nothing can repress them. I do not know what their signs and colors are now, but they cannot have died out. This one was a dark-eyed, vivid youth who has since become one of the ablest men of his profession in the country.

Suddenly I saw his face begin to work as if he snarled. He endeavored to suppress himself, pressing his forefinger under his nose. But as I have said, this cannot be done, not even with both hands and the law. His countenance went on with frightful retchings for another moment; then it came—the loud explosion of a sneeze. The effect was gratifying. We seemed to be released, our tongues unbuckled and everybody began to talk except the freshman, who had left the room and could still be heard sneezing vociferously outside.

Mr. Page revived and proved himself more entertaining as a companion than as an interpreter of his stories; not brilliant, but genial. I remember what he said to a young man about the school of realism in fiction, which was just beginning to be felt like a bad dream at that time—that there was already too much realism in life, not enough happiness of illusions. He thought therefore the author should strip off the realism and give romance a chance. Most of his novels were written after this time, and he gave romance a chance, which accounted for their popularity. We do not read realistic fiction for the same reason, but because the motif of horror is fixed in us, the same thing that makes men rush out to watch a destructive fire. We like excitement and a disturbance more than we love peace, strong drink more than we do a cup of cold water. We only believe in peace and the lyrical side of life; we do not achieve it. So Mr. Page was right. Much of the copy we produce in the scrimmage of living should be expurgated before it is recorded in history or fiction, or acted on the stage or shown upon the screen.

Something like this, the years went by in Oxford. Looking back, it seems to me we moved frequently. I do not know why, unless it was the itinerant habit we had of packing up once in so often and going somewhere else. Anyhow, we moved up this street and down that one five times during these ten years.

The social life of the town was very simple, but even at that I was not equal to the occasional cosmopolitan air that blew up an incident. There may have been telephones in the world, but none in Oxford. We saw each other every day and told each other what we wanted to say. Once I remember meeting Mrs. Bob Hardeman somewhere and she sent an invitation to Lundy. Col. Bob Hardeman was treasurer of the state and sometimes gave a stag dinner to his Atlanta friends to which members of the faculty were invited. This was one of these occasions. She wanted Professor Harris to come in to a little informal dinner on Thursday. Understand, the word "luncheon" had not matriculated then in the vocabulary of Oxford. I had never heard of a luncheon, and dinner in my experience had always been the midday meal. So at one o'clock on Thursday my dear husband, barbered, brushed, pressed and cleaned, sailed forth to dine with the Hardemans, looking very handsome, but a bit querulous because they had not made it supper for busy men.

He found the Hardemans' polar-bearskin rug sunning itself on the lawn, all the other rugs and parlor furniture on the front porch, and the house man polishing floors inside, getting ready for the dinner that evening!

I am ashamed to say I laughed when Lundy returned in an incredibly short time, hot, hungry and ferocious. There must be a stratum of low life in me, for I have never been able to realize the frightful importance of certain social customs.

Lundy was elected to the chair of Greek somewhere along in these years, and worked harder than ever. But I had more leisure. For six years after the coming of the child whose birth is recorded in A Circuit Rider's Wife I was near to being a cripple, and only got my right foot off the ground to take a good strong step after misfortune overtook us and I was obliged to step up on the firing line to face every adversity. But during these quiet years in Oxford I sat down much of the time. I became an expert needlewoman, made all Faith's clothes with my fingers, read everything from Œdipus Coloneus to Guizot's History of France, and cultivated a closer association with the cat-skinning, struggling intellectual life of the college than I would risk now.

I was still very much concerned for Lundy's peace in a helpless sort of way, and was given to the maternal pieties practiced by women connected with a church school. I was in grave danger of becoming a sentimentally religious person with a sort of hypocritical intellectual bustle to my piety. This is a tiresome combination.

I hope I shall never find out what the students and people of Oxford thought of me during this period, and it troubles me yet to speculate upon what Lundy thought of me. A great many men learn to live and die disappointed in their wives without making a fuss about it. My comfort is that he was too much engrossed with his duties to be greatly concerned about anything else.

Anyhow, I seem to have slipped off on a tangent, sitting in that chair nursing a lame foot. I began to think in a strident way of many things, such as socialism, women's rights and of the Scriptures quite independently, not heretically but personally, as if the will of God was a thing I had to know for myself. I do not remember now what conclusions I reached, as we outgrow the mental phases of adolescence and forget them. But I was less teachable than I had ever been, and I was always looking about for someone in need of my prayers or for someone upon whom to impose my opinions. This is a bad sign. I make no excuse, further than to say that I have known some very worthy people who had an outlaw streak in them far back in the years.

All this time I was teaching a class of young men in the Sabbath school, which is a privilege I might not have had if the elders had known the interpretations I was giving them of the Christian life. For example, I did my best to convince them that the Lord really had nothing against Moses when he showed him the promised land that he was not allowed to enter. I insisted that this was true of every one of us—promised lands beyond that we never attained—only to hear a great preacher the next Sunday take this same portion of the Scriptures for his text and prove with singular animus how God waggled his finger at Moses on his deathbed, figuratively speaking, and showed him this land just to let him know what he had missed. I remember yet the glances cast at me by these young men during this sermon.

But I still believe my interpretation of this Scripture is the more honorable. It is ignoble to believe that the Lord would pinch a dying man for his failures and humiliate him with the vision of what he had lost, especially after he had struggled for forty years to lead a set of wandering immigrants through a wilderness, out of slavery into liberty and at least adjacent to a land flowing with milk and honey. He got that far with them, anyhow, and had a sight of worry making them travel according to the Ten Commandments.

Here is the difference between the worst of us and the best of us: A bad man will come out in the open and wish damnation upon you in the plain language of profanity, and many a good one will do the same by way of the Lord, quote a Scripture on your case that feels much more like a coal of fire than a wicked man's oath. I have sometimes thought preachers take this kind of advantage, and I reckon more than anything else that accounted for the unwarranted antagonism I developed during these Oxford days toward Saint Paul. Every time a great preacher came to town he took his text from Saint Paul and flayed us alive with it. Bishops in our church who sustained a powerful and autocratic relation to other preachers associated too exclusively with Paul. They took their texts from the sterner Corinthian letters. Sitting darkly in the congregation on these occasions it seemed to me that every one of them felt too much like Saint Paul. This was mean thinking, unworthy of a Christian woman, and to this day I reproach the last one of them for provoking me into a state of antagonism to this great saint.

Lundy became another kind of preacher altogether. More and more frequently he chose teaching texts, rarely harsh ones. He preached twelve great sermons on the parable of the sower, and half as many from these verses in the first chapter of Second Peter: "And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness." He had the most wonderful sermon I ever heard on patience.

But he rarely invaded the Pauline Scriptures. Yet he would defend this apostle. If I expressed resentment about the instructions Paul frequently gave concerning women in the church, he would take great pains to explain why these instructions were good and fitted the nature and conditions of women at Corinth or some other church. Whereupon I would retort that it was all the more infamous then to class respectable Christian women with these Corinthian jades and order our heads covered or to keep silent in the churches as if we did not know how to live and behave ourselves. Thus one word would bring on another word, until one day Lundy sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor like a wasp with his wings zizzing. He had this charming trait as a human man: He could fire up to defend even Job, much more a disciple of his Lord, with the same hot temper other men show in the defense of a personal friend whom they love and honor extravagantly.

As I have already confessed, I had by this time got the bridle off my mind, and I had not learned all the politeness of reverence. Also, I was still young and mischievous. The sight of him flushed, eyes blazing with indignation, tempted me to fire one more shot at Saint Paul. It was the last one I ever aimed at him. As Lundy wheeled at the other end of the library, coming back toward me, I said in the calm, smooth tone of a provocative woman that I had my suspicions Saint Paul had an overbearing disposition, that the thorn in his side he complained of was not a wife, as some preachers intimated, but fits of epilepsy brought on by temper.

Good heavens, what had I done? Lundy came toward me with such a stride that I felt he might be going to shake me. I could barely keep my eyes turned up to him. They longed to fall. I thought about closing them.

"Do you know what you are?" he demanded, halting not so much in front of me as above me.

I declined to define myself as a what. I was who something, but remained discreetly silent.

"You are a —— blatherskite! An irreverent, ignorant person, that's what you are!" he explained, whirled upon his heels and strode off.

This was the first and last time I ever heard him swear. I stood repeating his definition of me, rolling with relish the word deleted here.

He was back in a moment begging my forgiveness. He was horrified at himself, could not think how he came to say such a thing.

"Well, it feels like the truth," I told him, laughing.

This, I believe, was one of the reasons why with all my faults and limitations Lundy loved and respected me so much. I never took advantage of my position as a wife to play the offended martyr

But it was a long time before it was safe to mention Saint Paul in our home.

In the spring of the year 1898 my husband was obliged to assume the duties of the English department in Emory College in addition to his Greek work. He did it well, but before the end of that term he was a nervous wreck. This was one of those ends we make in life without the relief of death

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Keeping Pace with the Roofing Needs of the Nation—

SINCE 1858, when The Barrett Company first began making roofings, there have been great changes in America's buildings. New types of structures have been developed—great factories, modern farm buildings, homes of new architectural beauty. And these developments presented many new roofing problems to be solved.

But The Barrett Company kept pace. As the need arose new roofings were perfected, then added to the Barrett line. Today there is a Barrett Roofing for every type of building.

For industrial and farm buildings, Barrett Smooth-Surfaced Roofing is the accepted standard. Tough, fire-resistant, inexpensive and easy to lay, it renders lasting weather-tight service in any climate. Where color is desired Barrett Mineral-Surfaced Roll Roofing—red, green or blue-black—combines beauty with staunch durability.

To meet the demand for colorful, durable roofs for modern homes—four types of Barrett Shingles. Surfaced with everlasting mineral in red, green or blue-black, these shingles add to the artistic appearance and resale value of any house.

The enduring service that goes with every Barrett Roofing rests on a twin foundation—care in selection of materials and care in manufacturing. Only the highest grade waterproofing compound, the toughest felt and the finest mineral obtainable are used. During the process of manufacture which welds these elements together, every Barrett Roofing is inspected more than 70 times by Barrett chemists and engineers. Small wonder that the Barrett label has come to be accepted as the hallmark of roofing quality.

No matter what kind of building you intend to roof—or reroof—you can get the right roofing from the Barrett dealer in your town. You'll find him a roofing expert—a man whose judgment you can trust. Also write for our booklet, describing all the Barrett Roofings in detail. A post card brings your copy.

THE BARRETT COMPANY 40 RECTOR STREET NEW YORK CITY

The Barrett Company, Limited: 2021 St. Hubert St., Montreal, Que., Canada

Barrett ROOFINGS

Important:

a Marmon

The Marmon is an example of high-power, high-speed design applied to the six cylinder engine. The cylinders are of special design to assure uniform cooling and are cast in blocks of three. A very large and rigid crankshaft is used.

An unusual design of piston is employed. The head or part which carries the rings, is of aluminum alloy and this is extended downward to form a bearing for the piston pin. The skirt, or portion sliding on the cylinder wall is a thin and light shell of cast-iron which is securely bolted to the lower face of the aluminum body, the two forming a piston of light weight, high heat conductivity and excellent wearing qualities.

The lubricating system is of the force feed type having special features controlling the oil supply in proportion to the engine load requirements. A gear type oil pump located at the rear end of the camshaft forces oil to the rear main bearing and thence through the entire length of the hollow crankshaft to the front main bearing. At each crankpin bearing and at the centre main bearing an outlet is provided to supply these bearings with oil, and this outlet is so located that it automatically limits the oil flow.

The large volume of oil flowing through the crankshaft aids in cooling it and from the point of discharge at the front bearing is taken to a special regulating valve which controls the pressure in accordance with the power developed.

These various features of design have a direct bearing on the character of lubricant which should be selected. The tendency toward carbon formation is influenced by the amount of oil passing the pistons which is controlled to a large extent by the design of the lubricating system. When this is such that an oversupply of oil is prevented, particularly when the engine is running idle or under light loads, little carbon deposit may be expected.

The type of piston employed in the Marmon design reduces not only the amount of oil reaching the combustion chambers, but also the tendency of the fuel to knock or "ping," should carbon deposit accumulate.

To best meet all these and other lubrication requirements of the Marmon design, we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for all seasons and conditions.

a Hudson Super Six

The Hudson Super Six engine is of the six cylinder, vertical, L-head, water cooled type, of 3½" bore by 5" stroke.

It employs a highly developed splash circulating lubricating system. An elevated exposed oil pump, plunger type, draws oil from the reservoir in the crankcase and delivers it to the splash trough under No. 1 cylinder, in amounts exactly proportional to the load requirements and controlled by the throttle opening.

The oil overflows from No. 1 splash trough to No. 2, from No. 2 to No. 3, and so on, thus maintaining a level in all troughs. From the sixth or last splash trough, the oil returns to the reservoir and is recirculated. Lubrication of the entire working mechanism is dependent upon the splash created by dippers provided on the connecting rod caps, which are designed to distribute the oil from the splash troughs to all parts of the engine.

All Hudson models prior to 1923 were equipped with cast-iron pistons. The 1923 models are, however, fitted with aluminum pistons of the constant clearance type.

Piston material and design have an important bearing on lubrication. The temperature at which the piston operates affects the formation of carbon deposit and the tendency of the engine to knock. The amount of oil passing into the combustion chamber also affects the formation of carbon deposit and depends to a large extent upon the piston design.

With the cast-iron pistons used in the models prior to 1923, the piston temperatures are higher than with the aluminum pistons now used; therefore an exceptionally clean burning oil of the proper character should be used to minimize carbon deposit and reduce the tendency of the fuel to knock or "ping."

With the new aluminum pistons of the constant clearance type, the tendency toward carbon formation is reduced. The design is also such that passage of any excess of oil into the combustion chamber is prevented. Consequently a heavier lubricating oil can be employed without inducing detrimental carbon formation.

The knocking or "pinging" often experienced with an overheated or badly carbonized engine is caused by the way in which the present day fuels burn. High compression, high temperatures and carbon deposits tend to increase the knocking tendency. Consequently it is desirable to reduce carbon formation in so far as is possible and this, therefore, has an important bearing on the selection of the correct oil for an engine.

It is vitally important that the lubricating oil used in an engine be of such character that it will be circulated by the lubricating system under all conditions. Where an elevated plunger pump is employed and where the oil is distributed by splash, as in the Hudson car, the use in cold weather of an oil which flows freely at low temperatures is imperative.

All of the above factors and many others are considered before determining the correct oil for the Hudson car.

For models previous to 1923 we advise the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic the year round. For the 1923 models, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" should be used in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter.

a Maxwell

The late model Maxwell engines are designed with force feed lubricating systems in which oil is forced under pressure to the three main bearings. Holes drilled in the crankshaft carry the oil under pressure from the main bearings to the connecting rod bearings. The other moving parts are lubricated by the oil mist which is created when the oil is forced out through the close clearances at the ends of the connecting rod bearings.

The oil circulating pump is of the impeller type and is located at the camshaft level, drawing its supply through a pipe connecting with a strainer in the oil reservoir.

Aluminum pistons of the constant clearance type are employed. The skirt or bearing part of this type of piston is slotted on one side to provide for expansion under heat and therefore permits the use of close clearances. In addition, horizontal slots are cut through the piston below the lower ring to permit the free return of oil from the cylinder walls.

With the effective control of the oil supply which is secured by this oil return provision on the pistons, the possibility of carbon formation is minimized. In addition, the characteristics of aluminum as a piston material tend to prevent the fuel knock which often occurs when carbon deposits accumulate.

Where natural circulation of the cooling water (thermo-siphon system) is employed as in the Maxwell design, it is desirable to use in warm weather an oil which is suitable for fairly high operating temperatures. Such an oil will be thoroughly atomized and distributed by the Maxwell lubricating system under the conditions of summer operation.

To assure circulation of the lubricating oil in cold weather, the use of an oil which flows freely at low temperatures is necessary because of the elevated location of the oil pump with its long connection to the oil reservoir.

To meet correctly these and other important lubrication features of

Don't sa

a quart o

you drive—— —an Overland

the Maxwell design, we recommend for the 1922 and 1923 models, the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter. For the 1921 and earlier models, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used both summer and winter.

a Franklin

The dominant feature of the Franklin car is the use of air cooling. In the 1923 model the air is forced between the cooling fins on each of the six cylinders by means of a blower located at the front of the engine. In previous years the air was sucked over the cooling surfaces by an exhaust fan incorporated in the fly-wheel.

Valve-in-head construction is employed in all models. The compression carried in the 1923 engine is 70 lbs.; in the earlier models, 60 lbs. Aluminum alloy pistons of the modern slotted and split skirt constant clearance type are used in the 1922 and 1923 models. A multi-split skirt type of aluminum alloy piston having spiral grooving for oil distribution was used in the 1919, 1920 and 1921 models. Both types of pistons are fitted with three rings; in the 1921 and subsequent models two of these rings have been specially designed to prevent oil pumping.

The lubricating system employed is of the force feed type, feeding oil under pressure to the main and connecting rod bearings. The oil pump is of the gear type and distributes to each bearing a definite quantity of oil at intervals in proportion to the engine speed.

Where air cooling is employed, the operating temperatures are normally somewhat higher than with water cooling. Consequently, a heavier bodied lubricant than commonly used with water cooling is preferable in order to provide adequate lubrication under all conditions of service.

In the Franklin design the possibilities for detrimental carbon deposit are minimized by the very effective oil control. The amount thrown to the cylinders is definitely regulated by the metered pump feed; the constant clearance design of the aluminum pistons permits close clearances and affords a very effective oil return through the slots below the piston rings.

In addition, the ring design is such that oil pumping is greatly reduced. Consequently but little oil passes the pistons to form carbon and induce knocking of the fuel. This too is minimized by the rapid heat radiation of the aluminum pistons and the moderate compression of the engine.

The use of a force feed lubricating system with a gear pump submerged in the oil assures distribution of the oil over the widest range of operating conditions. Consequently, lubrication is assured at all temperatures.

In analyzing the lubricating requirements of the Franklin engine, these and many other characteristics of its design have been considered. To obtain the best results, we advise the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB" at all times in the 1922 and 1923 models. For models prior to 1922 use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year round.

The Overland Four engine is of the vertical, L-head type, water-cooled by natural circulation, no pump being employed (thermo-siphon system). Unlike conventional designs, the clutch and transmission gears are lubricated by the engine oil except for some cars produced during 1921 when these parts were separately lubricated.

The piston material is cast-iron and each piston is fitted with three rings and six ⅛" oil return holes under the third ring. A moderate compression of 60 lbs. is carried.

Oil is distributed to all the working parts by a splash circulating system. The fly-wheel acts as a pump to carry oil up to a strainer pocket on the right side of the engine. After filtering, the oil flows through tubes in the crankcase to the main bearings under slight pressure and also to the splash troughs. From these, it is distributed to all other engine parts by the splash created by the connecting rod dippers.

The clutch, transmission gears and bearings, also the front universal joint, receive their oil supply from the spray thrown by the fly-wheel.

When the clutch and transmission gears are lubricated by the engine oil it is desirable, in order to provide the maximum of protection for the gear teeth which often operate under heavy loads, to use as heavy a lubricating oil as can be employed without causing excessive "dragging" of the clutch.

The use of oil return holes in the piston under the third piston ring as employed in the Overland design, tends to prevent any excess oil reaching the combustion chambers and consequently reduces the tendency toward carbon formation. Should carbon accumulate, the moderate compression minimizes the tendency of the fuel to knock.

In cold weather, it is necessary, where distribution of the oil is by splash, to use an oil which will flow freely and readily create a fine spray at low temperatures. Otherwise, some of the working parts may not be lubricated. To minimize the clutch drag due to thickening of the oil on the contact surfaces it is desirable to use a more fluid oil in winter weather.

To meet these special features of Overland Four design, we advise for the engine the use in summer of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" and in winter of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. For the transmission of those 1921 models, not lubricated by the engine oil, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C." The same grade should be used in the differential of all models.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

It is far more beneficial to the engine if you add a small quantity of oil every day rather than larger quantities at less frequent intervals. Careful car operators, taxi-cab companies, and owners of motor truck fleets make it a practice to see that the oil is at the proper level every morning before the car goes out. With a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

The crank-case should be entirely drained of oil at least every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter. When draining the oil, the removable screen (if your car has one) should also be cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crank-case with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

"Give me ——" Ask for

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Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

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FLORENCE OIL RANGE

THE LIKENESS

(Continued from Page 17

"Because I know you aren't Waller!"

"From the way I roll smokes?" He smiled.

"That was why I first noticed the difference. Now it's because you don't frighten me and make yourself hateful."

"I certainly wouldn't like to start doing that to any lady, at my age," Gerson said thoughtfully. "If you were afraid of me and hated me, I'd figure maybe it was time I get hang."

"Don't!" she cried again.

Her anxiety was real—it was beginning to cry-talhize.

"How did this fellow Waller roll his cigarettes?" he asked

"He used white papers and rolled them thin. He would always tear off a strip before he started making the cigarette—a narrow strip. Mother's calling!"

She ran. Gerson sat speculating idly on this slight characteristic of his double—the renegade the whole countryside wanted hanged. Thin cigarettes, in rice-straw paper. Some men Gerson knew had one or both of those tastes in smoking. Johnny Silverthorn, down on the Teapot ——

Suddenly Gerson straightened in his chair and his hands closed.

The man who had come riding down the hillside trail just after noon, and who had driven his big jaded white into the brush to the north on seeing Gerson step out from the willows, had been rolling a cigarette. He had used white paper—had let a narrow ribbon therefrom flutter to the ground. The picture leaped out sharply again. The stranger had had no time to determine what Gerson looked like—he had fled incontinently.

The girl came back to the screen door.

"Do you want to try to get away—make a break—after supper?" she asked breathlessly. "I think maybe I could ——"

"Thanks, no," Gerson said. "Because I know where Waller was at noon today, and I know which way he went."

"You must be out of your head!"

"I'm not, though."

"But how do you know Waller?" She was suspicious.

"I don't. But I know how he rolls cigarettes, and I saw a man today strip his white rice-straw paper and then get a surprise and run away, fit to break a horse's neck!"

He told her the story. She was breathing quickly; he felt her hand on his arm.

"Which creek crossing was it? How far back was it?"

"I'd judge it to be about four miles above here. There's a little flat of rabbit brush on the west side and the timber is heavy above it."

"Goose Creek! He went north?"

"Yes'm."

"Wait a minute! I've got to think! Here!"

"Well?"

"If it was Waller, he has about four hours' start now, hasn't he?"

"I'd guess about that."

"If he went up Goose Creek very far he's trapped. It's an old trail and ends in a box cañon about twelve miles up at a deserted mine. He might have turned back and got away, of course. But he never could ride out north. No horse living could make it anywhere along."

"I don't think he'd start back till after dark anyway. I wonder if we could get your father—Bowman—any of them to believe —"

"There's no time to try. They've got single-track minds. Listen to me! If I can clear these men away—I don't know how, but I'm going to try—you make a run to the barn. I'll have a horse saddled for you and standing in the runway at the other end of the barn. Ride past the spring and up to the left. You'll strike an old firebreak that will take you across that shoulder—see, below the big red outcrop—to the Goose Creek trail. It's about three miles, I think."

"I see. But ——"

"I'll have someone there to meet you and go on up the cañon with you. If you catch Waller ——"

"Lady, you can't do this for me! You can't take the chance!"

"I can't stand here talking!" she breathed impatiently, and was gone.

Gerson was impelled to call out to the men—to try to do something for himself to forestall her attempting this mad enterprise in his behalf. But she was right they did have single-track minds! It would be folly to ask them to go on a wild-goose chase into a mountain cañon after a man they were convinced they already held prisoner in himself. The situation was preposterous fantastic; but it was none the less perilous for that.

There was, of course, almost no possibility of her contriving any scheme by which he could make the barn and the saddled horse—get away. Nevertheless, Gerson was keen to make the attempt she proposed.

Gerson himself was not a gunman, but he was not lacking either in boldness or in resources of wit and stamina. It would be better to face his double and be killed by him than to be supinely hanged by a mob in his stead. For a moment Gerson's heart beat fast with hope. But the hope died. The two farm hands were up, stretching, now. One of them began a measured pacing, like a sentry, his shotgun in the crook of his arm. He walked towards the fence back—towards the fence—glanced up. He made a peculiar, almost comic grimace.

"Fire!" he screamed suddenly. "The hay barn! Fire! Fire!"

He threw his gun aside and leaped the fence. Mowbray came running from the house. The members of the posse pelted after him—the deputy sheriff, Bowman, with a warning to the remaining guard. The hand hesitated looked after Bowman, tumbling over the fence.

Madge Mowbray darted from the far side of the house and ran to him.

"I'll watch Waller!" she cried. "Here's the key to the barn! The sleigh is in there—don't let it burn! Go quick!"

The man plunged away. The girl laid the shotgun across her arm and stood out from the house in plain view of those who had dashed across to the fire. Oily white smoke, smudged with black from the tinder-dry old barn, was already rolling up.

She spoke distinctly to Gerson.

"Wait at the cañon trail," she said.

His mind was tumbled about with conjectures, surmises. But he stole the length of the porch, vaulted the rail, flashed across the yard to the big stable. He could see the saddled horse silhouetted in the rear door at the end of the long corridor behind the stalls. In a breath he was mounted and away.

The coincidence of the fire was unbelievable; it made him a little faint to contemplate. It occurred to him that he might have been deliberately tricked—though the thought was intolerable—but when his powerful, willing horse had carried him up the hillside beyond the corrals to the firebreak above he looked back and saw that the burning barn was very real. The men were working frantically—it seemed with success. Apparently they had not missed him yet. He urged the horse on. His hand fell to a package tied below the horn and he found in it a heavy revolver, cleaned and loaded.

"She thinks of everything!" he exclaimed; his blood raced.

He found his way with ease. The firebreak had not been cleared for two or three seasons and there was much young brush and low second growth on it. But it was easy to follow, and the big black he rode made good time along the gradual rise. He breasted the summit, dropped over the hill, came up again. Looking back he saw another rider where he had been five minutes before. He frowned, then his breath quickened. It was the girl, Madge Mowbray herself, on her staunch little buckskin Despite her orders, he reined in and waited for her.

"You're doing too much for me, lady!" he said to her. "But I can't let you go on now."

"I haven't asked you yet whether you could or not," she retorted. "Don't waste time! There's the cañon trail just below that outcrop."

They dropped down to it. Gerson dismounted.

"It's a hard trail to read," he said. "Too smooth and rocky."

"We'll follow it up. The ground changes above."

Gerson swung into his saddle and started forward again. Presently he uttered an exclamation. He got down a second time and picked up a narrow white strip of paper, thin, and with one edge deckled.

"Waller's!" she cried. "But was he going up or coming down?"

"Up," Gerson said shortly. "Here's plain sign. His horse has gone lame too."

"He's trapped!"

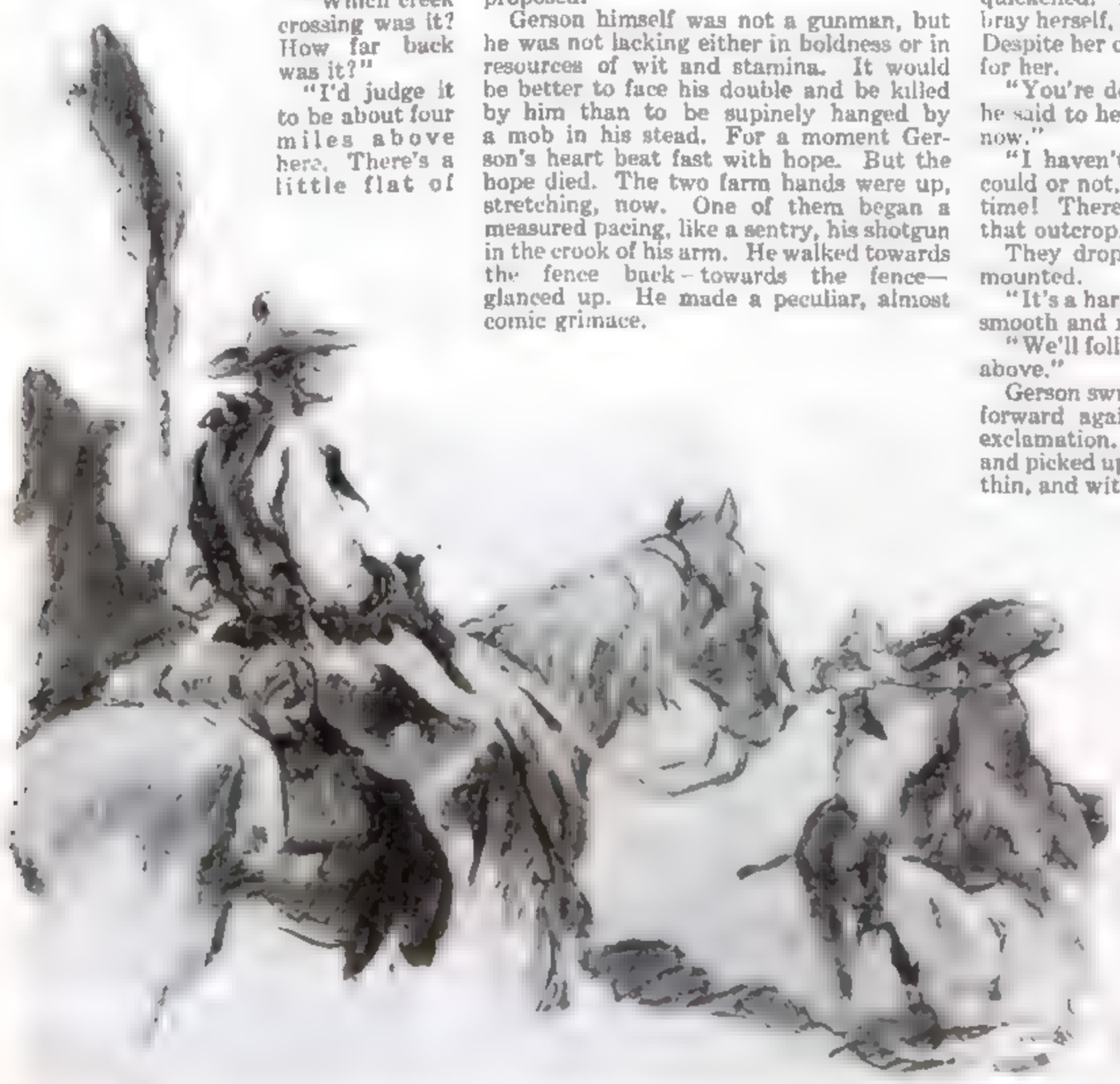
"I wish you'd turn back."

"I won't! Do you think I'm afraid of that bully and coward?"

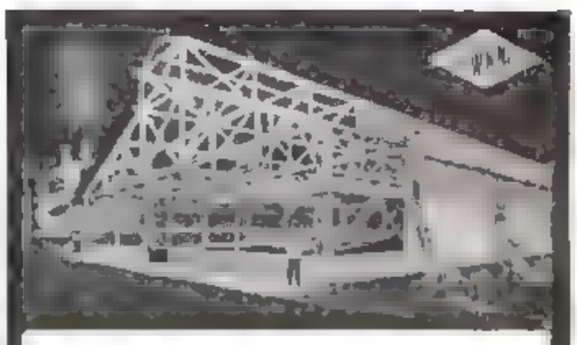
"Not being afraid wouldn't help much if he started shooting from ambush."

"But, don't you see, he wouldn't think to shoot if he saw a stranger—you—and a girl taking a ride!" she cried.

Gerson had to admit the soundness of her theory. But he knew that theories were poor guides in emergencies.



The Fat Man's Face Changed Suddenly as He Stared at the Approaching Cowman



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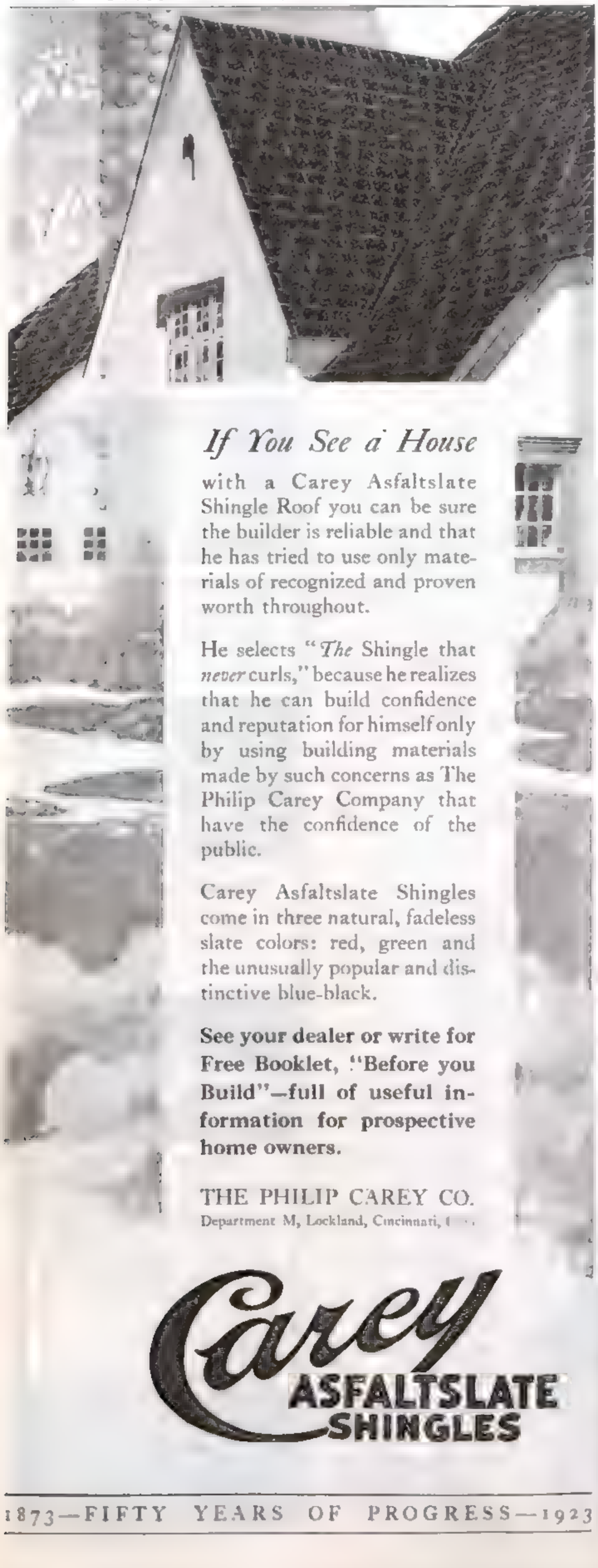

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1873—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS—1923

"You'll promise me to pull up if he does shoot, won't you?" he asked.

"I'm not counting on his shooting. Are you?"

"I'm not counting on it. And if he does I'm hoping to have some luck myself with this gun you borrowed for me."

"All right," she said. "Let's be hurrying along then."

In the cañon below it was already beginning to be dusk, but the sun was bright on them still as they wound slowly up the grade. Three miles along, just as the sun rimmed the distant mountain tops, Madge Mowbray leaned from her saddle and straightened with a second narrow ribbon of white cigarette paper in her fingers. A little farther on they came to a spot where the man they trailed had dismounted and sat for a time. A cigarette butt had been tossed down, ground under heel. It had been made from white paper and was scarcely larger than a match stick.

The darkness deepened. The first stars appeared. Gerson grew apprehensive for the girl. In the dark there was constant danger of missing the trail or slipping from it. There was a much greater danger of being ambushed by the renegade. He tried to induce her to go back, but she was smilingly obdurate.

"I can't see what you're doing it for, Miss Madge!" the cowboy cried. "It's my funeral, you might say."

"It may be yet," she said, "if you keep arguing. Waller bothered me twice, and he killed old Mr. Hatch, who never harmed a soul."

Gerson felt a wave of color flame in his face.

"Are those the only reasons why you're doing this way?"

"Aren't those enough?" she asked, looking away from him.

Gerson turned and rode on. Half an hour later the big black stopped suddenly and backed a little. It was almost completely dark. Gerson swung off and examined the trail.

"A bad slide," he said in a low voice to the girl. "I'm going ahead up the grade a ways and see what it looks like."

He had gone perhaps three hundred yards when a horse nickered, then neighed. The cañon echoed and reëchoed with the sound. Gerson, revolver in hand, hurried forward—turned a bend in the trail. A shot crashed above. Gerson leaped towards the flash.

"It's all up, Waller!" he cried. "Come on down out of that!"

The hidden man took a step that was plainly heard. A rock slipped and began to roll, with a great clatter and shower of gravel and loose stones. For a breath Gerson saw the renegade silhouetted against the sky atop a bowlder to the right and above.

Then, flinging up his hands, the man lost his balance and fell. Gerson was on him almost as he struck the trail. He clutched a gun that the cowboy kicked out of his hand.

"Looks like you're about through, Waller," Gerson said quietly. "Now you're going back to Pascoe."

As he straightened and jerked the outlaw to his feet he found Madge Mowbray beside him.

"You're all right?" she asked quickly.

"Yes," he said; and he did not miss the quality of anxiety in her voice. "Yes, we're both all right, lady; especially me."

As they three came into the old firebreak again, two hours later, Waller's horse, a gaunt and jaded beast, threw up his head suddenly and shied. Waller, riding loosely, brought him about with a snarling oath.

Then Mowbray, Bowman and one of the posse closed in.

"Waller!" Bowman exclaimed. "Well, I'm damned!"

Mowbray cried out sharply, his voice full of anxiety and touched with rage:

"Where's my daughter, you? Where's Madge?"

"I'm here, dad!" the girl cried, crowding up. "I'm all right."

Bowman, the deputy, flashed an electric torch on the down-coming party. Madge, sitting her horse a little aside and out of the field of the light, could see his face change as he stared at Waller and Gerson. He blinked.

All the theories he and the others had had in the last five or six hours, vague enough before, with all the baffling circumstances of the fire and Gerson's escape, were upset and new enigmas added.

Madge called laughingly, "The man you want is there in front, Mr. Bowman. Watch him! I'll bring the other one in and explain. I'm cold—we're cold and hungry!"

"You're sure you're all right, Madge?" the father asked.

"Of course, dad. I'm fine. I'm afraid I've helped show up the sheriff's office, though."

Waller, with the deputy's flash still on him, slumped in his saddle, surrounded, defenseless, without hope. He pulled out a sheaf of white cigarette papers and a tobacco sack. He ripped a thin ribbon of paper from one edge and rolled a smoke. The white slip of rice paper fluttered to the ground.

Gerson, riding close to Madge behind the others, saw that her father was dropping back to join her.

"Did you start that barn fire, Madge?" Gerson demanded abruptly in a low voice.

She laughed softly.

"Well, it was an old barn, and there was no hay in it," she replied.

"Why did you help me this way?"

"I told you I hated Waller."

"Was that the only reason?"

She looked away, gave him a playful push so that the distance between them became conventional—orderly.

"Perhaps I'll tell you sometime," she said; then she raised her voice: "Dad, I've had a wonderful day—and night. You're going to be surprised!"

"I don't doubt it!" the old man grunted, his voice hoarse. "Who's this man—this other Waller you've got here?"

Madge checked her horse.

"This is my friend, Mr. Bear-Paw Gerson, from Arizona, dad. Didn't I hear you tell Meadows last week that you needed another hand for the round-up?"

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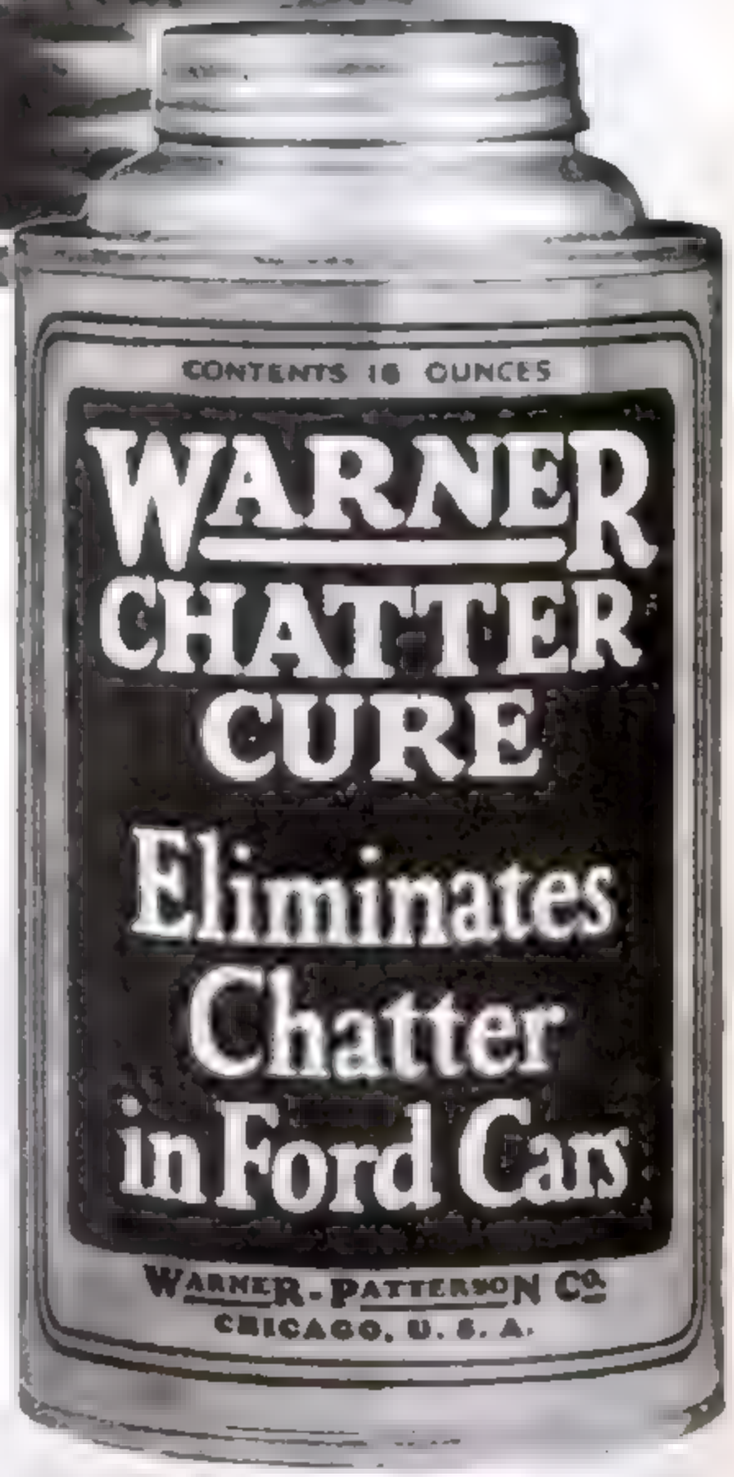

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EUROPEAN ECONOMIC AND REPARATIONS PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 5)

The problem, although it forms an inseparable whole, presents three distinct sides, namely—the German obligation, Allied debts and the Continental security. It will be expedient to review briefly each of these three sides.

THE GERMAN OBLIGATION. Under the treaty Germany was freed from any obligation to pay the cost of the war. Germany's obligation was limited to material damages and pensions, the total of these two items to be fixed before May, 1921, by the Reparations Commission. The actual total estimates for damages and pensions amounted, I believe, to nearly two hundred billion gold marks. The commission considered this figure impracticable and reduced it, after discussion, to one hundred and thirty-two billion gold marks. But even this sum seemed perhaps beyond Germany's ultimate capacity to pay, though there was at the time some doubt on the subject. The commission therefore divided the German obligation into three series of bonds, known respectively as A, B and C bonds. As all agreed, Germany could certainly pay fifty billion gold marks. A and B bonds were issued to this amount. C bonds, covering the remaining eighty-two billion gold marks of the obligation, are noninterest bearing, and are in no case to be issued before Germany has paid the first fifty billions. Calculations made since estimate the present capital value of C bonds at between twelve and fourteen billion gold marks, so that the much-discussed figure of one hundred and thirty-two billion gold marks is in reality delusive, the total present capital value of the German obligation being not more than sixty-four billion gold marks.

The German Obligation

ALLIED DEBTS. These are all state debts contracted between the various Allies for war purposes. The largest creditor is the United States, which owes no one, and to which is owed about fifty billion gold marks, including accrued interest. The next largest creditor is Britain, which, however, owes the United States about as much as the other Allies, chiefly France, Italy and Russia, owe Britain. France is also a creditor, but owes the United States and Britain far more than the lesser Continental Allies and Russia owe France.

The United States, the principal creditor, holding claims against its associates equal to very nearly five-sixths of the present capital value of the total held against Germany by the treaty, refuses, as a matter of principle, to cancel or reduce its claims, and has laid down by act of Congress the precise conditions under which its debtors shall pay. Britain, though receiving little from Germany and nothing from its Allies, has recently agreed to begin payment of its debt to the United States. Britain has not declared its intentions with regard to its claims on its Allies. France has announced that it will hold in abeyance its claims on its Allies, and will not pay its own debt to Britain and the United States until Germany has paid France for its material damages. Russia refuses even to recognize its debts. The other Continental Allies recognize theirs, but do not expect to pay in the near future. To the nations which at the same time owe Allied debts and hold claims against Germany, the idea of effecting some form of general composition of course at once occurred. By this expedient still further reductions in the German debt, as fixed by the treaty, are being proposed.

Reviewing the German obligation in this light, it is found that France now claims an irreducible minimum of twenty-six billion gold marks, plus enough C bonds ultimately to compensate its debt to Britain and without regard to the sum it may ultimately have to pay to the United States.

Belgium claims from Germany an irreducible minimum of five billion gold marks. Britain has not stated its minimum claims, but apparently desires to recover from Germany and its Allies together, the equivalent of the sum it has agreed to pay to the United States—say, eighteen billion gold marks.

Italy and other Continental Allies owe to their Allies more than they stand to receive from Germany, hence are favorable to any feasible scheme of composition. The total of the French and Belgium and the presumed British minimum claims would thus be reduced to a sum which most of the many experts who have studied the question agree Germany can pay. However, no scheme of debt composition proposed has met with favor on the part of the principal creditors, although both the United States and Britain seem to desire the German debt to be reduced to some thirty or forty billion gold marks.

The United States refuses to admit a relationship between the question of Allied debts and the question of the German obligation. It refuses to discuss the two questions in conference with other nations concerned. Before the Anglo-American debt settlement, Britain favored some scheme of composition, but since this settlement it has appeared reluctant to reduce either its claims on Germany or its claims on the Allies. The nations principally interested in furthering some plan of composition are now France and Italy.

CONTINENTAL SECURITY. Under the peace settlement the problem of Continental security was to have been solved by the temporary Allied occupation of the Rhineland, by the disarmament of Germany, by the organization of the League of Nations to band the world together against aggressors, and by a special British-American guaranty pact for France pending the effective organization of the League. Of these four solutions only the first two, the occupation of the Rhineland and the disarmament of Germany, have been carried out. The refusal of the United States to join the League and its refusal to ratify the proposed guaranty pact, have resulted practically in reopening the whole problem, particularly as regards the fears of France, Belgium and Poland respecting some future Russo-German menace. These fears tend to complicate the problem of the German obligation, for the French in particular, lacking the guaranty of Britain or the United States and lacking the guaranty of an inclusive and effective League, fear that if they were to weaken their hold on the Rhineland and the Ruhr, and give Germany a few years' respite, Germany would merely seize the occasion to defy France or perhaps even to renew hostilities in one form or another.

If only the question of the German obligation were concerned, there is reason to believe a settlement would have been reached long ago. This question, however, is complicated by the questions of Allied debts and of Continental security, and especially by the ceaselessly growing political rivalry between Britain and France, each of which aspires to supremacy in Continental affairs.

The World's Chief Problems

Britain and France are at present the only two really strong powers in Europe, the one predominating at sea and in commerce, the other predominating on land and in the air. The ideal might be that they should work together as equals for some common and beneficent purposes. In fact, however, each endeavors to subordinate the other to its own will and interests, and in consequence, for reasons largely of self-esteem and prestige, neither is now in a mood to make concessions to the other. The result is a growing estrangement which cannot but tend to prolong the suffering and the psychological disorder, and delay the economic reconstruction of Europe.

The United States is interested directly or indirectly in all three of the inseparable sides constituting the world's chief problem, the so-called problem of reparations. The United States is indirectly interested in the German obligation, because upon the settlement of this debt the restoration of European economy seems largely to depend, and upon the restoration of European economy—that is, of the European market—American prosperity to some extent depends. The United States, as the world's principal creditor nation, is directly interested in the Allied debts to the amount of about eleven and a half billion dollars. The United States, finally, is indirectly interested in the problem of Continental security, not only because this problem complicates the settlement of the German and of the Allied debts but because its persistence in the present unsettled condition threatens world peace, and the preservation of world peace on a just and equitable basis interests us both morally and economically.

The policy of the United States in the reparations problem has been that the European Allies should first reach a settlement as between themselves, and then we would endeavor to help in the carrying out of this settlement. The Continental Allies not only have not reached a settlement but are seemingly today farther removed from harmony than ever before. The tendencies now evolving, particularly the tendencies of estrangement between France and Britain, of revenge in Germany and of malice in Russia, if allowed to run unchecked, will perhaps lead the world to new disasters. It has been suggested, therefore, that the United States should seek a new, more active and more constructive reparations policy. Many believe that in order to heal over the political and economic sores left by the war, the world is in need of the firm and unified guidance, during the next few years, of the world's leading powers.

Uncle Sam as Mediator

If France and Britain could agree, their agreement would perhaps suffice to this task. Many leading men in and out of public life profess to believe that if the United States were to seek an active working agreement with these two powers, an agreement of however informal a nature, there is strong reason to hope that the confidence which each still feels in the disinterestedness and good will of the United States would suffice to bring them together again. In general, the rôle of the United States as these men conceive it, would be that of mediator between France and Britain. They urge that though neither France nor Britain will give in to the other, either could, without loss of prestige, make concessions to the United States if the United States at the same time were also willing, in its own far-looking interest and for the general good, to make a few concessions.

It is urged that the United States, because of its direct and indirect interests, because of its moral responsibilities as the strongest and richest power in the world, because of its humanitarian spirit, its desire to prevent and alleviate suffering, should take the initiative in endeavoring to promote an international solution of the reparations problem.

The initiative, say these men, should take the form of a conference summoned by us to be held in Washington, and it should be at once bold and generous.

The solution to be sought, they urge, should cover the following points: A general writing down of war debts, including the British debt to the United States; the elimination of the pensions item from the German debt; the allotment of reparations payments on a basis of material damages; the organization of constructive assistance to Germany which will preserve it from the threatening ruin; the speedy mobilization of the German debt, at least in part, by means of international credits; the organization of economic machinery to force Germany to pay the sums finally agreed upon; the organization of a system of guaranties which will enable the French to evacuate, without misgivings, both the Ruhr and the Rhineland.

It is further argued that if these complete solutions seem to us to involve us more deeply in foreign affairs than we are now willing to advance, they might be somewhat modified, so far as we are concerned, to meet the needs of expediency, the main things being that the United States, taking care to appear to hold an impartial position particularly as between Britain and France, should call a conference, thus signifying to the world that it has not disinterested itself from the general fate, and that during the conference we should use our good offices to restore harmony between Britain and France. It is not even necessary, say these people, that we ourselves should decide in advance or declare in advance what concessions we ourselves may ultimately be willing to make, but that we could perhaps decide these points specifically after we have found, in conference, what the possibilities are of a general agreement. In short, that by this initiative we risk nothing and we might gain much.

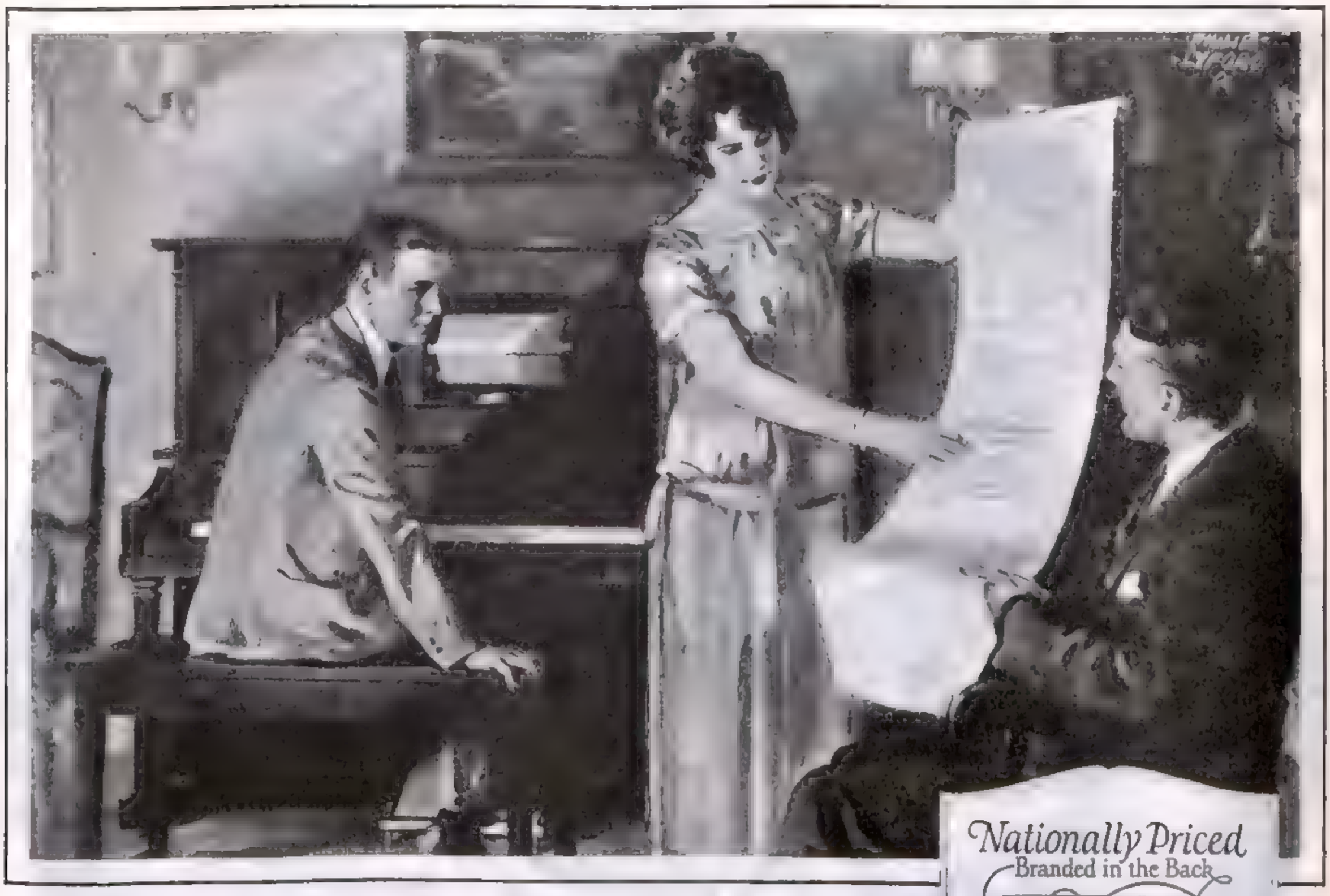
But is this the case? It seems clear to me that we take great risks and stand to lose much and gain little. It is true, of course, that the United States is the great creditor nation and is deeply interested in a proper solution of the reparations problem but I think it will be time enough for the United States to indicate its position when the nations of Europe have something tangible to offer. The present does not seem to be the propitious moment for the United States to act. The Allies should compose their own differences and give some tangible evidence to the world that they are able to work in harmony for the common good. When two or more great business concerns engage in ruinous competition the banker does not intervene, except to withdraw credit, until they have reached a stage where each is willing to stop, until they realize that their practices are ruinous alike to themselves and to others. When this conviction arises they begin to confer with a view to saving something from the ruin, that all may not be lost. When at last it dawns upon them that something must be done if they would be saved they meet in a spirit of compromise. The situation at once becomes hopeful; they take stock; they ascertain what their situation is; they may be bankrupt, but they are penitent and reasonable; they call in the bankers. It may be necessary to supply new money or it may seem wise to put in new managers. The banker who had previously held aloof now suggests the way to success, and the business proceeds to prosper.

The People in the Dark

Nations, after all, are but great business corporations in which the people are the stockholders. They elect men to office to manage their affairs. If, on account of pride or ambition or lack of understanding, these managers fail, the nation suffers and the people pay the bills. Government should be conducted to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people; to preserve peace and promote harmony. When the European Allies realize this and compose their present differences, the United States, as the creditor nation, can afford to join in helping to carry out plans to alleviate suffering and render such assistance as in its judgment may seem wise and expedient, but it should do so in its own way, with the consent and approval of its own people, and by authority of its own Government, free from any alliance with European governments whose age-old jealousies we do not understand. We have our own perplexing problems at home. They need the best thought and consideration of our ablest men. Our people are burdened with enormous taxes from which they are crying aloud for relief and it is unlikely that they would at this time consider favorably any proposal for the cancellation of the European obligations, if such a proposal should be made. They feel that the United States has dealt generously with Europe and though they sympathize with all peoples in distress and will always stand ready to contribute generously to relieve suffering, they feel that the European nations should give some concrete evidence of a desire to compose their own differences before calling on us for further assistance.

I am confident that when such evidence is at hand the United States will be found ready to cooperate in an effort to bring the world back to its ancient glory through a stabilization of its economic forces.

The people of the world fight the wars and make the sacrifices and pay the bills and are entitled to be placed in possession of all the information which affects their welfare. It might not, therefore, be inappropriate to suggest that a conference be called by the Allied nations to discuss the facts as they now affect the world, to which the United States should be invited to send representatives. Such discussion should be for educational purposes only and given the widest publicity, and thus give the people a chance to make up their own minds as to what remedy should be applied. As such a conference need bind no nation to any future course of action which seemed detrimental to its interests, I can see no reason why the United States could not properly accept an invitation to attend it and take part in the discussion. Let the nations take the people into their confidence. It may be that there will be found those among them who can supply the knowledge and experience which statesmen lack to bring order out of chaos.



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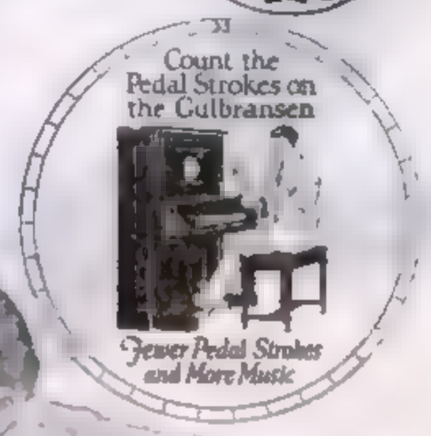

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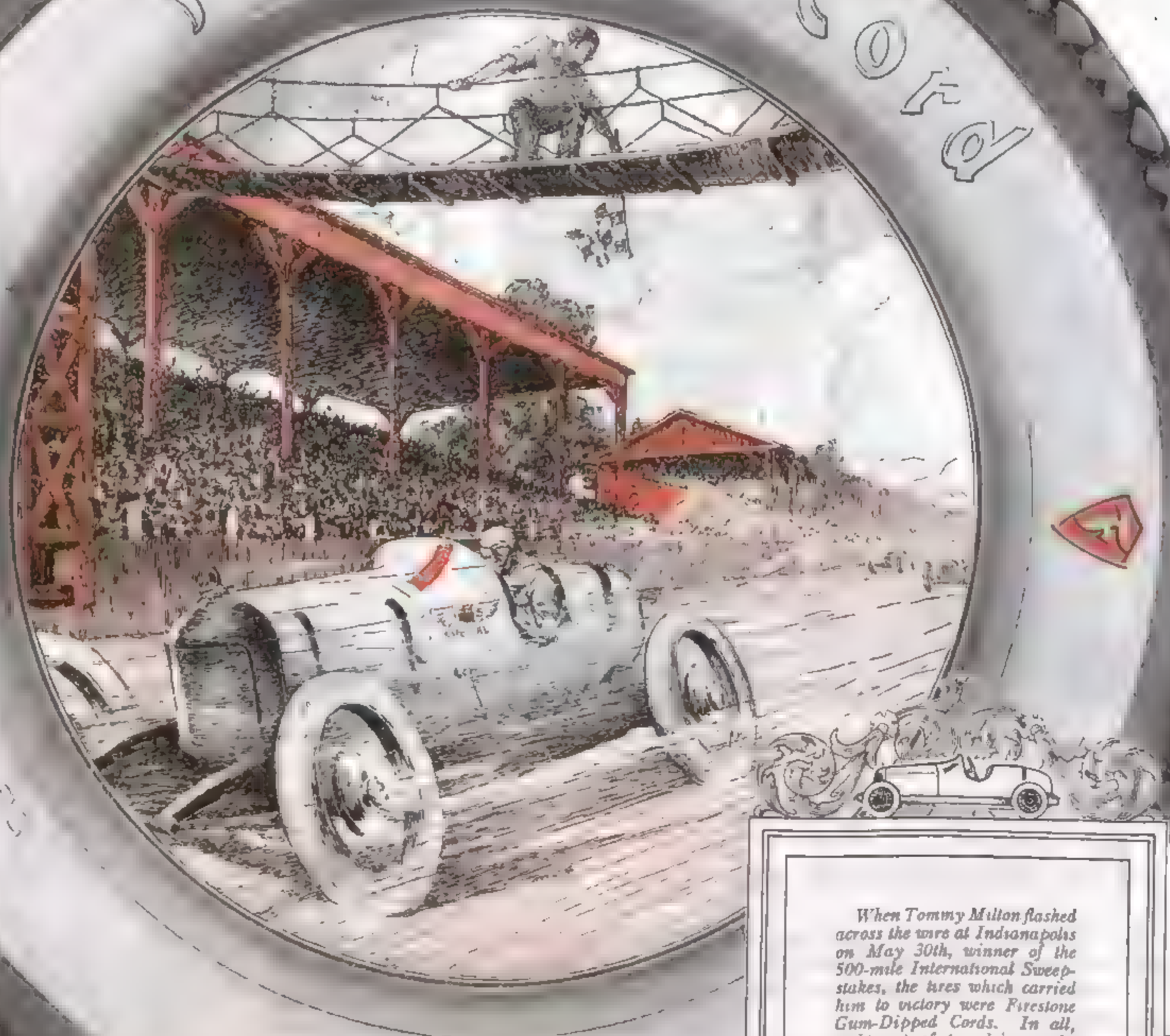

When Tommy Milton flashed across the wire at Indianapolis on May 30th, winner of the 500-mile International Sweepstakes, the tires which carried him to victory were Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords. In all, eight out of ten drivers who shared the prize money, had Firestone-equipped cars and not one tire failure occurred.

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PRETTY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 19)

must be awfully late and Margery have returned. Then she saw a dim radiance in the drawing-room, and heard a thin, rather high-pitched voice protesting in what purported to be a whisper:

"Why, I do not snore, Bird! I don't see how you can say such a thing! Nobody ever told me I snored in my life."

"Who is it?" Narcissa called.

The radiance vanished and complete stillness followed. Narcissa was so terribly afraid she stood on the landing unable to run up the stairs as she wished. Then she thought of the Rowan Peale on which they were depending. She thought of it so hard that she forgot to be afraid, and darted down the rest of the flight as little hesitant as a guardian angel.

At its foot, someone in the dark seized her arm and a hand smelling of heliotrope soap was clapped over her mouth.

"Oh, Bird, you make me perfectly sick!" the voice Narcissa had heard before was saying when she knew herself to be lying on a sofa in the drawing-room. It came from a tall small-featured young man, who was wearing blue trousers with a stripe down the side, and a very doggy Norfolk coat.

"You might just as good kill the girl as scare her to death."

The room was lighted by an electric torch lying on the floor.

"Aw, she's all right."

The rasping voice was familiar.

Narcissa turned.

"Why, you're the book-agent lady!" she said.

"Shut up!"

The woman spoke so fiercely one might have thought she was embarrassed.

"Oh, I just haven't any patience with your manners," the man fussed, and bending solicitously over Narcissa, he chirruped, "Feel all righty, chickabiddy?"

"Yes, thank you," Narcissa told him.

"You watch her then, Bird."

The man moved to the Peale, which was lying on the floor amid the splinters of its glass. Narcissa had evidently interrupted him in cutting it from its frame. As he lifted the knife, the same curious change which had come over her on the stair again took place in Narcissa. She wasn't afraid any more.

She looked at the woman standing over her, and at the man's back, then she shut her eyes and quite calmly counted ten. At ten she hurled herself from the couch toward the door and ran.

It was the man who caught her wrist with trap sharpness and whose elbow crooked over her face.

"Now why?" he scolded. "Now why?"

"You can't take that portrait!" Narcissa cried into his smothering sleeve. "You can't! It's what we're depending on!"

"Lemme have her," said the woman, jerking Narcissa to her.

"What do you mean—it's what you're depending on? Take your hand off her mouth, Bird, if she promises not to scream. You won't scream, will you? Not that it would do you any good if you did."

"I mean we've got to sell that portrait to have enough money to live. My mother's in New York seeing about it now."

"Oh, is that all? Well, it doesn't interest me in the least. The idea of selling a family portrait like that! Why, it's just—it's just perfectly criminal!" He picked up the torch and played it over the canvas. The sight fed his indignation. "That adorable thing!"

"Will you quit gassing, Weggie?" the woman demanded. "We got to be on our way."

She stood in front of Narcissa, frowning, and she waggled a revolver she'd produced from somewhere, in an entirely comprehensible command for silence.

"Oh, I suppose you're right," Weggie sighed, and returned to his task.

Narcissa could decipher the mantel clock. It was ten minutes after twelve. If Rachel would only come! There wasn't a chance of Margery's return for hours yet.

The woman put the revolver on the floor, pulled a piece of rope from her pocket and tied Narcissa's ankles. Then she muttered, "Hands behind you," and fastened her wrists tightly.

The Rowan Peale being out of its frame, Weggie knelt on the floor, rolling the canvas with infinite care.

"Open your mouth," the woman directed in the same low voice, and thrust a gag that tasted of dirty leather between Narcissa's teeth.

Narcissa devoted herself to prayer:

"Please God, let Rachel come back; but not if they're going to shoot her."

"There," said Weggie, and he stood up. "Well, it's early yet."

He took the electric torch and swung it slowly around to inspect the room.

"Isn't this place the queerest trick?"

Suddenly he gave a high laugh for his own oddity.,

"Do you know, I just love it. It wouldn't do for me at all. I'm pure eighteenth century every time; but I'd like to do one just like it for my mother. Is that picture over there a Winterhalter?"

As Narcissa didn't answer, he swung on her irritably. "Well, is it?"

"I got her fixed up," the woman explained.

"Well, in mercy's name! How would you like it if every time you were talking to someone I was to clap a hand over his mouth? You take that thing right off!"

"I tell you, we've got to be making tracks!"

"Shush!"

Narcissa's apparatus of information was freed.

"It is a Winterhalter," she said. "It's Grandmother Mather. It was painted when she was presented to Eugénie."

If only she could talk until Rachel came!

"Her father was ambassador to Italy. He brought that little table from Venice. There are some cunning French dolls in the sewing box between the chairs."

"I'm crazy to see them, but I want to ask first what kind of furniture this is, anyway. Is it Italian?"

"No, it's Belter. It was made about 1840. There's a set like it in the White House."

"Belter! My dear, I've heard about it all my life!"

He threw up his hands in an excited gesture, but Narcissa had caught sight of another hand which riveted her eyes.

Bird was leaning against the jamb of the hall door in an attitude of impatience, the revolver hanging negligently from her fingers. The hand Narcissa saw caught her wrist and twisted it so that the weapon fell to the floor before she had time to squeal.

Weggie jumped to her assistance. There was a three-handed struggle going on, and the intruder in the midst of it was Mr. Dean Lane. Narcissa Rowan went hot with the anguished joy of knowing him come to her rescue. She sat straining every muscle as though that could help him.

Weggie made a dive and would have had the gun if Lane hadn't caught his collar and jerked him to one side, at the same time giving the revolver a kick and butting the woman in the stomach with his free elbow.

The woman sat down with a deflating "Ooch!"

Mr. Lane concentrated on Weggie, who was struggling like a busy egg beater. Narcissa got to the floor and rolled over on the revolver.

Mr. Lane had done some trick with Weggie's coat that held him fast, and was searching Weggie's pocket for a weapon when the woman flew at him from the rear.

"You'd hit a girl, would you?"

For a minute Mr. Lane only hunched his back against her blows, then he said, "Cut it out, now!"

Weggie's pocket had yielded him its treasure. The two lifted their hands. There was a moment of hard-breathing silence; and a Wagnerian orchestra of emotions rendered ecstasy in Narcissa's breast. Everything glamorous in the world had happened.

Then Weggie began to speak:

"I suppose you're mad. Well, I don't care if you are, Spike Leonard. I don't see why you should horn in on Bird and I. Welch gave us that job. There wasn't to be no one else."

"Shut your face, Weggie."

Mr. Lane knew the man's name!

"Is this the way your gang holds together?" Bird demanded plaintively. "Some gang, I'll say!"

"Well, what do you want? We can't wait all night. Half what we got?"

Mr. Lane hadn't time to say what he wanted. There was a gasping scream in the hall, a gleam of white terrified eyes.

Rachel had found the door open and peered in to catch a glimpse of Miss Margery and her young man.

"Help! Murdah!"

She'd scrabbled over the porch and was charging down the walk, her shrieks tearing the night.

"They got Miss Narcissa daid! Come heah! Murdah!"

The relationship of captor and captured was at an end among the three. Mr. Lane lowered his gun. Weggie rolled Narcissa from the one on the floor and snatched it up.

"Car—quick!" the woman had hissed before she darted.

Weggie paused for a moment's menace of Mr. Lane before he followed her.

"You wait till I tell Welch!"

Mr. Lane went to Narcissa.

"Don't bother about me!" she cried. "Go, go!"

There were other shouts besides Rachel's. A car started clamorously. A shot sounded.

"I'll just cut these," Mr. Lane said of the ropes, and began to saw at them with a small knife on his watch chain.

"I thought you were a detective in their confidence," Narcissa said. "But I suppose you can't be. You let them go."

"I'm not a detective."

"But you're not going to let them take you?"

"What else can I do?"

"The back way."

"They'd see me going through the hall."

It was true. People were swarming toward the house.

"The closet! That door back there! Quick!"

He'd cut the second rope. It fell about her feet.

"This door?"

"Yes; I'll tell you when it's safe."

He was hidden, but the hall was already invaded.

Rachel's yells had evoked from the apparently deserted street, Mace Turnbull, a hack driver; Joe Lacey, the pallid proprietor of a dairy-lunch room; and Ferryboat Mae, reputedly a woman of easy virtue. The rush of fugitives to the automobile and its withdrawal after one defiant shot had lent them all courage.

"Where'd you say the body was?" Mace Turnbull asked of Rachel with unction.

"In dere."

"Huh?"

Mace Turnbull thrust his head into the drawing-room door with an air, habitual with him, of being just about to expectorate.

"With her head right on the dog irons. She wouldn't 'a' done harm to a beetle."

Narcissa realized that she'd been watching as though she were the spectator of a play.

"No one has been hurt," she said.

"Well!"

The four trooped in.

"Honey, I thought you been assulted. My lan'! Did you hear me scream? What all them folks doin' in here?"

"They were burglars."

"Can't you see?" Mace relinquished his melodrama with reluctance. "Hell let loose in here! Look out for the glass!"

"Oh, ain't it awful!" squealed Mae.

Joe Lacey just let his adenoids have as much air as possible.

"They tried to steal the picture," Narcissa said; "but they didn't. That's it rolled up."

"You must 'a' been scared to death, though, dearie." Ferryboat Mae visualized what would have been her own flowerlike emotions.

"There was a robbery up to the Dowlings' too," said Mace Turnbull. "Judas Priest! Elmsley's getting to be just like New York."

"I was there," Rachel volunteered. "They was talking that that fella Miss Margery took had somethin' to do with it."

"Hadn't we oughta telephone the Dowlings?" Mace Turnbull suggested.

"Of course. Will you? Tell them there were two people—a man and a woman."

"I thought they was two men," Rachel protested.

Mace Turnbull roared.

"I guess you was seein' double."

While he was out of the room, Joe Lacey tried to relieve his troubled brain.

"What was they here for?"

"A picher. The picher outa that frame."

"That frame must be worth a lotta money."

"That's what you get if you're rich. No burglaries up to my place."

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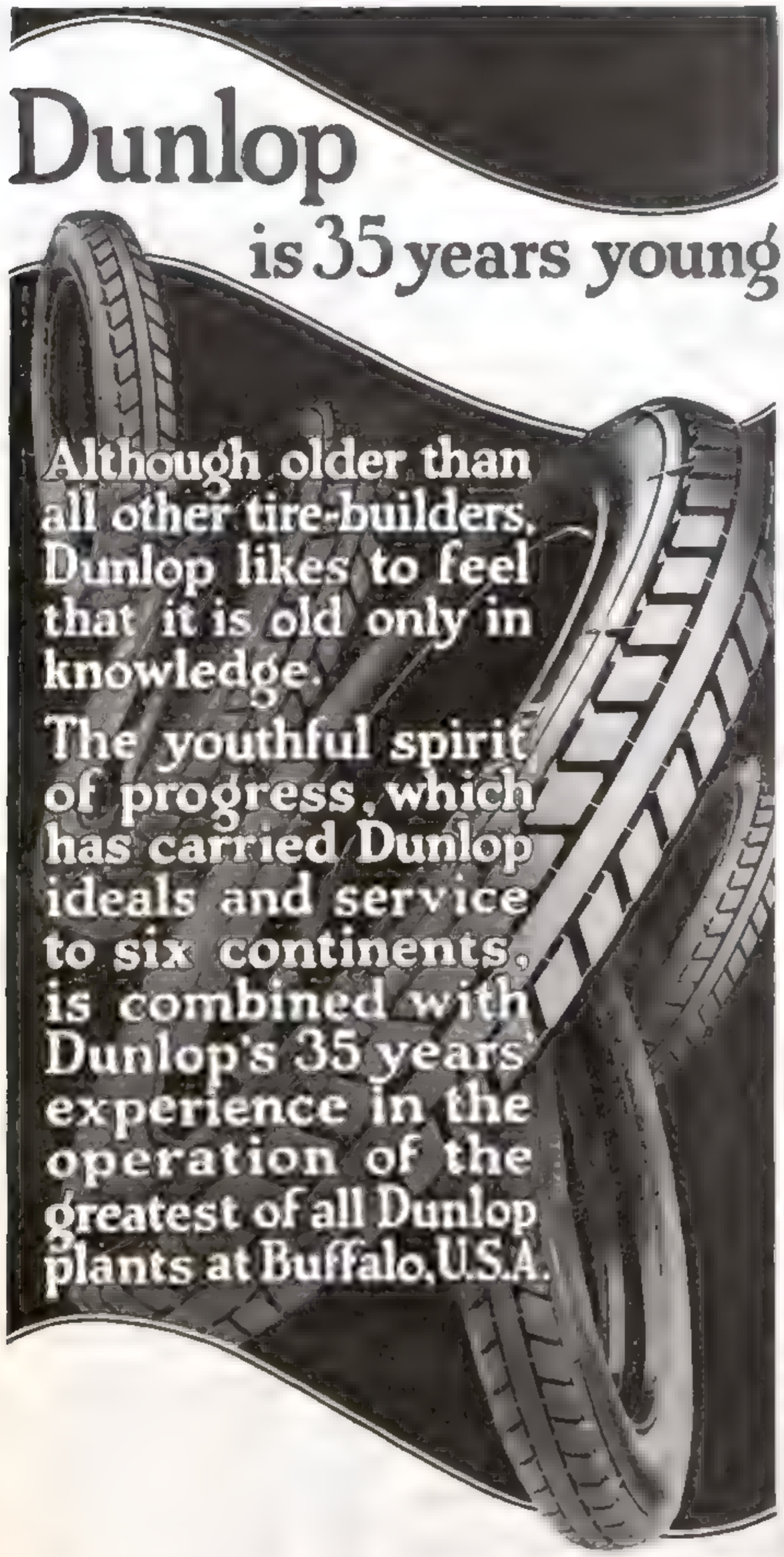
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Built on honor
to honor its Builders

Ferryboat Mae cackled at the fancy.

Rachel was hovering over Narcissa.

"You ain't got to tell your ma I was out, has you, honey?"

Mace Turnbull returned effulgent.

"They cut the phone wires. Talk about the movies! I better drive over and tell them."

"Would you? I suppose they'll want to see if they can trace the thieves from here."

"You bet!"

Mace swung on Joe and Ferryboat Mae. "Give you a lift anywheres."

"My old lady's waiting up," Joe excused himself.

"Thanks," Mae accepted.

"Well, Mae," Mace said to her as they left, "never expected that we'd be making a date in the Rowans' parlor."

Ferryboat Mae cackled ghoulishly.

"In society!"

Mace urged her out with a whack on the flank.

Rachel picked up broken glass, peering at Narcissa with round, guilty, sympathetic eyes.

"You look kinda dogged out, honey."

"I fainted for a minute."

"You always was saying you was crazy to faint."

"I hadn't like it as well as I thought I should, and I feel a little queer now. Could you get me some hot milk, Rachel?"

"Right this minute."

Narcissa opened the closet door.

"It's all right now. Is there some place you can hide?"

"Yes. Don't worry."

Mr. Lane took her hand, and Narcissa said what she hadn't meant to say:

"You didn't offer to help me at the drug store on purpose to ——"

"I swear I didn't!" Mr. Lane said solemnly.

"I'm so glad."

All unexpectedly, with the beginning of a smile on her lips, Narcissa Rowan swayed and toppled. Mr. Lane caught her. In her woolly bathrobe, with the funny slippers, she was like a lovely child.

Mr. Lane meant to put her on the sofa, but instead he held her in his arms and looked at her very hard—at the sweet contours of the face over which the brown hair drooped in deep waves, at the long, shadowed eyelashes.

"I wish to God that I were better!" he said passionately. "I wish to God I were!" he repeated.

And as though to prove to himself that he was far worse than even he thought, quite against his will he bent and kissed one cool cheek.

It was some seconds before Narcissa Rowan opened her eyes. She looked at Mr. Lane and then at the room.

"Oh," she said at last, "you haven't gone. You must."

"But are you all right?"

"Yes; and Rachel's right here. I won't faint again. At least, I'm afraid I won't. The first time you do is horrid; but the second is just like heaven."

Two cars blocked the road. There was a ten-foot drop to a field on one side, a sandy slope on the other.

"Do you suppose it's an ambush, Pat?" Margery asked.

"Looks like it. There's a gun in that pocket."

Margery extracted it.

"Fire in the air if I yell."

"All right."

They were close now, and a shout came from the cars. Pat swung out, up the sandy bank at a giddy angle. Margery drew in her breath with a gasping sound. The shouts rose again, wilder.

"Might try a shot."

She held up the revolver and pulled so hard she had to shut her eyes.

"It won't go off."

"Safety cock. All right, anyway."

They were back in the road.

"What would they have done to us if we'd stopped?"

"I don't know. It was a close squeak, I should say."

"You drove like an angel. You know there's no reason in the world you should be doing this for me."

"Wouldn't miss it for a farm. I'm as much to blame for his getting away as Chambers, anyway."

"How far are we?"

"Vermont border. About three-quarters of the way. Lord, what a road!"

"We'll make it by three easily."

"I ——"

A sharp explosion close to them cut his speech. Margery jumped to her feet, holding the revolver. She was jerked back by Pat's throwing on the brakes.

"Blowout, damn it!"

"Do you suppose they'd fixed glass on the road back there?"

"It's possible. I'll have to ask you to stand guard while I change. Wait till I fix that gun."

Margery was glad of the heavy coat. The night had turned cold. She sat on a bowlder and Pat cocooned her in a rug before he set to work.

The broken shoe was off and he was lifting the fresh one down when Margery saw something moving down the road.

"Someone's coming," she said, and stood erect.

Pat dropped the tire.

"Give me the gun."

He stationed himself before her. He had good shoulders and there was something comforting about the back of his head.

"Who is it?"

"Are you," queried an elderly voice, querulous with irritation, "the darned fool who passed me and a decent car owner who'd stopped to give me a hand back there?"

Pat slid the gun into his pocket.

"I've got a blowout," he said.

"Well, you ought to have. You ought to have a broken neck. If you don't want to lend a wrench to a man who's broken down, what's to hinder you from giving him a lift to a phone? It's folks like you that get the automobile owner despised."

It seemed as though the little man were going to cry from sheer indignation.

"I didn't know what you wanted," Pat apologized.

"What did you think I wanted? To kiss you good night?"

"What kind of a wrench do you need? Take it if you can find it. I'm in a hurry."

"Hurry! That's all you speed bugs ever think of. No time for kindness. No time for decency."

He bent over the step of the car.

"That's a hell of a way to keep your tool box."

Zest had oozed from the adventure.

"What time do you suppose we'll get back?" Margery asked when Pat began to rub the grease off his hands with waste.

"You mean if we don't have any trouble at Grangeville? About six or seven o'clock."

"Mother will be pleased."

From some strange survival of conservatism, Elmsley daughters didn't motor all night with young men without pointed parental comment.

"We're all right if we bring home the bacon," Pat said.

"Oh, well, even if we don't, I guess mother'll understand when we explain where we've been. I never heard of anyone's going to Grangeville for pleasure."

The words conjured to Pat's mind Duffy's road house as he imagined it. In the dark he got red with discomfort that he was taking Margery Rowan there.

"By gad, we've got to bring home the bacon!" he said.

There was only one light among the casually congregated houses which were Grangeville. It was in Duffy's.

"This is the place," Pat announced, pulling himself from behind the wheel.

"If there's only a fire!"

Margery stirred her chilled weariness in preparation for descent.

"You can't come in," Pat informed her. "It's a horrible hole. I'll fire a shot if anything happens. If you hear me, yell till everyone in the town comes out."

Margery said she was too cold to yell very successfully.

Pat's fist on the door roused Mr. Duffy, who was dozing in his rocker under a swinging kerosene lamp.

"What you want?" he demanded in a voice blurred with sleepiness.

"Who's staying in this place?"

"Nobody."

"None of that now! Who is there?"

"You one of these divorce fellas? Well, there ain't a cuckoo in the place. Look around if you wanta. I'd 'a' got some sleep for once if it hadn't been for the telephone ringin' every ten minutes."

"I'll take a look."

Pat tramped conscientiously through every squalid room.

"What would I lie to you for, boss?" Mr. Duffy wondered when Pat rejoined him in the hall.

(Continued on Page 88)

Every three and a half minutes—a check fraud loss!

Seventeen times every hour, some bank or depositor in the United States suffers money loss through check fraud. Police headquarters of the country are flooded with descriptions and "wanted" bulletins—on check crooks. Eminent authorities on crime say that they are more dangerous than the nitroglycerine of the professional safe-cracker.

They are smooth, cunning, of good appearance. Sooner or later some master-crook among them finds a way to circumvent mechanical and chemical obstacles placed in their way.

In 1922 it is estimated that check fraud losses in this country totaled between fifty and *one hundred fifty million dollars!*

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Send coupon for free book of experiences with criminals, by the famous detective, Wm. J. Burns.

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The check raiser *can* be stopped. Your checks *can* be safe from his ever-menacing activities. Without mechanical devices, or "patent inks."

But by use of checks which are triply safeguarded, *positively* protected against the most cunning crooks. Thousands of leading banks now supply these checks to their depositors—without charge, a final step in the banking service.

Three safety steps

In themselves these checks combine every step needed to thwart the check raiser, and protect you against financial loss.

Every man or woman who uses checks should know and understand this!

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The paper of which these checks are made is the safest in the world. It stubbornly resists any attempt at erasure by knife-scratches, rubber, or acid.

If the attempt is made, no matter how skilfully, the check is marred—the crook exposed.

The manufacturers of these checks register and keep track of every sheet of this paper.

No one can buy a sheet or a quantity to duplicate your checks.

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On each check is printed this statement which warns off the most daring crook: "Protected by the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc."

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The safest way to handle money is by check—through a bank.
It is the convenient, efficient way. You always have a receipt; always have a clear record of money expended. But take these precautions:

Write checks carefully, with ink, typewriter, or machine—never with pencil.

Start writing exactly at left-hand margin of lines, fill all spaces, write figures and words of amount-lines close together.

Never issue checks on which erasures have been necessary. Destroy all checks marred in making.

Never sign blank checks.

Don't issue checks to unvouched-for strangers.

Be careful where and how you sign your banking signature.

Never make out checks to "cash" or "bearer." Use names.

In depositing checks, always endorse them "For Deposit Only."

Use SUPER-SAFETY INSURED CHECKS—triply safeguarded against alteration. Thousands of banks supply them.

To the would-be raiser this means sure, relentless pursuit and detection; certain prosecution and punishment.

"Master" or amateur, he does not tamper with the check so marked.

It does not pay him—when ordinary, unsafe checks can be found.

Then—$1,000 insurance

Finally this stands between you and any conceivable money loss through raised checks.

When your bank supplies you with these checks you become beneficiary of an insurance policy for $1000—against altered-check loss.

This insurance is issued by one of America's strongest "old line" companies—The Hartford. It pays all just claims on the dot. It is the final step that makes your protection positive.

Ask your banker

Tell your banker you want Super-Safety INSURED Checks. They cost him no more than he pays for ordinary, unprotected checks.

Ask him about them, today.

This book free

We have privately printed a very interesting book by Wm. J. Burns. Stories of his experiences with check raisers. Also, it contains much valuable information.

Mail the coupon for your copy—free—today.

Using Super-Safety INSURED Checks, you are covered by $1000.00 insurance—against loss by check alteration. This insurance is issued by the strong HARTFORD ACCIDENT & INDEMNITY COMPANY—with a record of 112 years for reliability and fair dealing. Has no unpaid claims. Possesses more than $17,000,000.00 assets, today.

Every Super-Safety Insured Check is fully protected by the famous WM J. BURNS INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY, INC. This great organization spans the world—with branches everywhere. Its very name, or that of its founder, is a dread warning to crooks.

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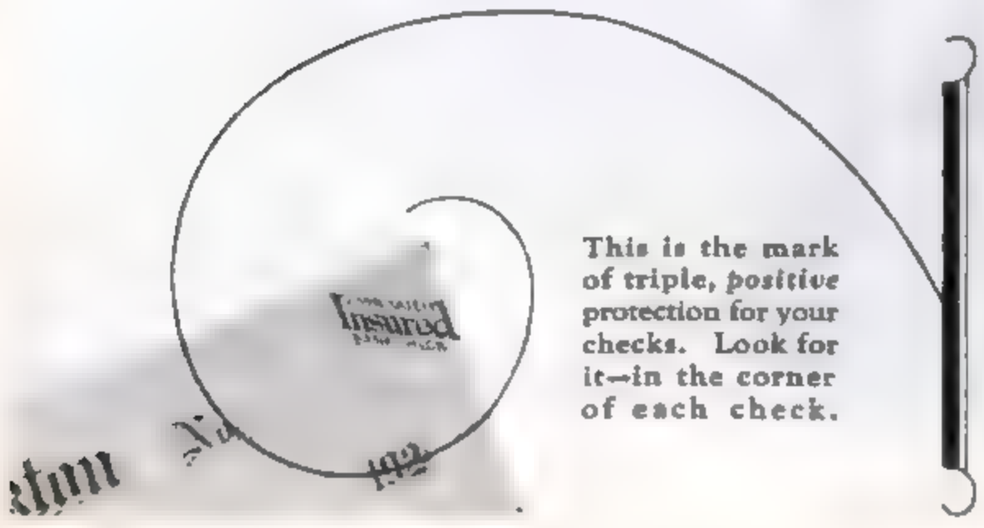

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Continued from Page 86)

Pat went reluctantly to Margery.

"Not here now. I suppose we'll have to wait."

"Then I'm going to wait inside."

"No, you're not."

"Don't be silly, Pat! I don't care what's going on in there. I'm certainly going in. My reputation is lost, anyway, and with that gone, I certainly can't afford to have my nose frozen off."

"Oh, I suppose it'll be all right."

Margery didn't wait for fuller permission.

"What's so terrible about it?" she asked in the warm hall. "I've seen that Nerebere advertisement in the most respectable places."

Mr. Duffy wondered if his guests wouldn't take something to warm them up. Pat looked so agonized that Margery immediately said yes, but took pity on his anguished gestures of forbiddance and added that hot milk would be perfect.

"Which is too silly, when grog would have saved my life," she said to Pat when they were alone; "but evidently Mr. Duffy is more rigid about such things than mother."

Pat was too worried even to grin. He went to Mr. Duffy in the kitchen.

"We're going to stay here," he informed that worthy with a great deal of embarrassment, "for a while. I don't know how long."

"Want a room?" Mr. Duffy asked.

"No, we're going to sit in the hall, and I want you to stay with us. Here's twenty dollars. Now stick around. Do you understand?"

Mr. Duffy pocketed the bill.

While Margery sipped her milk, Pat paced the floor as though the proprieties would be propitiated if he didn't sit down. Margery grew a little hysterical about it.

"I've never seen anyone look so menaced," she said. "Really, my intentions toward you are perfectly honorable."

When the telephone rang, Mr. Duffy didn't know whether he was permitted to step into the booth to answer it.

"Is it all right?" he questioned.

"Of course it is," Pat snapped.

"Yep, this is R 42," they could hear him say. "No, there ain't no Deshum here. I told you that about twenty times already."

"Here! Wait!" Pat called. "My name's Deshon. Who is it?"

"Put 'em on," commanded Mr. Duffy, and handed over the receiver, saying, "Elmsley on the wire."

"Hello, who is it?"

"That you, Deshon? This is Lane. I hoped I'd find you. Is Miss Margery there?"

"Yes."

"Is she pretty tired?"

"Say, what's the point of this? Where did you go?"

"Out the window. I had something to do elsewhere. I'm calling up now to tell you why I left the plant in my pocket. You remember the problem we were discussing when we were interrupted? I thought this might solve it. It's rather late, and you're in a disreputable hole. Why not suggest a marriage? I think it's your best chance, and if she doesn't accept there's certainly no harm done."

"Where are you? Did you have anything to do with that robbery?"

Mr. Lane had evidently hung up.

"Who was it, Pat?" Margery asked.

"Lane. He just sent us on a wild-goose chase."

"No!"

"The call was from Elmsley."

"Do you mean to say he sent us here just for a joke? What did he say?"

"Oh, he thought we needn't waste any more time." Pat was slightly red.

"He certainly didn't seem like that kind of a fool. That means we have to arrive home at dawn empty-handed, and begin explaining. If you knew how I loathe explanations!"

Pat leaned over her.

"What do you say to our getting married, Margery? It's a cinch in this state."

Something in his eyes pleaded other arguments.

"It would simplify matters," Margery admitted.

Just then Mr. Duffy snorted.

"Will you clear out of here?" Pat demanded.

"On my way," Mr. Duffy replied, and rose.

He couldn't withdraw, however, because he had to let in someone who was pounding on the door.

"Do you mean you will?" Pat almost groaned.

"I'm so tired." Margery's voice was deprecatory.

Pat couldn't take her in his arms under the eyes of the strange couple just arrived. "Come on then."

Margery had fixed her eyes on the newcomers.

"Pat," she whispered, "it's the footman."

The scene would have been more dramatic if Weggie hadn't been talking with Mr. Duffy too hard to notice anything until Pat shoved his revolver against Weggie's ribs. Bird saw, just too late, and held up her hands for the second time that night.

Weggie said, "Well, it's too much. I could just cry."

What Bird said cannot be told.

Mr. Duffy took care of the situation.

"That," he announced, "ain't the way to talk before a young lady. Better step in here, miss."

The Dowling wedding presents were in Weggie's car. Pat transferred them ruefully to his, after Mr. Duffy had summoned the sheriff.

"Dog-gone it," he said to Margery, "no reason for getting married now, I suppose."

The pretty, troubled face of the lady with silvery gray hair who had occupied Lower 8 on the midnight cleared perceptibly as the train approached Elmsley. Mrs. Rowan's trip to New York had been discouraging. People who had been unqualifiedly enthusiastic about her possessions when they believed them unattainably hers had proved indifferent as prospective purchasers. Mrs. Rowan had lain awake, worrying in the night; but as she approached Elmsley the sense of home and peace fell upon her spirit. She adjusted the small hat—which she really shouldn't have bought, but did so need—quite happily, and had the porter collect her luggage some time before it was actually necessary because it seemed to hasten her arrival.

Neither of her daughters was on the platform; but that was not disturbing. It was a gilt and vermilion day. Mrs. Rowan drank deep of the cool brilliant air.

"Good morning, Mace," she said to the driver of the one vehicle at the station. "Can you take me home?"

"Yes'm; yes, Mis' Rowan."

"Do you think you can get in all my things?"

"Sure, Mis' Rowan."

Mace Turnbull arranged them expertly, jumped in, clucked at his horse and settled to solid enjoyment.

"You ain't been gone long, Mis' Rowan."

"No; just a little trip. How has everything been since I've been away?"

"Just fine, Mis' Rowan. Lotta excitement last night, though. Burglars got up to the Dowlings' and stole a lot of Miss Dora's wedding presents. Old Tom Drummond is up there yet searching for clews."

"He hasn't caught the thieves?"

"Not him. The burglar fellas went up to your house and was trying to carry off one of them pictures when me and Joe Lacey heard the colored girl yelling and went in and scared them away."

"Mace! You're frightening me to death! Where was Narcissa?"

"Oh, Miss Narcissa had come down to try and send 'em away. I guess she was right scared. She fainted a coupla times."

"Make that horse go faster, Mace. I can't wait to get home. Who were the burglars? Does Narcissa know? We've never had anything like this happen in town. Were they some of those foreigners from Little Italy?"

"Ain't nobody knows. All they suspect is that one of 'em was a fella Miss Margery took to the Dowlings' dance with her. Don't get out yet, Mis' Rowan. I ain't got the wheel cramped around. You're liable as not to break your leg."

"Mother darling!"

Narcissa was in the hall.

"My baby! Tell me about everything! You're perfectly all right?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Mace told me about last night. I've never been so frightened. What picture was it?"

"The Peale. It's perfectly safe."

"Mace said they suspect some man Margery took to the dance. Was it someone she met at one of those awful proms?"

"No; it was a man I found. There wasn't anybody for her to go with and we were just desperate. I saw him in Nelson's drug store and he offered to go."

Mrs. Rowan shut her eyes for a moment. When she opened them she said, "I never should have left you children alone. I don't wonder that you look as though the sky had caved in."

"But you haven't heard the worst, mother. Margery isn't here. She didn't come home last night, and she isn't at the Dowlings' or any of the girls'."

"Do you mean to say this man has abducted her?"

There was a quality of shriek in Mrs. Rowan's voice.

"No," Narcissa assured her. "He couldn't have. He was here trying to save the Peale from the people who were stealing it, after Margery and Pat had disappeared from the Dowlings'."

"Why didn't you say that she was with Pat? That doesn't worry me half so much."

"Besides, I've done everything, mummy. I've telephoned everyone in town, so they're all looking for her. Don't cry, darlingest. What are you crying for? Because she took a strange man to the dance? You wouldn't if you'd seen him."

"That's not the point, Narcissa. But I don't understand about the man. I thought he was a thief, and yet you say he stopped someone from stealing the Peale."

"He did—a man and a woman. I wouldn't have said that he was here to the—the police, only they already suspected him of helping them in the theft at the Dowlings', and I knew he couldn't be guilty, because the man and woman were surprised to see him."

"Oh, Narcissa, you're so confusing! From what you say, all that I gather is that he prevented a robbery."

"Oh, mother, I haven't told anyone; but the man and woman did know him. They called him by a nickname and they said terrible things to him."

"To this person Margery took to the dance?"

"Oh, I don't want you to think he's bad! I know he isn't. But when I look back over last night, other things make me think that—it's so horrible to say—that he had been in prison.

"I went early this morning to look at the placard in the post office to see if he could be the convict who'd escaped, but it wasn't he. He wasn't an eighth as handsome. He ——"

Narcissa stopped in mid-sentence, her eyes fixed on the side light of the door, then she darted to the knob and flung the door open. A man was crossing the porch.

"Quick!" Narcissa gasped. "Are they after you?"

"More or less," said the man, entering, and Narcissa bolted the door behind him.

"Mother, this is Mr. Lane."

"Mr. Lane?"

"The one—the one we were talking about"

"I hoped to find Mrs. Rowan here," Mr. Lane said.

"Is it something about Margery?"

"No. Hasn't Miss Margery returned?"

"Where from?"

"When last I heard of her she was in Grangeville with Mr. Deshon, trying to catch the Dowling thieves."

"That accounts for Margery then. Why did you wish to see me, Mr. Lane?"

"You see, I'll probably be taken before the morning is over, and I wanted to have made your acquaintance first. There are some things I'd rather you heard from me, if you don't mind."

"They shan't arrest you!" Narcissa declared, clenching her fists and looking at her mother, who couldn't help smiling.

"I'm afraid we can't stop them if they've set their hearts on it. Shall we go in the drawing-room?"

Mrs. Rowan sat in a high crimson chair, Narcissa on an ottoman at her knee. Mr. Lane stood while he addressed the little court.

"In the first place," he said, "I want you to understand that my connection with the thievery last night was purely accidental. I offered Miss Narcissa my services and urged Miss Margery to take me in all good faith. At the party, however, a footman spoke to me. He was a member of a gang with which I've been connected for the past

(Continued on Page 93

"Give Me the Gun." He Stationed Himself Before Her

"American Beauty" ELECTRIC IRON

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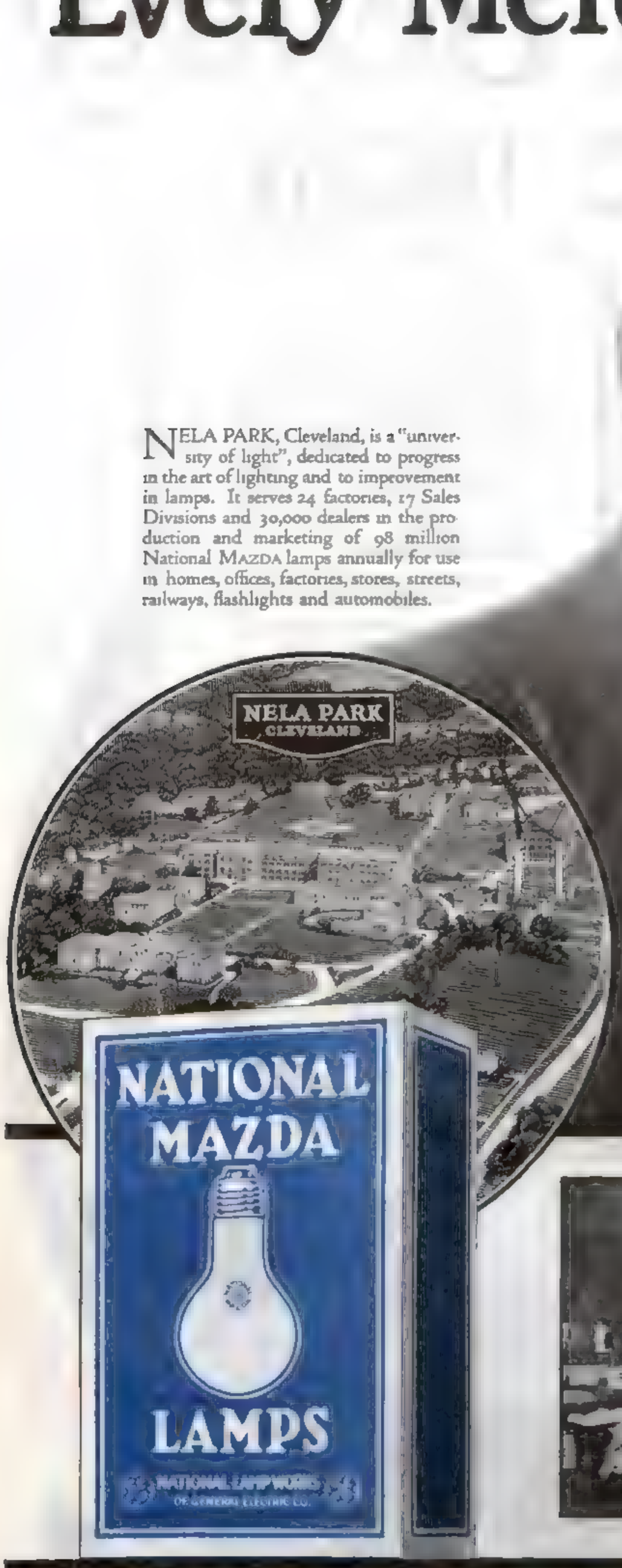

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The first floor of The New Grand Leader Department Store—where the lighting test was conducted.

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This test was a test by comparison—and the record of it shows very clearly what better lighting does to sales. Every merchant who wants more sales and more profits should know all the facts about this test.

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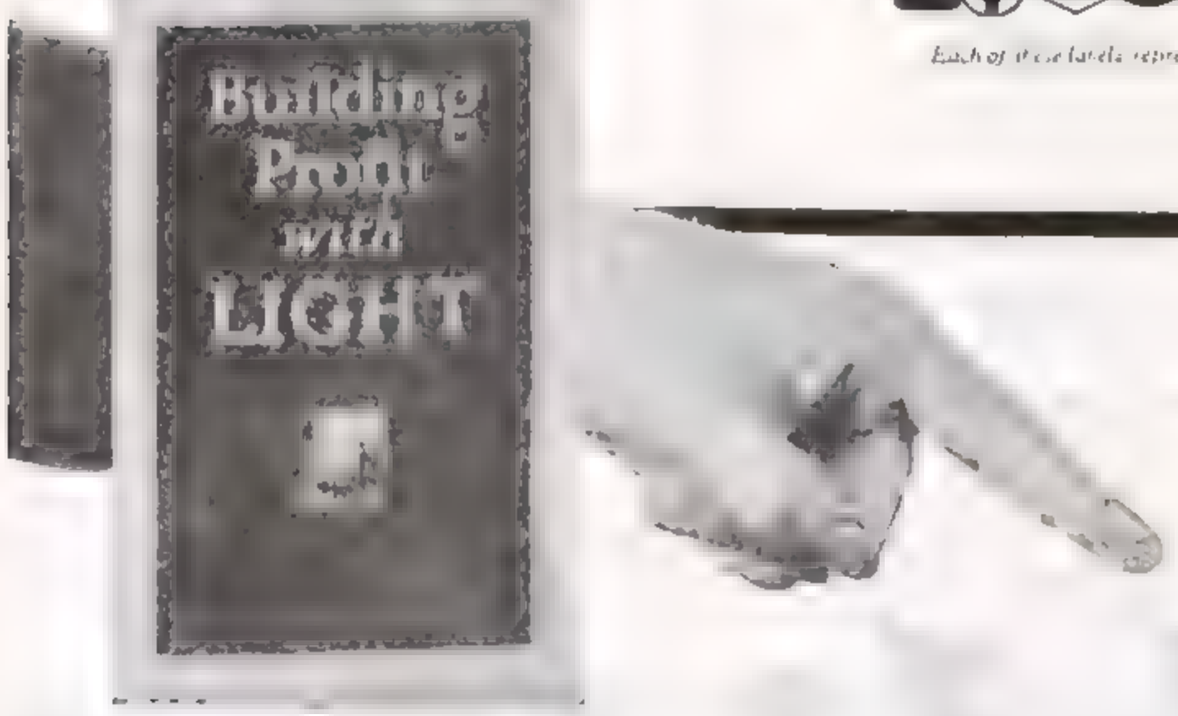
Each of these labels represents a Sales Division, equipped to give a complete lighting service



This booklet contains many actual instances that prove the ability of light to make money for merchants in all lines.

"After the wonderful showing," says Mr. Vlcek, "that followed the installation of the new lighting system for test purposes, I am more than pleased with the purchase of this equipment."

"The improved appearance of the entire store attracts customers from one part to another, making for increased sales. Furthermore, my employees have been more cheerful and efficient in their attitude toward the public."

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Pens - Utility Sets - Pencils

(Continued from Page 88)

year or so—Welch's gang." Mr. Lane smiled. "You've probably never heard of it. I tried immediately to make an arrangement whereby he would spare my hostess; but I was interrupted. I then made an appointment with him to discuss the matter, but wasn't allowed to keep it. I imagine he knew I wouldn't be, for the telephone call for Mrs. Dowling, which undoubtedly was put in by his partner, must have been prearranged. He probably wanted to avoid me because he had your Peale in mind and didn't want me to claim half what he got from that.

"However that may have been, by the time I was able to reach the room where the wedding presents were he was gone. I knew, because he would have answered the signal rap I gave on the door if he'd been able to crawl. The harm having been accomplished, I resolved to do nothing for the time being.

"Then Miss Margery happened to mention your Peale. I'd heard the woman book agent, whom I had reason to suspect as the footman's partner, say the name 'Peale' over the public telephone yesterday.

"Miss Margery's words gave me an inkling of what was up.

"Just then Mr. Chambers appeared, intending to drag me before some inquisition; and as there was no time to lose, I made an excuse, jumped out of a window and hurried here. You know what happened here?"

Mrs. Rowan nodded.

"You kept these people from stealing the Peale. But what I don't understand is why you should tell this to me. If true, it clears you of any complicity in last night's——"

"Except," Mr. Lane called to her attention, "that I let the pair escape. I did break the law in that, but I felt a certain loyalty."

"That's just my point," said Mrs. Rowan. "These loyalties, and the admission of your association with a gang involve you in so much more than I should have ever suspected."

"It is the rest I wanted you to hear," Mr. Lane continued, "the *apologia pro vita mea*."

Mr. Lane paused and fumbled with the back of a chair while he assembled his thoughts.

"The worst of it is," said Mrs. Rowan, "that you've evidently had every advantage."

Mr. Lane nodded his assent.

"My first false step," he began, "was the taking of a silver medal for deportment when I was seven."

"Do you mean you stole it?" Mrs. Rowan gasped.

"No; it was presented to me; and the praise I received for having won it raised in me a great, horrible desire for virtue. I was almost a perfect child, Mrs. Rowan, and I grew into a practically faultless young man. I was hard-working, conscientious, competent in athletics, resistant of temptation; I was the apple of my parents' eyes. At twenty-five I was a success in an executive position out of all proportion to my age.

"Of course, there was an undercurrent. As a normal human being, I had wanted to do a great many reprehensible things; but I hadn't, because they would have been inconsistent with my ideal.

"The war came and I wanted to enlist; but my position was important enough to make my continuance in it infinitely more useful.

"Only a perfect young man would have stuck to it. I did."

"You sound too terrible," said Mrs. Rowan before she thought that it really sounded rather like encouragement.

"I was," he declared, "and I would have sworn that all the time I was growing stronger and stronger, while temptation's power over me lessened. Mrs. Rowan, exactly the opposite was the case. I had completely worn out my powers of resistance.

"One day in August, 1917, I saw a contingent of troops marching joyfully down a street that might lead them—God knew where; and something went crash inside me. I consigned my job to the devil and became a buck private. I could hardly wait to furnish my successor with adequate notes and instructions.

"I wasn't even a good buck private. I broke rules whenever I got a chance. My associates weren't educated, ambitious young men on their way to officers' training camps; but the scum of the regiment." Mr. Lane paused. "The heroic scum," he amended the phrase.

"A gangster I'd palled with gave his life for mine; and while he was dying very painfully and slowly, he used to talk to me about his kid brother. It appeared that the only way to repay in any measure that slow and painful death, which should have been mine, was to look out for that kid brother of his. You may imagine I made him know I would do everything in my power.

"The young man, when found—he was as evasive as a cake of soap—presented a problem. It seemed to me at first that never had entire unreasonableness been combined with such complete depravity. Later, I realized that he spoke a language I only lisped, and that if we were ever to come to an understanding I must learn his language, as he wouldn't learn mine.

"That is the reason I gave myself for my course, and it certainly sounds well. I hope it is true, but probably I was merely jumping at the chance for a new and interesting experience, just what I needed for a severe case of post-bellum boredom.

"Well, the thing was fascinating at first. I told him I was flat broke and threw myself on him for help. He introduced me to Welch's gang and I made myself solid with it. I was immensely stimulated by an occasional chase by the bulls or the real dangers of an intergang fight. The gang didn't think I had the stamina for real crookedness; but there was certain honest drudgery they were willing to trust me with, and all was well.

"As time went on, however, the life lost its glamour. I found myself associated with a lot of people as dull as the ones I'd spent my life in avoiding and differing from them only in a peculiar—and I couldn't but feel, erroneous—view of economics. My main object had been accomplished, because I knew the kid brother to the bottom of his soul. I resolved to stay only until I could prove him to himself, for his own self-respect.

"I took a clerk's job under a man I knew and began giving the kid brother small lots of money which I told him I'd stolen. He was worried, I could see. He was to keep the money for me. One day I wrote him a frantic note. I'd been caught. I had a chance to be let off if he'd come with the money and plead for me."

"How wonderful!" Narcissa whispered.

Mr. Lane looked at her a little sorrowfully.

"Unfortunately," he said, "the kid brother had gone to South America a few days before—with the money. I dare say I had given him too much.

"My excuse and my interest having both evaporated, I decided to go back to my prewar life. That life was symbolized by a great intellectual love affair with a lady I always seem to think of as the eternal salutatorian. The best way to recommence it was by taking up the course of our friendship where it had left off, which was just slightly on the chilly side of a declaration. The lady lives in Bennington, and I was on my way there by motor when my car broke down. I got to Elmsley, went into a drugstore to telephone her, Miss Narcissa came in—and I shan't ever telephone her now."

"Shan't you?" asked Narcissa, looking as eager as a little robin that has been fed one cherry and wants another.

It was really too much for Mrs. Rowan.

"I hope you're not trying to sound a sentimental note," she said, "because I should consider that really unprincipled. Narcissa is just sixteen, and I haven't a doubt that she considers you a very romantic figure. I think you're attractive and clever myself. Your unauthenticated story, however, isn't one which recommends you to me as a companion for my children. You've played with fire. How can I be sure you've never been burnt? According to your own story, you've spent the last year in the company of thieves and criminals, doing no work; yet I see you very well dressed——"

"How can you, mother?" Narcissa said, rising and standing beside Mr. Lane with a curious dignity.

"I presume," Mr. Lane said, "that I should have explained earlier that I didn't have any temptation of that sort to face. My grandfather left me a rather ungodly amount of money. He was Kenyon Lane. I suppose I'm worth about twelve millions."

There was perhaps a slight relaxation of the lines about Mrs. Rowan's mouth, which wasn't a very hard mouth; but she had the presence of mind to say, "Which is, of course, no justification whatever."

"None whatever," Mr. Lane agreed "But about Miss Narcissa. I'm glad you grasped immediately what I meant. Mrs. Rowan, the incredible thing does happen. One does fall in love at first sight. I did. It's preposterous, I know. I'm thirty and Miss Narcissa is sixteen. I've seen her perhaps two hours altogether; and yet I'm convinced that she loves me too. Considering the state of marriage in these days, don't you think that we might try one? When I get old and crabbed, while she's still a gay young creature, I'll let her divorce me instantly in some reputable state. What's your opinion?"

"Mother's opinion doesn't matter," Narcissa said, "and I wish you wouldn't joke about my wanting to leave you ever."

Mr. Lane took her hand.

"I suppose you're making a great mistake," he told her. "But you want to, don't you?"

Mrs. Rowan was about to remark that she didn't know what to say, when the doorbell rang and saved her from having to decide. It was a telegram.

"Guess you're gonta be surprised," the boy said.

Mrs. Rowan tore it open.

Married Pat Grangeville last night. Recovered goods stolen Dowlings. Inform them. Blissfully happy. MARGERY.

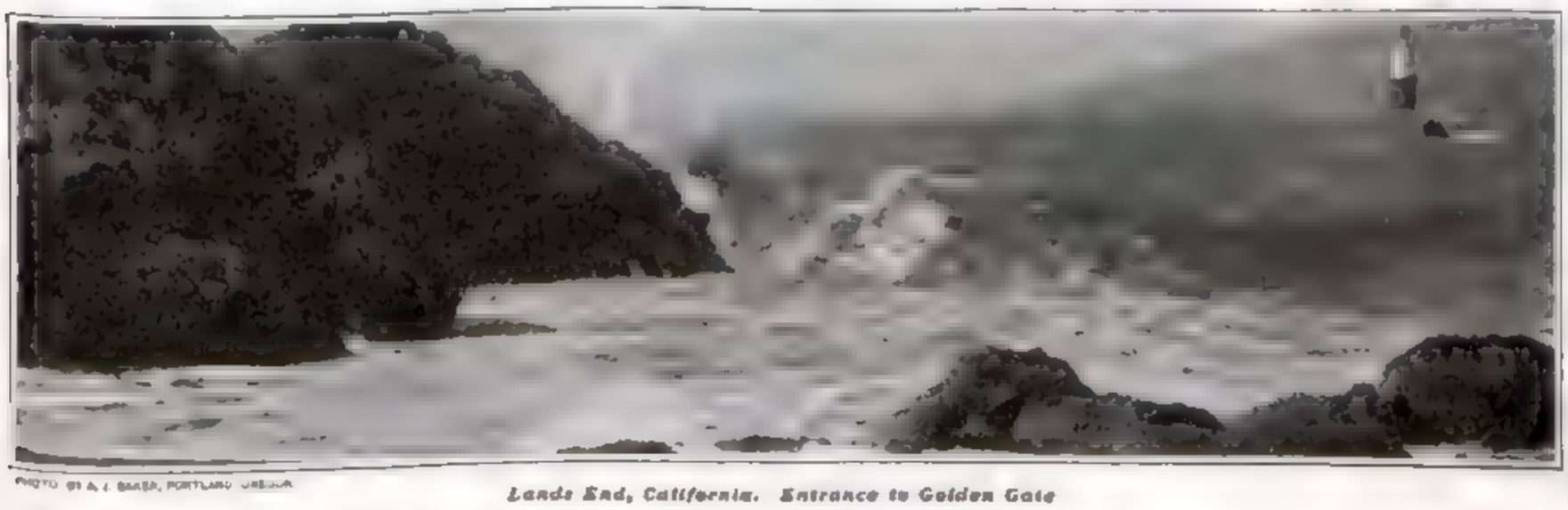
"Blissfully happy!" Margery's mother said aloud. "That doesn't sound like Margery at all."

Inside, Narcissa was asking, "Were you ever in love with Margery?"

"Not for a moment."

Narcissa put her arms around his neck, but before she kissed him she said, "One thing I love about you is that you're so first-hand."

(THE END)



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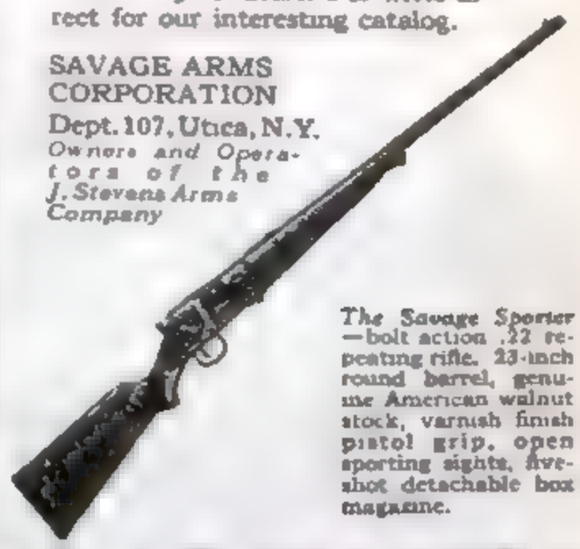

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DEVOTED WOMEN

Continued from Page 7

"Oh, mercy, Nan, you're so just!" Letitia broke out. "If you were in love with a man, you'd want him to appear well all the time."

There was a ring at the bell and the sound of a motor panting at the door. The two mothers had arrived, and the subject of man's gullibility had to be dropped, as the two friends hurried downstairs.

As they went Nan whispered, "Do the mothers like each other?"

Letitia smiled, shaking her head.

"No; but they think they do."

No two women of the same age and country could have been more utterly different than the two mothers. Mrs. Rossiter, who must have been rather pretty once, was still ruffled and jeweled like a young beauty; and her diction, though not exactly baby talk, had in it a lisp somewhat reminiscent of the nursery. There was a lot of gentle fussing about her wrap and gloves and lorgnette and purse—and a photograph of Roger she had been having framed for Letty, and a basket of fruit she had brought from town. The little hallway was quite filled with the effort of getting her settled. Mrs. Lewis, on the contrary, who not only had been but still was as beautiful as a cameo, was also as quiet as a statue, watching with a sort of icy wonder the long process of unwrapping Mrs. Rossiter.

"Your dear little house," Mrs. Rossiter was saying, trying to blow the mesh veil from between her lips, while she undid the pin at the back of a frilled hat which would have looked equally well on a child of seven. "It is a dear little house, isn't it, Miss Perkins? But you must let me call you Nan. We all call you Nan—even Roger. He's so excited about your coming home. He said to Letitia only yesterday, 'I feel as if I had known Nan all my life.' Didn't he? You'll let me go up, dear, won't you? One does get a little bit grubby motoring, doesn't one?"

She was led upstairs by her daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Lewis patted the hair behind her ear with a brisk gesture.

"I don't confess to any special grubbiness," she said with her remorselessly exact enunciation. "Well, Nan, that's what sons do to their mothers: almost consoles me for never having had a son. Letty thinks she's perfection—that's marriage, I suppose. How do you think Letty seems?"

"Wonderful—wonderfully happy, Mrs. Lewis."

"She ought to be. Roger is a very splendid person."

"You really like him?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lewis as one facing a possible charge of sentimentality; "yes, I really do."

"No criticisms at all?"

"Oh, come, Nan," answered the older woman, "remember who it is you're talking to. When you find me without criticisms you'll find me in my grave. I have endless criticism of him—of that cooing aged seraph who has just gone up to powder her elderly nose—even of my own daughter; but still, I do say that Roger is a fine man as men go—and that is saying a good deal."

It was saying more than Nan had ever expected to hear Mrs. Lewis say of her son-in-law, and she was content.

Presently the nose powderer came down, still cooing, and they went in to luncheon. It was a pleasant meal. The little room was full of sunlight; the Swede, though a poor linguist, was a good waitress; the food was excellent, and the talk, though not brilliant, for it was absorbed by Mrs. Rossiter, was kind and friendly; and Nan had been so many years away that she enjoyed just the sense of intimacy. They were talking about Roger—his health—how hard he worked.

"I really think," said his mother, shaking her head solemnly, "that you and he ought to go abroad. I think it's your duty."

"I'm not sure Roger means to take a holiday at all, Mrs. Rossiter," answered Letitia. "You see, he did take two weeks in the winter when we were married."

"If that may be called a holiday," said Mrs. Lewis. No one noticed her, and Mrs. Rossiter pressed on:

"Not take a holiday! Oh, Letty, he must! You must make him! He'll break down. Remember, he's only twenty-four. The strain at his age —— You agree with me, don't you, Mrs. Lewis? If you had a son of twenty-four, you would not want him to work steadily all the year round?"

"If I had a son," replied Mrs. Lewis, "I should be surprised if he ever found a job. The men of my family have always been out of a job."

There was a ring at the front door and the Swede went to answer it.

"Now that Meta is out of the room, Lett," said her mother, "might I suggest that you never allow her to answer the telephone? She always begins the conversation by stoutly denying that anyone of your name lives here."

Mrs. Rossiter gave a little scream of laughter and a gesture of her hand with the fingers self-consciously crooked.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how perfect that is! How exact!"

Mrs. Lewis looked at her coldly, as much as to say she had not intended to be, and, as a matter of fact, had not been so humorous as all that.

Then Meta returned to the room, and with the manner of beaming surprise which never left her—except on the rare occasions when she simply burst into tears—she announced that there was a policeman in the hall, come after Mr. Rossiter. At least, this was what she seemed to say; but there was enough doubt about it to keep the two mothers fairly calm, while Letitia ran out of the room to find out the truth.

"Do you suppose he's met with some horrible accident?" Mrs. Rossiter asked tremulously.

"More likely to have parked his car somewhere he ought not to have," answered Mrs. Lewis; but Letitia, knowing her well, saw that her secret thought was darker than her words. All three women remained silent after this, listening for some sound from the hall, until Letitia came back. She was holding herself very straight and her face was white.

She came straight to the table and said in a low firm voice, "There is some mistake, of course; but this man has come to arrest Roger."

"To arrest him!" cried his mother. "For what?"

"For murder," answered Letitia simply.

It is only men who break news with slow agony to women—women are more direct in dealing with each other.

Mrs. Rossiter gave a little cry, and then all four were silent, and in the pause Meta came in from the pantry and, deceived by the quietness, began to clear the side table.

When they were in the sitting room, with the door shut, Letitia told them as much of the story as she had been able to get from the policeman. According to his account, Roger had been not in Albany the night before but in Paterson—yes, he did sometimes go there for the company; but he never stayed there overnight. He had gone to a cheap dance hall—no, not at all like Roger, though he did love dancing—and afterward had gone to supper with a man and woman. She was a concert-hall singer, or something of the kind. There had been a row. The man had first gone away in a fury and then put his pride in his pocket and had come back—had drunk a cup of coffee of Roger's brewing—and had dropped dead. The woman had confessed ——

"It obviously isn't true," said Nan, and somehow her voice seemed to ring out too loudly.

"Of course not," answered three voices in varying tones; and none of them had the trumpet ring of complete conviction. Nan stared from one to the other, and saw that each was busy with a plan to save him. Well, that perhaps was love—to be more concerned with the dear one's physical safety than with his moral integrity. When the first shock was over, when they had had time to think, they would see as clearly as she did that the whole thing was utterly impossible.

But they were not thinking it over. They were talking about telephoning his office—whether it would be wise, whether the telephone wires could be tapped. Mrs. Rossiter was pleading that something should be done at once, and blocking every action that Letitia suggested. It was finally decided to telephone his office. The telephone was upstairs in her bedroom, and as Letitia opened the sitting-room door she revealed the policeman on a hard William-and-Mary chair in the hall. He had taken off his cap and showed a head of thinning fuzzy blond hair. He looked undressed, out of place, menacing. Mrs. Rossiter was upset by the sight and began to cry. Mrs. Lewis, who

hated tears, cast a quick look at her and followed her daughter out of the room.

Nan, left alone with Roger's mother, felt the obligation of attempting comfort. She patted her shoulder.

"Don't cry, dear Mrs. Rossiter. It will turn out to be some stupid mistake."

"Oh, of course, of course, it's a mistake!"

Mrs. Rossiter wiped her eyes bravely and put her handkerchief away. "But he works so hard, Nan; up at seven and never back at home until six—drudgery —and he's so young—so terribly young never to have any fun."

And, more touched by her word picture of facts than by the facts themselves, the tears rose again in her eyes.

"Some people would think it quite a lot of fun to be married to Letitia," said Nan gently.

But Mrs. Rossiter only shook her head, repeating, "It's all my fault—all my fault!"

"How can it be your fault, Mrs. Rossiter?" Nan asked a little sharply.

Mrs. Rossiter glanced over her shoulder to be sure no one had reentered the room while her nose was in her handkerchief.

"He never was in love with Letitia not really, you know—not romantically," she said. "And when a young, ardent boy like Roger is tied for life—to an older woman—whom he doesn't really love—what can you expect?"

This view of the case was so unexpected to Nan that she could hardly receive it.

"Letitia believes he loves her," she said.

"Does she?" answered Mrs. Rossiter in a tone that made the question a contradiction. "Or does she only try to believe it? Or it may be she doesn't know what it is to have a man really in love with her. These modern girls ——"

"More men have been in love with Letitia than with any girl I ever knew," said Nan firmly. "And unless your son has definitely told you that he does not love her ——"

"Of course he hasn't done that," returned his mother, more shocked at the idea than she had been at the suggestion of murder. "He's loyal, poor boy. It wasn't necessary for him to tell me. I know my son, Nan, and I know love. There wasn't a spark—not one—on his side at least. But she never let him alone; every day a telephone or a letter, or even a telegram. He was touched, I suppose, by her devotion. That isn't love, though. I might have saved him. I ought to have spoken out and said, 'Dear boy, you do not love this woman.' I did hint at it several times, but he pretended to think I was in fun. Nan, they were like brother and sister—or, no, more like an old married couple no romance. If they had been married twenty years, you would have said, 'It's nice to see them so companionable.' Now it's only natural that love should come to him in some wild and terrible form—like this—an outlet—the poor child." There were steps in the hall, and she added quickly, "But, of course, I would not have them know I thought the thing possible."

The footsteps belonged to Letitia. She entered, bringing word that Roger had not been at the office; he had been expected about noon from Albany—yes, they had said Albany, but it was only a clerk. They had been expecting to hear from him, but knew nothing of his whereabouts. Letty was too young to look aged by anxiety, but she looked like a water color in process of being washed out. Not only her cheeks but her hair and eyes, and even her skin, seemed to have lost their color. Nan had never seen her friend suffering. She had seen her angry or jealous or wounded, but never like this. Her heart went out to the girl. She managed to get Mrs. Rossiter away to telephone to her son at his club, on the unlikely possibility that he might have stopped there. Left alone with Letty, she said:

"My dear, I know just how ugly and painful this is; but do remember that in a few hours it will all be explained and you will be telling it as an amusing story."

"I know, of course," said Letitia, as if she were listening to a platitude; and then she added, "Did you happen to bring any money with you? You see, the banks are closed now."

Nan could hardly believe her ears.

"Yes," she said, "I have; but why should you need it just now?"

"I shan't need it, of course," said Letitia hastily; "but in times like this you think of all sorts of possibilities. If we did have to leave the country at a second's notice ——"

Her voice died away under Nan's look of disapproval.

"Would you go with him if he did?" said Nan, wondering how a woman could love a man so much and understand him so little.

"Go with him!" cried Letitia. "I'd hang with him if I could! Oh, Nan, you don't know what it is to love a person as I love Roger! I believe I could be perfectly happy exiled, hunted, poor, in some impossible South Sea island, if I could only have him all to myself. While I was upstairs I put a few things in a bag; I brought it down and left it in the hall, and I thought that you could take it with you when you go. That couldn't excite any suspicion, and then if I have to leave in a hurry ——"

Nan could not let her go on like this.

"Letitia," she said in a sharp tone, as if rousing a sleeper, "you simply can't talk like that. You must believe in your husband's innocence. Your face alone would hang him."

"I do believe in it," answered Letitia; "only I can't help seeing some terrible coincidences. There is no one in the world knows more about poisons than Roger does. He is always talking about the Borgias and what they used. And after all, Nan, I was brought up to face facts. There is a streak of weakness in Roger where women are concerned—a certain vanity."

"There is in every man."

"And then, Nan, I love my mother-in-law; but I can't help seeing she did not bring him up right. She spoiled him; not that she made him selfish or self-indulgent—no one could do that to Roger; but she did give him too much confidence in his own ability to arrange any situation. He jumps into anything—— Oh, can't you see how he might easily be led on to do something like this?"

"No," said Nan; "no. I'm not his wife—I never saw him, but I feel sure he did not do this."

Perhaps her manner was more offensive than she meant it to be; but for some reason Letty's rather alarming calm suddenly broke into anger.

"That's impertinent, Nan," she said. "Why should you always think you understand better than anyone else? He's my husband. If you had any delicacy of feeling, you'd admit that if anyone knew the truth about him, I do—not you, who never saw him. It's easy enough for you to come preaching the beauty of perfect faith. Don't you suppose I'd believe in him if I could?" And so on and on. It was as if she hated Nan for believing in him when she didn't.

Nan let her talk for a few minutes, and then at the first pause she got up and walked to the door. "I think I'll go and sit with your mother," she said.

"Don't tell her what I've been saying—don't tell her that I have doubt of Roger."

"You know I would not do that, Letty."

"I don't know what you'd do in your eternal wish to know more about people than anyone else knows."

Nan left the room with a heavy heart. Did she want to be omniscient? Was it impertinent to be surer of a man's innocence than his wife was? Well, if he were innocent, Letitia would never forgive her—that was clear.

She found Mrs. Lewis alone in an upper room. She was standing looking out the window, her arms folded, her body tilted slightly backward, while she crooned sadly to herself. As Nan entered she shook her head slowly at her.

"The poor child," she said.

"Roger or Letty?"

"Oh, both; but, of course, I was thinking of my own."

"Mrs. Lewis, do you believe he's guilty?"

"No, my dear—nor innocent. I don't believe anything. I simply don't know. When you get to be my age, Nan, you will understand that anything is possible; the wicked do the most splendid things at times, and the virtuous do the most awful. I don't know whether Roger did this or not. He may have. It may even have been the right thing to do, although poison—well, I'm surprised Roger descended to that."

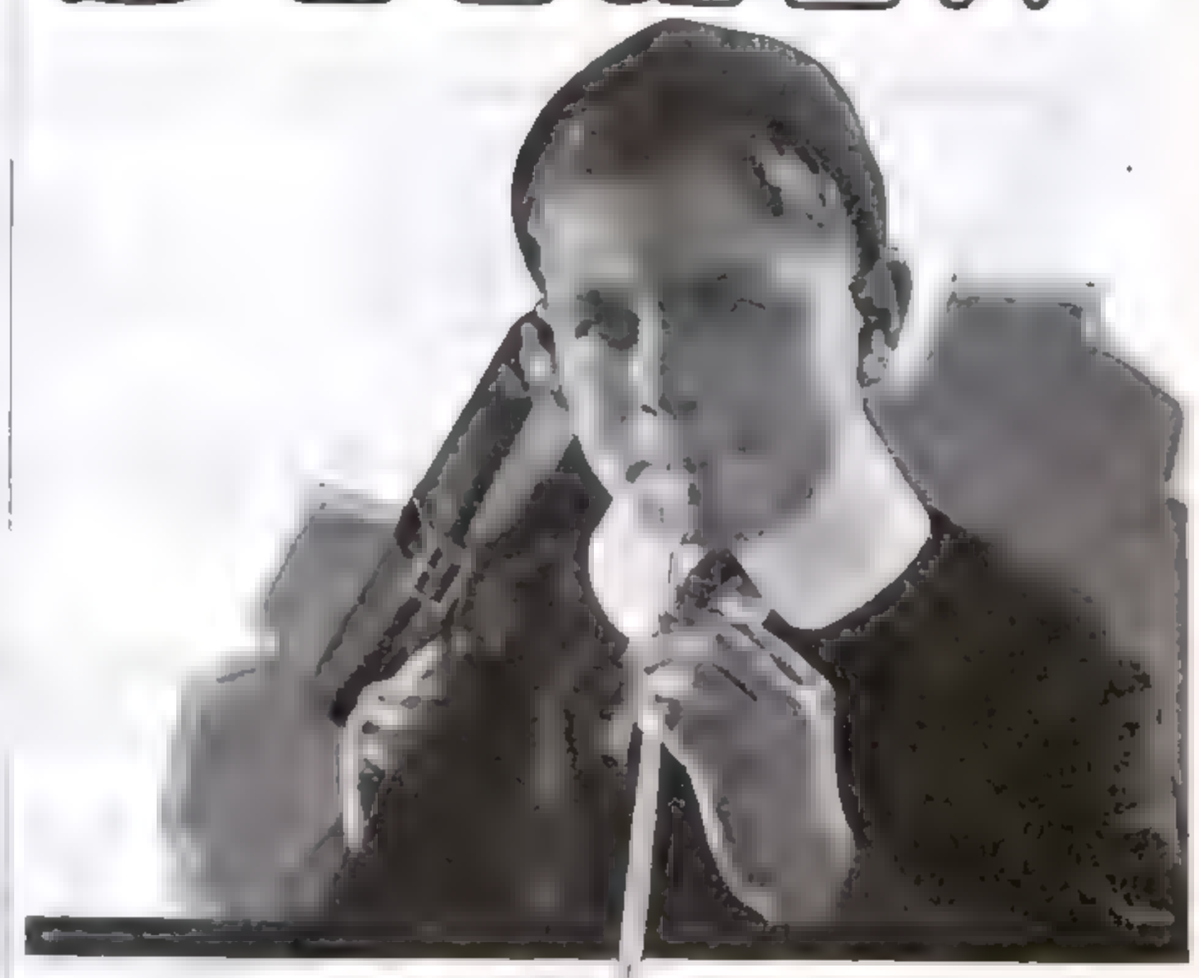
With this point of view Nan had some sympathy, although she felt obliged to protest a little.

"You said he was the finest man you had ever known."

"I thought so—I think so still—but what does one know about such people? An utterly different class, a different background. I'm as good a democrat as anybody, but there is something in tradition.

Continued on Page 98

Drink it through a STRAW



"Good milk, well digested gives energy"

And it's sure to be well digested when children drink it slowly without gulping.

Stone's Straws prevent gulping. Their use encourages slower milk drinking and assists the proper digestion of the milk. They are being used in almost all schools where milk is served because they eliminate the germ danger of unclean glasses and permit the drinking of milk from the sterilized bottle.

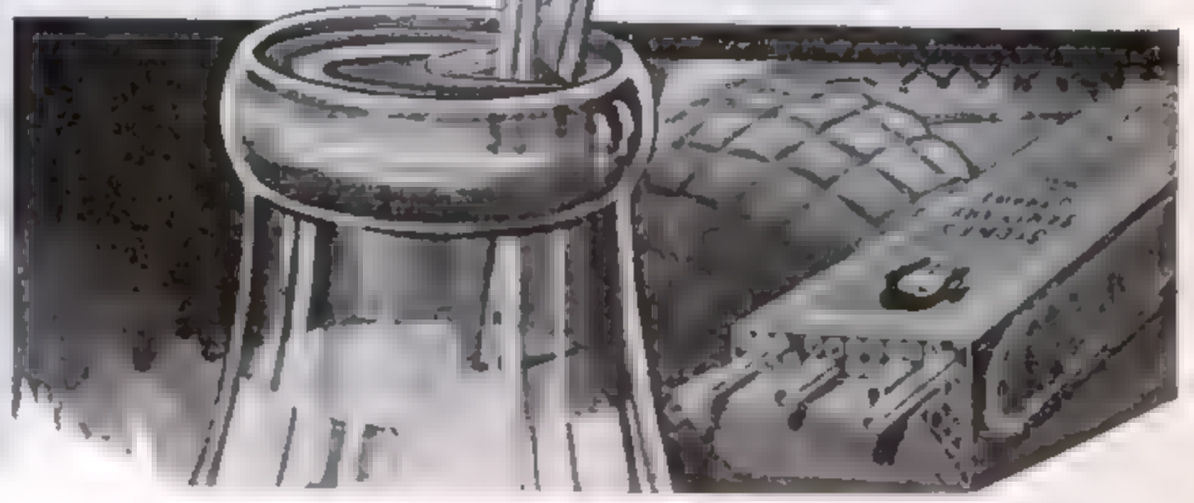
SCHOOL OFFICIALS—Eliminate the broken glass nuisance and expensive washing of glasses. Get your supply of Stone's Straws now before the Fall School Term gets well under way. Order through wholesale druggists, wholesale stationers, school and dairy supply houses or write us and we will put you in touch with our nearest distributor.

HOUSEWIVES—Stone's Straws add an original touch of daintiness to every home festivity.

They safeguard the health and protect the clothing. Keep them on the pantry shelf. Get a box at your druggist's to-day for home use. Price 10c.

Note: Always ask for a straw or two at the soda fountain.

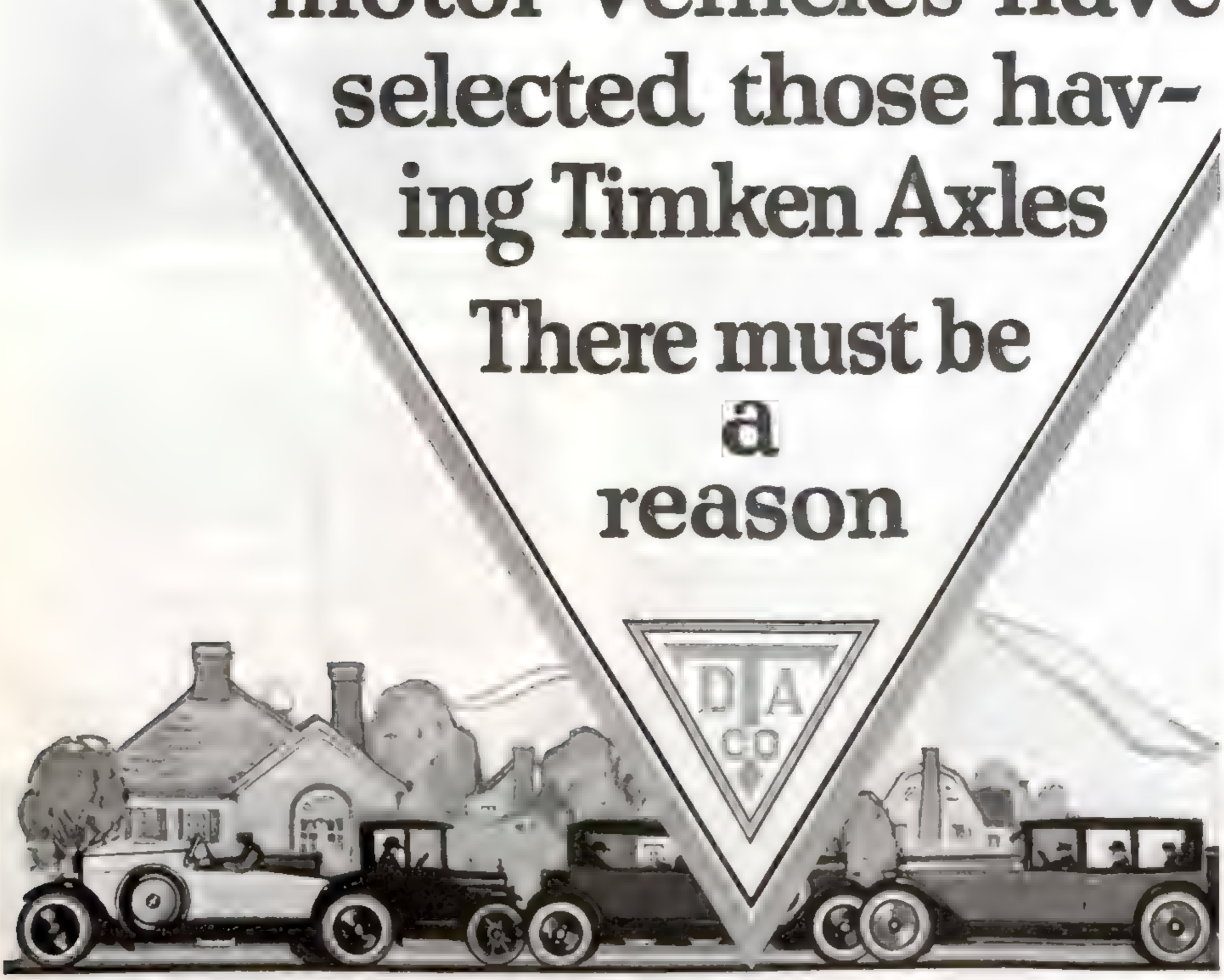
The Stone Straw Co



TIMKEN

Over a million owners of motor vehicles have selected those having Timken Axles

There must be a reason



Roadster Coupe Touring Car Limousine

KEN AXLES

Delivery Wagon Speed Truck Motor Bus Taxicab Truck

AMERICAN STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS

Tested in the Laboratory and in Service

GREATER strength, lightness, and greater durability—power-economy because of reduced belt-slip and lessened air displacement—these claims are based upon the most accurate and most stringent tests. We shall be glad to tell you in detail of our own conclusions, and we welcome test investigation by plant or construction engineers.

Design, construction and manufacturing accuracy have given "American" Pulleys their leadership. This leadership will be maintained.

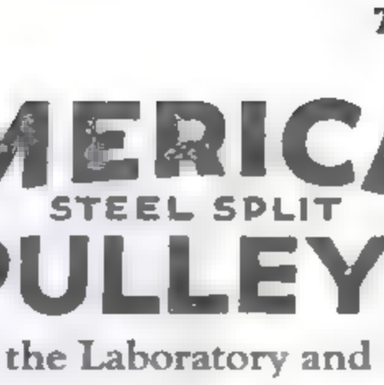
How the superior design and construction of "Americans" result in speedier production at lower cost, is fully described in our free literature. Write for it

THE AMERICAN PULLEY CO.

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Steel Sash Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers, and Pressed Steel Shapes

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For complete list of distributors, see MacRae's Blue Book



The American Pressed Steel Shaft Hanger, worthy companion to the American Pulley, embodies the same structural principles that insure unusual strength and enduring service

Continued from Page 95

Oh, I see you don't know. Well, the father was a plumber. Yes, my dear, little as you might think it, that ruffled marquise downstairs is the widow of a plumber. How do we know what people like that will do or not do when their passions are roused? It nearly killed me to have Letitia marry him."

"I thought you liked the marriage, Mrs. Lewis."

"That's where I blame myself, Nan. I let it get out of my control. I hesitated. I admired the man. He had plenty of money; and of course the mother was delighted to get such a wife for her son, and made it all too terribly easy. And then he was mad about Letty."

"Wasn't she mad about him too?"

Mrs. Lewis shook her head.

"Not at first; but he was always there—always writing and coming. I don't suppose I ever came into the flat in those days without finding a message that Letty was to call—whatever his number was—as soon as she came in. He's a determined man and he meant to get her."

"She is tremendously in love with him now."

Mrs. Lewis sighed.

"Ah, yes, now, poor child—of course. Don't betray me, Nan. Don't let those two downstairs know that I have a doubt. She's a sweet creature—the plumber's widow—though to me irritating; and she wouldn't doubt anyone in the world, let alone her darling son; and, of course, Letitia does not think it possible that her husband can have killed a man, especially for the sake of another woman."

"Have you ever heard a suspicion that there was another woman?" Nan asked.

"No; but then I shouldn't be likely to We three women are the last people in the world to hear it, even if it were notorious."

Nan was obliged to admit the truth of this; and presently Mrs. Lewis, fearing that her absence might appear unfriendly, decided to go back to the sitting room.

Nan said she was coming, too, but stood a minute staring at the carpet. What was it, she wondered, made her so passionately eager that Roger should be innocent? Was it love of her friend, or pride of opinion, or interest in abstract truth, or interest in a man she had never seen? She had a strange feeling of a bond between her and Roger As she went slowly down the stairs, her eye fell again upon the police officer, shifting, patient, but uncomfortable on the William-and-Mary chair. A sudden inspiration came to her. She asked to see the warrant.

Well, it was just as she thought—not for Roger at all, but for a man whose last name was Rogers, who lived in a house two away. The number wasn't even right; but that was more the fault of the real-estate company than of the police department. She took the officer outside and showed him his mistake, and finally had the satisfaction of shutting the door forever on that blue-coated figure.

She turned toward the sitting room. To break good news is not always so easy, either. She thought of those three doubters, each one trying to show the others how full her heart was of complete confidence.

Nan opened the door, went in, shut it behind her and leaned on the knob.

"Now, you three," she said, "you've been wonderful in bad times; try to be equally calm in good." They looked up at her, wondering what good news was possible, and she hurried on: "The policeman has gone. The warrant was not for Roger at all"

There was a pause, hardly broken in any real sense by the sound of Mrs. Rossiter repeating that she had always known it could not be true—had always known it could not be Roger.

"Still," said Mrs. Lewis with an amused sidelong glance, "it is a comfort that now the police know it too."

But Nan's eyes had never left her friend's face. Letty did not say a word. She rose and stared straight at Nan, looking at her almost as if she were an enemy. Nan knew that Mrs. Rossiter would forget that she had ever doubted her son—had already forgotten and was cooing her faith and joy. Mrs. Lewis had nothing to forget. She had merely expressed an agnostic attitude; but Letitia had revealed to Nan the very depths of her estimate of her husband—and she had been wrong and Nan right. She would never forgive that.

Except for this change in the relation between the two younger women, in five minutes it was as if the whole incident had never occurred. Mrs Rossiter was again the devoted mother-in-law. Letitia the happy bride, and Mrs. Lewis was saying. "Which brings us back to the point I was making when the fatal ring came—it is a mistake to let Meta answer either the door or the telephone"

In a little while Mrs. Rossiter announced that she must be going, and Nan was not surprised when Mrs. Lewis, who had had a few minutes alone with her daughter, suggested that Nan should go back with them and spend the night with her.

"But I promised Letty ——" she began, and then glancing at her friend she saw that she was expected to accept.

Letitia spoke civilly, kindly, as if she were doing everyone a favor.

"Oh, I let you off," she said. "Mamma is all alone, and I know how you and she enjoy picking all the rest of us to pieces."

Nan hesitated rebelliously. It seemed hard that she was not to see Roger just because she had understood him too well.

She said, "But I want so much to see Roger."

Mrs. Lewis glanced at her. It was not like the girl to be so obstinate. Of course, poor Letty wanted her husband to herself after a shock like this.

"Roger will keep," she said firmly.

She went into the hall and picked up her scarf from the companion chair to that on which the policeman had sat. As she did so her eye fell upon a bag standing as if ready for a journey.

"Is that your bag, Nan?" she asked, trying to remember if the plan had ever been that Nan was to spend the night.

"No," said Letitia in a quick sharp voice; "that's something of mine."

And then, without the least warning, the front door opened and Roger himself walked in—walked in without any idea that he had been a murderer, arrested, extradited, defended and freed since he had last seen his own house.

He was just as Nan knew he would be. She didn't care anything about his mere beauty. It was that fine firm mouth of his—just like the photograph. How could anyone imagine that a man with a mouth like that ——

He greeted his wife, his mother, his mother-in-law casually, and came straight to Nan.

"So this is Nan—at last," he said, and he stooped and kissed her cheek.

Well, Nan said to herself, she had a right to that; but she saw Letty's brow contract; and Mrs. Lewis, who perhaps saw it, too, hurried her toward the car. Roger protested.

"But you're not taking Nan! I came home early especially to see her. I did not even go back to the office for fear of being detained." But, of course, his lonely protest accomplished nothing, and as he opened the front door for the three departing women, he asked, "When am I to see you, Nan?"

Nan looked up at him very sweetly and said "Never." She said it lightly, but she knew it was the bitter truth. She knew Letitia. Letitia would never permit a second meeting.

Just as she got into the car she heard him call, "Oh, isn't this your bag?" and she heard Letty answer:

"No, it's mine. It represents one of Nan's abandoned ideas."

Rollins gives to ankle and limb the subtle lure of shapeliness and sheen. The woman who takes pride in the perfection of costume details is delighted with Rollins' fine fabrics and distinctive style. When she wears Rollins she highly appreciates the long wear. An example is Rollins stocking No. 2501—full fashioned—finest pure-dyed silk—white, black and colors to match the newest in shoes and gowns—two dollars a pair. Ask your local merchant for Rollins—sold direct from our mills through thousands of retail stores.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS, DES MOINES, IOWA

ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

Radiola Grand

WITH the Radiola Grand, radio takes on new meaning. The simplicity of tuning in—just a knob or two to turn. The big distances it covers—picking up far-away stations with volume enough to fill a room. The perfection of tone with which the loudspeaker—carefully built in like the horn of a fine phonograph—gives forth the music and speech. All this—combined in a cabinet of skillful workmanship and tasteful design—places Radio in the home where beauty counts—and performance.

Points to Note:

All the batteries—dry cells—are hidden away inside.

You can regulate the volume of sound by a control that governs the loudspeaker.

For long distance, plug in the headphones. Coast to coast reception is no unusual record for Radiola Grand!

Famous for *true* reception, undistorted. For keen sensitivity. And for beauty.

Radiola Grand and Mahogany Stand with "B" batteries and 4 Radiotron WD-11 dry cell vacuum tubes $350.00.

This symbol of quality is your protection

"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*

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Sales Dept. 233 Broadway, New York

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Dept. 2086 (Address nearest office listed)

Please send me your free Radio Booklet describing sets from $25 to $350.

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Street Address

City R.F.D.

State

Radiola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

CAN THINGS BE SOLD CHEAPER?

(Continued from Page 15)

manufacturers would fall over themselves to do business with an organization composed of more than 800 buyers; but very few manufacturers seemed to be interested in submitting bids at all, and those who did submit them did not name as low prices as the members thought they were entitled to. The general manager went to one manufacturer whom he knew very well to find out the reason for the apparent indifference.

"Why is it," the general manager said, "that you and other manufacturers are not quoting lower prices? Here I am offering you a chance to do business with a powerful group of merchants at a selling expense far less than you have been used to. You make a clean saving of your traveling men's salaries and expenses; all you have to do is to send samples of your stuff to our New York offices, and if your quality and prices appear better than those of other bidders I notify all our members to that effect, asking them what quantities they can use. As the orders come in I turn them over to you to be shipped out. The association guarantees the accounts of all its members. Thus you will not only save all ordinary selling expenses and credit risks but you also can operate on a quantity basis. We are in position to buy far more than any single jobbing house, and yet you don't quote us as low prices as you ordinarily give your jobbers. What is the matter?"

The manufacturer's reply explained some business truths that are worth attention from those who are constantly thinking up plans to lower the high cost of distribution. He said:

"What you say is all true from your standpoint, but from my standpoint there is a bad flaw in it. You say I ought to quote you jobbers' prices because your orders will be very large and because I don't have to send my salesmen out to get the orders. All right. But there is an old axiom in business to the effect that a single order is never profitable; that profit comes only through a succession of orders.

"Now you ask me to submit a sample of some article that I make, with the prospect that if I bid lowest I get a tremendous order. But if I get the order I have to adjust my factory arrangements so as to concentrate on that one thing. This might be all right if I were sure to be able to run that way for a long time. But, you see, under your plan I am guaranteed nothing beyond this one contract. Next season someone else might be the successful bidder, and then I should be out all the money I had spent to adjust factory arrangements to get out your one big order. Just that, probably, is the reason you are not getting the low prices you expect. Manufacturers, like other business men, have learned that a steady trickle of fairly well-paying trade is best in the long run. Extra big spurts of activity seldom end profitably."

The big buying organization did not get quite the low prices they expected; but the idea was sound enough, and some real savings were effected. A little later another snag was encountered.

The Fatal Mistake

The general manager, not a professional buyer himself, conceived the idea that the organization needed to employ a high-class merchandise man whose sole business it would be to watch the markets, keep in touch with various manufacturers, and have general supervision over the coöperative buying; but when he put the proposition up to the membership there was general disapproval. Not one of the 800 retailers could see it that way. A letter from one member probably expressed the general viewpoint.

"I thought we were banded together for economy," the letter said. "Where is the economy if we pay some man $15,000 or $20,000 a year to tell us what we ought to buy? I never made that much out of my own business in a single year. If we have to pay that much I will sell out my business and apply for the job myself."

A compromise was effected by electing a committee of members who volunteered to meet in New York twice a year and do the work for nothing. This marked the beginning of the end. The men chosen were all successful in their own retail fields, but none possessed the universal viewpoint necessary in transacting business for establishments all over the United States. There was divided authority; each man had his special hobbies; it was human nature for him to use less hard common sense in doing business for an organization than for his own private enterprise. Besides which they were doing the work for nothing. The committee entered into contracts that would never have been considered by an experienced executive whose job depended on his justifying his salary. The biggest mistake of all was made when it was decided that the organization should buy merchandise outright instead of sticking to the original plan of acting only as broker for its members.

The slump of 1921 caught it with so much merchandise on hand that its entire capital was wiped out.

The object of coöperative buying by retailers is, of course, to eliminate the jobbers' profit, which ranges all the way from 5 to 30 per cent, according to the lines he deals in. Theoretically there is no reason why the consumers of the country should have a jobbers' profit loaded onto the prices they have to pay for things at retail, but so far no sure way has been found to get around it. In England the jobber system is largely in vogue, the majority of manufacturers preferring to do business that way rather than to sell direct to retailers. In some lines in this country the jobber has largely been eliminated, but in other lines the tendency is toward an actual increase in the number of jobbers.

Recently a very large manufacturing organization in New York State which for many years has sold direct to retailers decided to change its policy and to sell through jobbers only. The reasons for the change as related to me by the president are interesting.

Selling Through Jobbers

"On the face of it, such a change might seem like taking a step backward," he said; "but we did not do it until we considered the matter from every angle, and we believe we have done the wise and economical thing. The product is still bought by the retailer at the old price, although we allow the jobber to make a regular profit. In other words, we sell to the jobber at 15 per cent less than we formerly got from the retailer; the loss, if any, is on us.

"One feature that partially makes up this loss lies in the fact that whereas we formerly had nearly 10,000 retailers' accounts on our books, we now do business with less than 150 jobbers. This means a big saving in our bookkeeping. Our shipping room, too, is run at much less expense, because shipments are made in large units instead of sending out hundreds of little packages daily. Also, where it was formerly necessary to maintain a very elaborate credit department to look after the responsibility of thousands of retail dealers, one man can easily supervise the payments of 150 wholesalers.

"But the main advantage lies in the fact that we can keep our factory going at a steady pace the year around now, where formerly we had often to work nights during rush seasons and practically shut down at other times. The wholesalers give us orders months in advance so as to have the goods in stock to take care of their customers' requirements, and we have a chance to work out the orders in systematic fashion. The jobbers, too, being nearer their customers, can judge in advance by local conditions what the demand will be for a given season; so we have a better chance to prepare ourselves for good or bad times. Also, in sections remote from the factory the retailers are better served through stocks in the warehouses of the wholesalers than would be the case if they had to send direct to us for their running requirements. Figuring all these advantages, we can afford to let the jobber make his 15 per cent and still consider ourselves winners."

Most students of merchandising agree that there is not much chance of reducing the present expense of getting manufactured articles from the factory to the retailer; that any general lowering of consumer prices will have to come through more economical methods among the storekeepers. Very likely there are too many stores, as the speaker at the workmen's indignation meeting stated; but that is an unavoidable condition in a free country

"Put one on my car"

The sound-thinking man who buys a car this fall will have it equipped with a Winterfront.

From the first day there will be distinct economy in fuel and oil with increased engine efficiency and less worry for the driver.

Your Winterfront will at once and forever relieve you from care and anxiety over variations of your engine temperature, because—

—the thermostat which operates Winterfront is controlled by the heat of the engine—automatically, without thought or attention from you

—the shutters of Winterfront open to admit cold air or close to retain the hot air according to the demand. This insures highest engine efficiency

—when standing, the shutters are automatically closed, conserving the heat for many hours. This insures protection as well as prompt starting.

Winterfront is designed to improve the appearance of any car.

Read what E. N. Gine says:

Some folks don't know much about engines. They have a vague idea that we must have food and that our circulation should be normal.

But—they overlook the fact that we are subject to chills and fever with stiffening joints, aches and pains same as they are.

How would you humans feel if you were forced to run unclad at top speed facing a roaring gale and then perhaps were forced to stand at some wind-swept curb for hours, in zero weather?

Every engine is entitled to a Winterfront which closes and opens automatically—it holds the heat in for us or gives us fresh air when we need it

We recognize it as "a friend in need."

E. N. Gine

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See Him Today

Your dealer is ready to equip your car or, if the right model is not in stock, will gladly get one. It takes but a few minutes to install and it costs less than a tire. The first cost is the only cost.

Pines Manufacturing Company
404-412 N. Sacramento Blvd. Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me further explanation of the way in which Winterfront will fit the pleasures of cold weather driving and effect economies.
My car is _____ Model _____
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
SEP 9 22

ANY MOTOR WILL RUN BETTER WITH A
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WINTERFRONT
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Winter Comfort Demands Automatic Temperature Control

LOOK forward to winter instead of backward to summer. Prepare your home for real winter comfort by installing automatic heat control and be assured of uniform temperature.

Automatic control of dampers, drafts or valves is a necessity for heating comfort. Heating plants often go on a fuel burning rampage—or they go on a vacation if their owners let them. People can't everlastingly keep an eye on dampers and drafts. But the Minneapolis Heat Regulator *can*—that's its business, and it has learned its job perfectly through 38 years' experience with heating systems of all kinds.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

The Heart of the Heating Plant

Works on a double shift—a day and night schedule, 24 hours daily. At night it automatically changes to a lower temperature level. In early morning it automatically raises the temperature to day-time warmth; provides comfort for dressing and permits you to enjoy your breakfast. You always have exactly the temperature desired—it's never variable.

It's a Heating Service you soon learn to expect and depend on—and you are never disappointed. A Service that saves you ⅓ to ¼ on fuel, relieves you of a troublesome task and protects the family's health.

Don't dread the coming winter—prepare for it. See your heating man at once about the "Minneapolis". It is quickly and easily installed in old or new homes on any heating plant, for any fuel. Included as standard equipment on leading oil burners.

For Oil Burners

A complete success for oil burners as well as all other types of heating systems. Adapted to both power and gravity burners and furnished as standard equipment by leading manufacturers. To protect yourself, ask before you buy, if the burners Minneapolis-equipped.

Write us today for free booklet, "The Convenience of Comfort"

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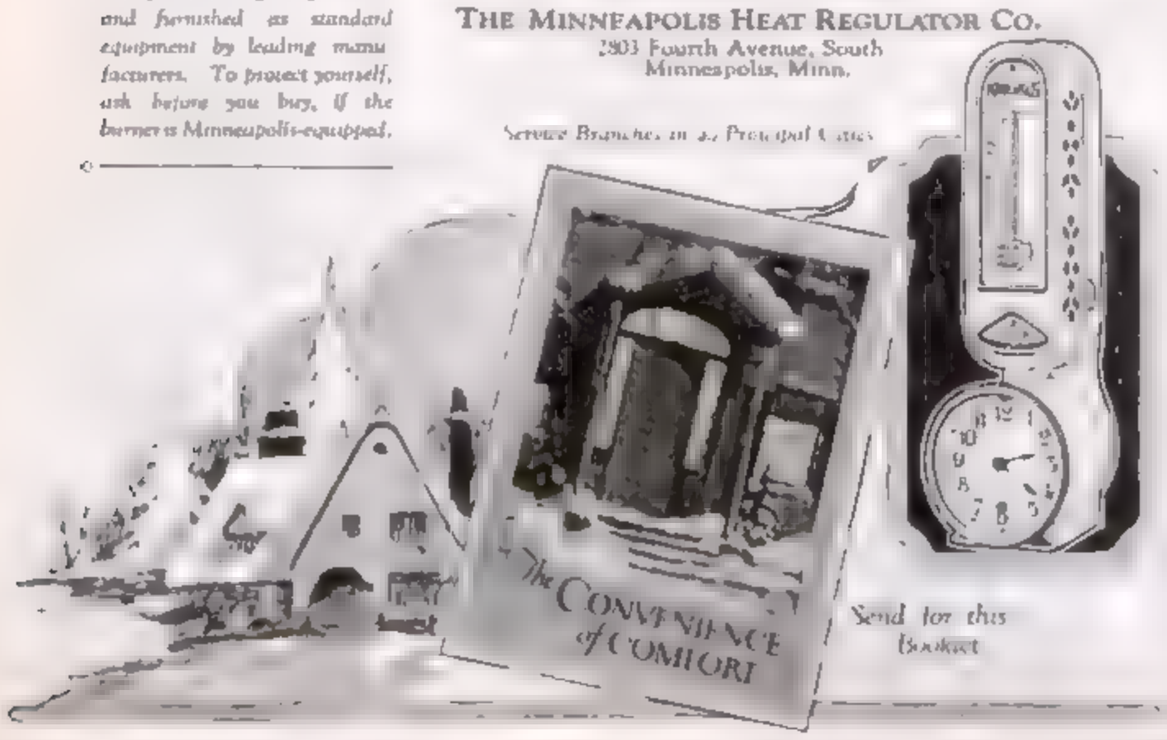

Send for this Booklet

where it is anyone's right to become a storekeeper providing he has the necessary capital. Actually, the storekeeping business, more than any other, is constantly appropriating capital earned in other lines.

In the suburb where I recently lived there was an example of the way retailing sponges on other lines of business. A couple of years ago an individual known as Albert opened a corner grocery. Albert was about forty years old and had spent nineteen years of that time as a worker in a chair factory. Chair-factory workers do not get big wages. Albert's total savings at the time he went into business for himself were represented by his house and lot and $800 in the bank. But his wife was the daughter of a retail grocer, and during her school days had helped out in her father's store; this, probably, was the origin of the idea that culminated in Albert's trying the grocery game.

Eight hundred dollars is hardly sufficient to stock an up-to-date grocery store; but he made arrangements to buy most of his supplies from a local wholesale firm, and this firm let him have the balance of what he needed on credit; so when Albert got opened up he had probably as good a stock as any of his competitors in the suburb. The building he rented for his operations was in a fairly good location, fronting a street that is used considerably by automobilists and also traversed by a double-track trolley line. There seemed no reason why Albert should not succeed. His work in the chair factory, of course, was not much of a preparation for a career of merchandising; but he figured he could learn it; and besides, his wife's early experience in the line was something to start on. He didn't have to take on a heavy expense, because the rent of the frame building was only forty dollars a month and he and his wife did all the selling.

His first year turned out quite encouragingly, for it was the only grocery store for several blocks around, and the residents of the neighborhood found it more convenient to trade with Albert than to get their supplies from the big downtown stores. His sales averaged around seventy-five dollars a day, of which the gross profit was about twenty dollars—apparently a splendid return, considering the capital invested and the small expenses of operation. Albert figured that he was making nearly ten dollars a day net profit, because he had to pay out only the amount of his rent, the feed for his horse and the modest living of his family. His two half-grown boys did most of the delivering on Saturdays and after school, and when necessary Albert drove the wagon himself, his wife attending the store meanwhile. None of the family drew wages, the idea being to allow the profits to stay in the business until such time as it seemed advisable to withdraw a portion for outside investment.

From Bad to Worse

On the face of it, the first year's profits should have been more than $2000, but when Albert tried to check up on it the money was not there. His stock invoiced a little more than it had when he first opened up, but his debt to the wholesale firm was just as great as in the beginning; and besides this, he had to admit that some of the slow-moving items on his shelves had decreased in value. It was about this time, too, that he found he had not figured quite right on expenses. The city and county came down on him for taxes, items he had entirely overlooked when he did his initial figuring. His horse had proved to be too light for delivery work and had to be traded off for a bigger one, entailing an expense of close to $200. More serious still, he had accumulated a number of accounts on his books that gave him considerable worry. On the sign over his door he advertised himself as a cash grocer, and each yellow slip that went out with groceries had printed on it Terms Cash; but it was found to be more convenient to allow regular customers to pay once a month, and so it came about that a good deal of his business was done on credit. This would have been all right if the regular customers really paid at the end of the month; but some of them did not, and one or two had moved away without paying at all.

No one could say that Albert neglected his business, because there was not a harder-working merchant in town. He opened up before seven o'clock in the morning and kept open until eight at night, except Saturdays, when the whole family stayed until ten, the evening hours being calculated to catch the trade of casual clients who had forgotten to bring home necessities from the early-closing establishments downtown.

It was during the second year that the event occurred that struck Albert a vital blow. One day he saw some workmen starting to put up a building on a vacant lot a block up the street, and as the operations progressed it became evident that it was intended for store purposes. When it was finished a sign was hung in one of the plate-glass windows announcing that the quarters were for rent and that it would be suitable for a first-class grocery establishment. In another month the suggestion had been accepted, and Albert had a competitor for the trade of the neighborhood.

The immediate result of this competition was a shrinkage in Albert's sales from seventy-five dollars to fifty dollars a day. The newcomer was a go-getter; he had printed price lists struck off each week and left them on the doorsteps of all the houses round about, advertising his bargains and announcing that no orders were too large and none too small for his prompt delivery. Albert met the challenge and augmented his horse-and-wagon delivery service with a motorcycle for the dispatch of small articles, keeping both his boys out of school for the purpose. For a time the neighborhood probably enjoyed the quickest delivery service in the entire city, and both stores kept open until ten o'clock every night for fear of losing a chance customer.

A Plan That Failed

Albert gave in first. The newcomer probably was not any better financed, but his debts were newer and therefore easier to stand off; while those of Albert had been stringing along for the better part of two years without his being able appreciably to reduce them, a situation that was not reassuring to his wholesale house. He closed out his stock for what it would bring and quit trying to be a merchant. When he went back to work in the chair factory he was precisely where he had been two years before, except that he had lost his $800 savings, had during that time drawn less than regular wages for himself and had thrown in the services of his wife and two boys for nothing. Thus, as anyone can see, did the business of retailing reach out and appropriate capital that had been created by the chair-making industry; and the public did not buy groceries any cheaper because two stores started where there was room for only one.

Every once in a while someone thinks up a new plan to reduce the spread between producer and consumer, which usually doesn't work, because it depends on the buying public to act according to a program, something that never happens. A year or so ago a grocer in a Western city put into effect a plan by which he proposed to charge each customer a fee of two dollars a month, after the payment of which the customer was entitled to buy his groceries at actual wholesale cost plus freight. The plan started out well, enough families joining the grocer's organization to make it profitable for him to serve them for the two dollars a month, and certainly the customers saved money. But after the first flush of enthusiasm interest subsided; each month a few customers failed to pay their dues until the membership became so small as to make the scheme unprofitable. The grocer believes he got the general viewpoint in a reply one of his customers made when he asked why she quit.

"I suppose it was a good plan," the lady said, "and probably I bought my things cheaper that way. But, you know, it seemed extravagant to lay out two dollars the first of every month and not actually get anything for it."

A few years ago, when the self-serve stores first began to appear, they were able to do business at extremely small expense, some of the grocery chains reporting a selling cost of less than 5 per cent on the volume of sales. This was when the plan was new and when there were not many of them in each community. As their number increased and the novelty wore off, the volume of business done by each store averaged smaller. Trade reports on several self-serve chains during the past year show the ratio of selling expense to have nearly doubled since they were first started.

During the war there was a bill before Congress which had in view a law compelling retail dealers to show precisely what profit they made on each article offered for sale. The law as contemplated would have

made it compulsory for every dealer to affix a tag to each item in his stock bearing the exact wholesale cost of the article; no allowance might be made for the freight or express charges or any other expense; the price affixed should be the actual amount paid the wholesaler or manufacturer for the article, and the retailer's books should at all times be open to inspection by Federal officials appointed to see that there was no juggling of figures.

Naturally a loud cry went up from the retail dealers of the country at this contemplated legislation. The proponents of the idea averred that it was necessary to allay agitation and restore public confidence in retail merchandising. The organized retailers of the country contended with great earnestness that such a law would have no effect on public agitation except to create more of it. The congressional bill did not go through; but the legislature of one state did actually enact a similar statute, which was afterward declared unconstitutional.

Manifestly, odd schemes or paternal legislation will not make it possible for the public to buy things cheaper across the retail counters of the country. Responsible business-research bureaus estimate that, aside from the grocery line, there is an average cost of 27 per cent in selling manufactured goods at retail. Add to this even 3 per cent as the merchant's net profit and you have a 30 per cent spread between wholesale and retail price. Each dollar spent across a retail counter has to carry thirty cents selling expense merely to allow the merchant to stay in business.

Other People's Money

Recently a successful Middle West banker who got into banking after a number of years spent as a retail merchant had the following to say on the subject:

"Too many stores in a community doubtless make for greater expense of operation, and consequently higher retail prices, because in the general fight for business the storekeepers themselves inaugurate extravagant methods so as to get the good will of the buying public. If one storekeeper augments his regular delivery service with a fleet of motorcycles and advertises that customers may have special delivery without extra charge, all his competitors have to buy motorcycles so as to keep up the pace. If he gives free concerts to bring crowds into his establishment his competitors have to put on free entertainments also. The net result of a too intensive competition is to edge up the necessity for greater margins of profit. Occasionally some merchant falls by the wayside, but his place is taken by someone else; and the new man, entering into the expensive competition, is obliged to mark enough profit on his goods to maintain the pace.

"There is one way to prevent a useless number of men from entering the storekeeping business, and that is to insist that they shall operate on their own capital. In the past it has been too easy for men to get into retailing. In almost every line there are wholesalers and manufacturers who specialize on the accounts of insufficiently financed storekeepers, extending long credits, taking chances on getting their money, and of course charging enough for their goods to make up for the risks. It is nothing unusual in some lines of retailing for a man to open up in business owing for three-fourths of his stock.

"This is a situation that is hard to cope with, the only remedy probably being a series of deflation periods like that of 1921, when so many long-credit wholesalers saw their outstanding credits become worthless almost overnight. But there is one class of business men who might help tremendously in lowering the cost of retailing, and those men are the local bankers throughout the United States.

"I do not mean that local bankers ought to shut off their storekeeper customers from credit. It is perfectly legitimate, as well as an aid to economy, for a banker to help a storekeeper finance a special purchase of merchandise that will be turned into money in a short time. It is also sound finance to advance a storekeeper money to lay in his stock at the beginning of an active season, when there is every prospect that the storekeeper may pay it back when the rush is over. But it is not sound finance or for the public good to lend money to a storekeeper for permanent capital.

"There is nothing new in this statement. Theoretically bankers all have rules against loaning money to merchants to be used as permanent capital. But particularly in the smaller towns and cities, where personal relations are apt to be closer than in large communities, some bankers are inclined to make exceptions.

"A few years ago in a good-sized town near my home city a young man who had been employed as a salesman in a local clothing store decided to go into business for himself. As he did not have much money, he tied up with a long-credit wholesaler who furnished him with a large portion of his stock on easy terms. Needing further capital, he managed to talk his banker into a loan with the understanding that it would be paid when he got established and going well. Doubtless the young man meant well, but the temptation to plunge was stronger than if he had been risking his own money altogether. He outdid all his competitors in his fancy window displays and in the amount of free service to customers. At carnival time his was the most elaborate float in the trade parade; where his competitors had been content to send home packages by ordinary delivery boys, he equipped a fancy delivery car manned by two messengers in blue-and-gold uniforms.

"These things may have been satisfying to the young merchant, but manifestly they did not help in giving better clothes to the public at a lower price. Quite the reverse in fact, because his competitors naturally had to do similar things in order to hold their trade, and the cost of doing business went up all around. When the young man's enterprise failed a year or so later his creditors got twenty cents on the dollar; and the bank's money was in it along with the long-credit wholesaler's, because there was no time during that period when the banker might have forced payment without closing up the business. The net result of the whole affair was that the cost of selling clothing in the town went up; and nothing in particular would have been gained had the young man succeeded, because there were already enough clothing stores to take care of the needs of the community.

"If the local bankers of the country would stick to the rule of financing retailers only for temporary requirements, making no exceptions on account of chamber-of-commerce affiliations, lodge membership or country-club friendships, something constructive might be accomplished in the general cost of retailing. The United States is probably the only country in the world where retailers can start on anyone's capital but their own.

"In European countries not only is the retailer held down on bank loans but wholesalers sell on shorter time; a situation that probably accounts for the small number of retail failures and the ability of European retailers to sell their goods at smaller profits."

British Criticism

In England and other European countries, where capital is harder to get for private enterprise than here, much more stress is laid on retail salesmanship, which, it is believed, helps toward economical retailing. A few months ago I attended a meeting of the Sales Managers' Club of London, and one of the members made a talk in which he told of his experiences during a recent trip to America. As a working sales manager he was inclined to spoof the brand of salesmanship he had encountered on this side, and drew the conclusion that we are not the nation of super-salespeople we have been painted. His main evidence in reaching this conclusion was an experience he had had in a New York department store trying to buy a cap. He told how he went into the big establishment and stood around waiting for someone to ask him what he wanted, and how after a time, as no one paid any attention to him, he ventured to ask a floor walker where to find caps. The floor walker gave him the correct directions and presently he reached the cap department. There were, he said, oceans of caps; but it seemed to be no one's business to sell him one. From an English viewpoint it was bad form to pick around the stock and do his own selecting, and so he waited. After a while, finding nothing was to be gained by a passive attitude, he ventured to ask a young lady to show him some caps.

"And even then," he concluded disapprovingly, "there was no effort made to sell me. Merely the young person indicated a counter that was covered with caps and let

(Continued on Page 106)

GETTING into the HATCHWAY UNION SUIT is as easy as slipping a pair of suspenders over your shoulders. You step into the legs, stick your arms through the arm-holes, and there you are—ready for a day of ease and comfort.

HATCHWAY is made in a complete line of medium and heavy weight suits in cotton, worsted, wool and mercerized fabrics to suit every taste and purse. On sale at most good dealers. If you have any difficulty in getting just the style you want, we shall be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering please state size and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

Men's suits—$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $4.00; $5.00; $6.00.

Boys' suits—Ages 6 to 16 only—$1.50; $2.00.

HATCHWAY UNION SUIT

is knit to fit—not made to be buttoned into shape. Its buttonless design means a Union Suit that looks better, lasts longer, and frees the wearer from all the annoyances that come from buttoning and repairing a whole row of unnecessary buttons.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO., Albany, New York

Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines in Canada.

Do you own one of these

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Anderson
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Bell
Brewster
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Chimber
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Dagmar
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Durant
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Fox
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Jackson
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Mercer
Meteor
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Abbott Downing Truck & Body Company
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Baker Steam Motor Car & Mfg. Association
Beaver Truck Builders, Ltd. (Can.)
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Rock Falls Mfg. Company (Motor Hearses)
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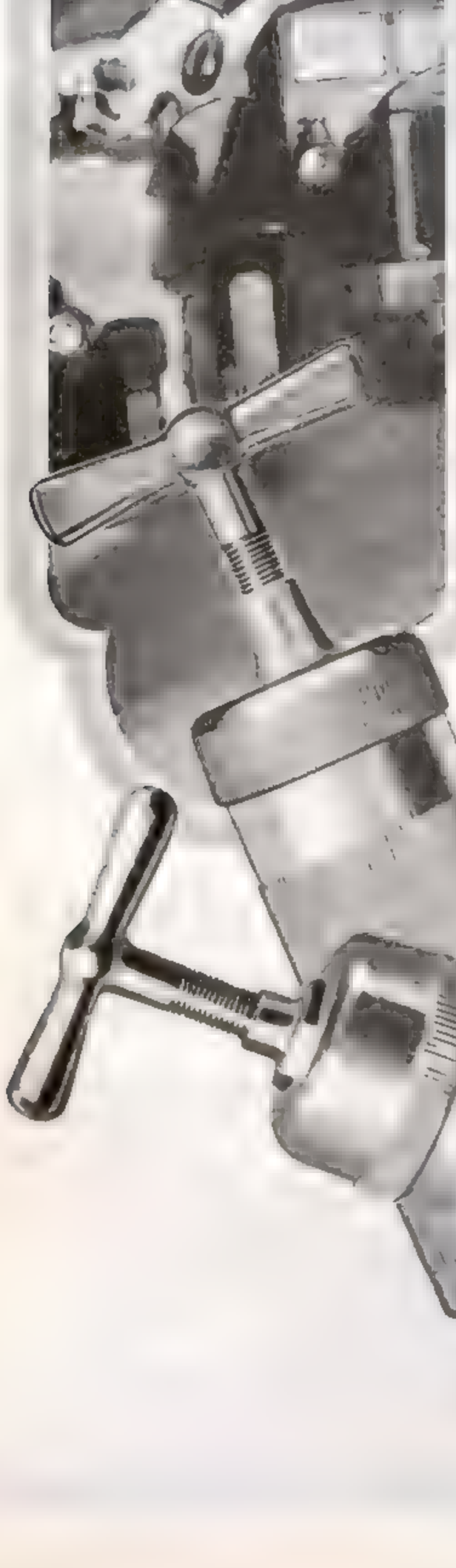


ALEMITE

Compressor

Oil or Grease

The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System can be used with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil especially adapted for our System—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put."

Flexible Metal Hose

motor cars or trucks?

—then read what these manufacturers are doing to reduce your repairs and upkeep

You will find this an unique advertisement—for it is not written to sell you anything.

In fact, if you own one of the cars or trucks listed on the opposite page, you cannot buy it.

This advertisement is written to urge you in the regular use of something which the manufacturer put on your car to reduce repair bills and upkeep—and to increase your resale, or trade-in value.

* * *

A recent survey among garages and repair shops revealed the startling fact that over 80% of all repairs on moving parts (barring accidents) is due to lack of *proper* lubrication.

In this same survey, used car dealers reported, for example, that a $1,500 car of standard make which had been properly lubricated by the first owner, would bring at least $150 more in the open market than one which had been neglected in this important respect.

From this, it is apparent that the satisfaction you get from a motor car depends on how *you* treat it—especially how you *lubricate* it.

Now Made Easy

Your motor is simple to care for. It is the *hard-wearing* chassis bearings that have caused most trouble—both directly through worn parts—and *indirectly* through excess vibration due to stiffening of under-frame parts. These bearings were very difficult to reach. And when you did grease them the old way—you never could be sure the lubricant actually reached the bearing surface.

But now every car or truck listed opposite is equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. With this system every bearing on your chassis is equipped with a hollow fitting with the cross pin shown below. You snap on the Alemite bayonet coupling with a simple quarter turn and the cross pin locks it. Then an easy turn of the compressor handle forces the lubricant (under 500 pounds' pressure) clear through to the bearing surface. Old grease, grit, rust and dust are forced out. You know the work is done thoroughly. High pressure insures it.

Every 500 Miles

If Alemite is on your car, be sure to use it—at least every 500 miles. You cannot overlook its importance. For after 6000 or 7000 miles of driving—repair bills of $100 to $300, due to neglect in lubrication, are common. Any repair man will confirm this.

It often means the difference between satisfaction and dissatisfaction with your car. That's why the manufacturer put it on *your* car—to make it easy for you to keep the car you bought from him in good condition.

If you do not care to Alemite your car yourself—any dealer can do it for you—at nominal cost. Alemite fittings are as standard as the valves on your tires.

300,000 Miles

Recently we published an advertisement showing a Yellow Cab which was still in good condition after running 300,000 miles. Many of their cabs have run nearly this far—and *are still running* in good condition.

Every Yellow Cab is equipped with Alemite. Every day an inspector checks the fittings. If one is missing it must be reported and replaced as promptly as a flat tire. Today the entire profits of this company come from the savings made as the result of the methodical lubrication inspection which they installed.

With any standard car—you will find that its length of life—the satisfaction it gives you—its resale price, depends largely upon how *you* treat it in this important matter.

If Not on Your Car

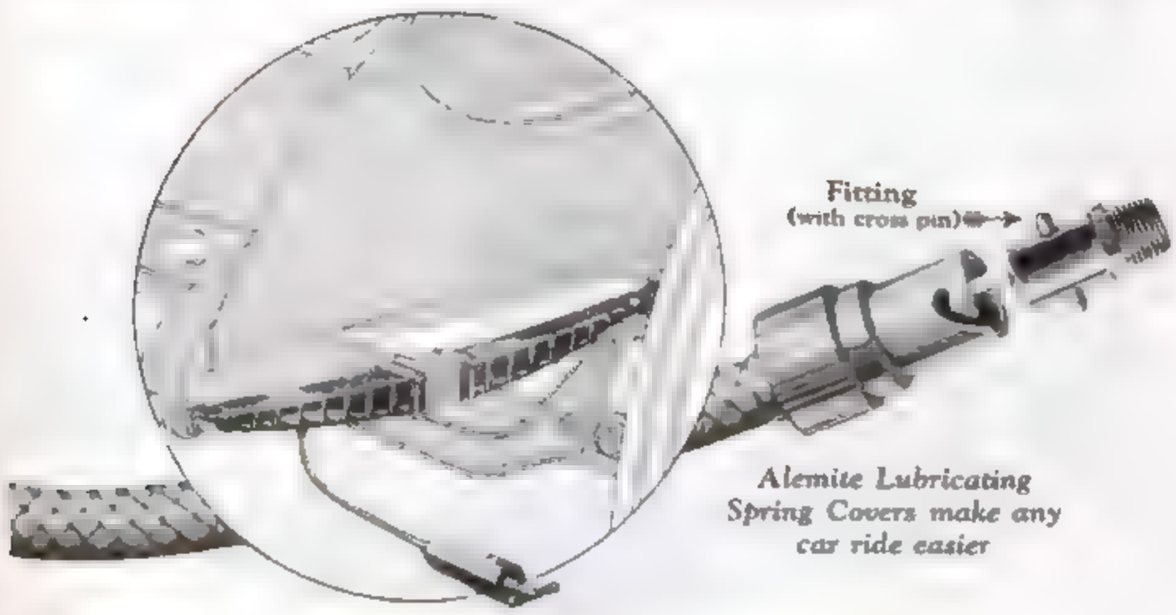
If Alemite is not on your car, send us the coupon. We will tell you where to have it installed complete—$5 to $20, according to make and model of your car. (Fords, $3.99.)

There are cheaper systems than Alemite. But most manufacturers do not economize here. The risk is too great. And their judgment should be good precedent for you. Use the coupon.

A Bassick-Alemite Product

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

ALEMITE *High pressure lubricating system*



Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers make any car ride easier

To THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois

My car is_____ is not_____ Alemite equipped

☐ Please send me complete information regarding the use of Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System on my car

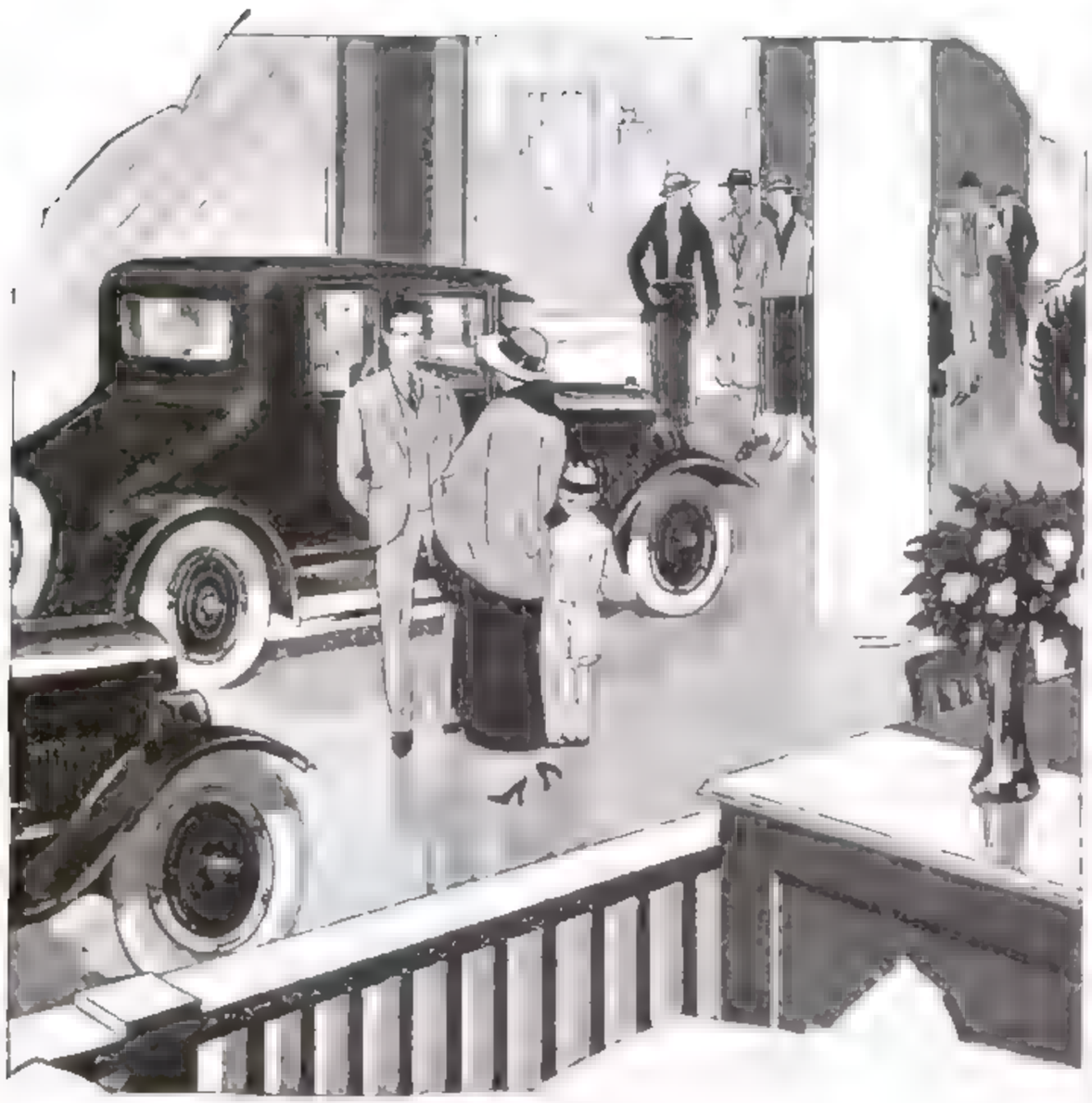
☐ Please send me details about Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers.

Name

Address

Make and Model of Car

Dealer's Name



BE YOUR OWN BOSS IN YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Enjoy the big profits that only the owner of a business receives

HERE is the opportunity you have been waiting for—the opportunity to go into business for yourself.

Your market is the largest group of car owners in the United States—the Ford owners. How many Fords are there in the surrounding territory that you could easily reach?

How would you like to make a generous profit on the majority of them? You can do it. Others are making a big success selling Ames Special Passenger Bodies for Ford cars.

Ames Bodies are handsome, distinctive bodies. They give the graceful lines and easy, roomy riding-comfort of cars far greater in price. Ford owners want them.

Get the Ames franchise for your vicinity. You do not have to be in the automobile business at present. You do not have to have previous automobile experience.

All you need is an aggressive ambition, plus a moderate capital. If you have the vision, the desire to step from the employee's to the owner's desk, or from a limited income to the possibility of rich rewards, then you will want further information about the Ames franchise immediately.

Write for our illustrated story, which thoroughly explains the Ames opportunity—and which also shows you reproductions of mounted Ames Bodies.

Don't put it off. Make sure that you have first claim on the franchise for your territory by being first to write. Do it to-day—sure!

THE F. A. AMES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Owensboro, Ky.

Look for the Ames name plate shown below. You will find it on the lower right hand corner of the cowl.

FOR FORD CARS

AMES *Bodies*

Continued from Page 103

me take my choice. She didn't sell me a cap; I bought one."

It was the London sales manager's intention to tell a funny story and at the same time to prove Americans to be a queer people, efficient in some things, perhaps, but not so efficient as they are reputed. What really happened was that he had for the first time encountered the system that has come into vogue in many of the largest American establishments where the idea is to leave the customer as much alone as possible, trusting in the power of massed merchandise to make sales instead of in personal salesmanship.

In England retail selling is a trade to be learned the same as any other, and no one is allowed behind a retail counter without a knowledge of the things he is to sell. This policy is maintained even for the rush seasons, when extra help is a particular problem. In London the department stores begin advertising for holiday help early in November, the advertisements always stating that applicants accepted will be given one month's training; and this training has to be gone through, even though the applicant is to sell nothing more important than toys, candies or Christmas trees. Recently a prominent London retailer who makes frequent trips to the United States discussed American and British retailing.

"The difference between your methods and ours," he said, "lies in the fact that we operate our places as shops, while in America many of the largest establishments are run on the bazaar plan. By that I mean the policy that counts on getting as many people as possible to come in, and then trusting to the attractive surroundings and elaborate displays to sell merchandise. The last time I was in America a prominent department-store executive told me that if he could get a constant stream of people moving through his establishment he figured a large enough percentage would buy to make it profitable.

"Now consider what such a system means if followed by all the retailers in any city. Each one must constantly keep spending money to make his establishment attractive enough to draw the crowds, and must carry a multiplicity of styles in order to induce people to buy who did not intend to buy when they came in. There is a tremendous loss in the constant handling of goods and a necessity to employ a large number of people in proportion to the business done. Retailing cannot be done economically under such circumstances."

Shopping Around

"I do not, of course, contend that stores should discourage legitimate shopping around on the part of the public, because that is the only way an individual can know whether he is buying at market price; but when shopping around is carried to an extreme it makes for waste all around. I have frequently heard public criticism in America that the salespeople in big establishments are inattentive or indifferent. I do not know whether such criticism is merited or not; but having been behind a counter myself, I can see where the bazaar system would make for a certain amount of indifference.

"If you know that each person you wait on is a prospective buyer, and a sale depends on your ability to convince him that you know what you are talking about, you are liable to keep on your toes all the time. But if you know that no matter what your efforts are you will average only one sale to about ten people it is simply human nature to become slack and even to act indifferent at times."

British retailers claim to pass their merchandise on to the public at a smaller profit than we do, but there is no way of checking up on it, because there are no retail research bureaus there. One American executive in London told me, however, that his factory's product was retailed about 5 per cent cheaper in England than in America, although the wholesale price of the product is the same on both sides of the Atlantic. The French, possibly the most skilled retailers in the world, by a system of intensive salesmanship and economy of investment, manage to turn their stocks surprisingly often. In talking with a Paris manufacturer he named a certain department store in that city which, he claimed, sells its entire stock out ten times a year. Inasmuch as a turnover of even five times a year is considered a remarkable record in department-store circles, I asked how it could be done.

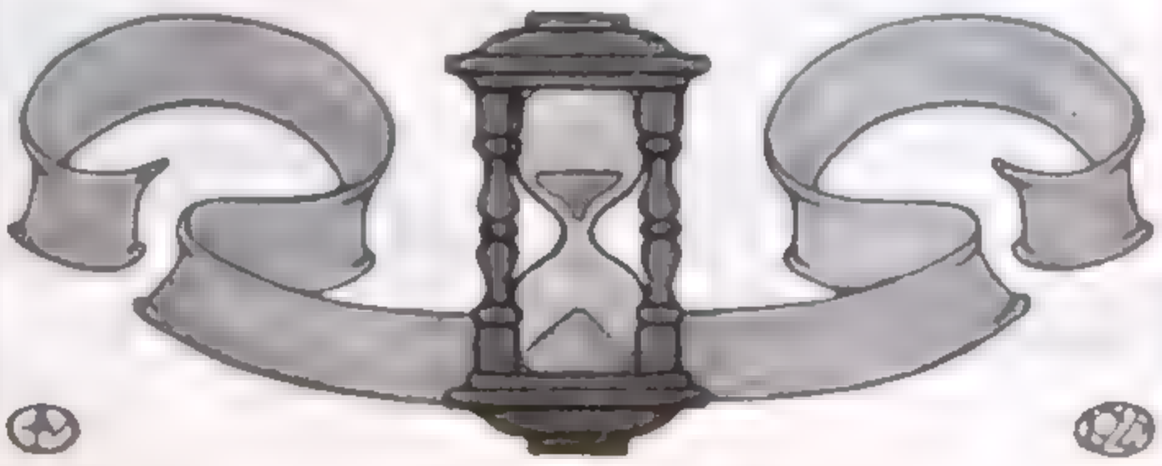
Skilled Salesmanship

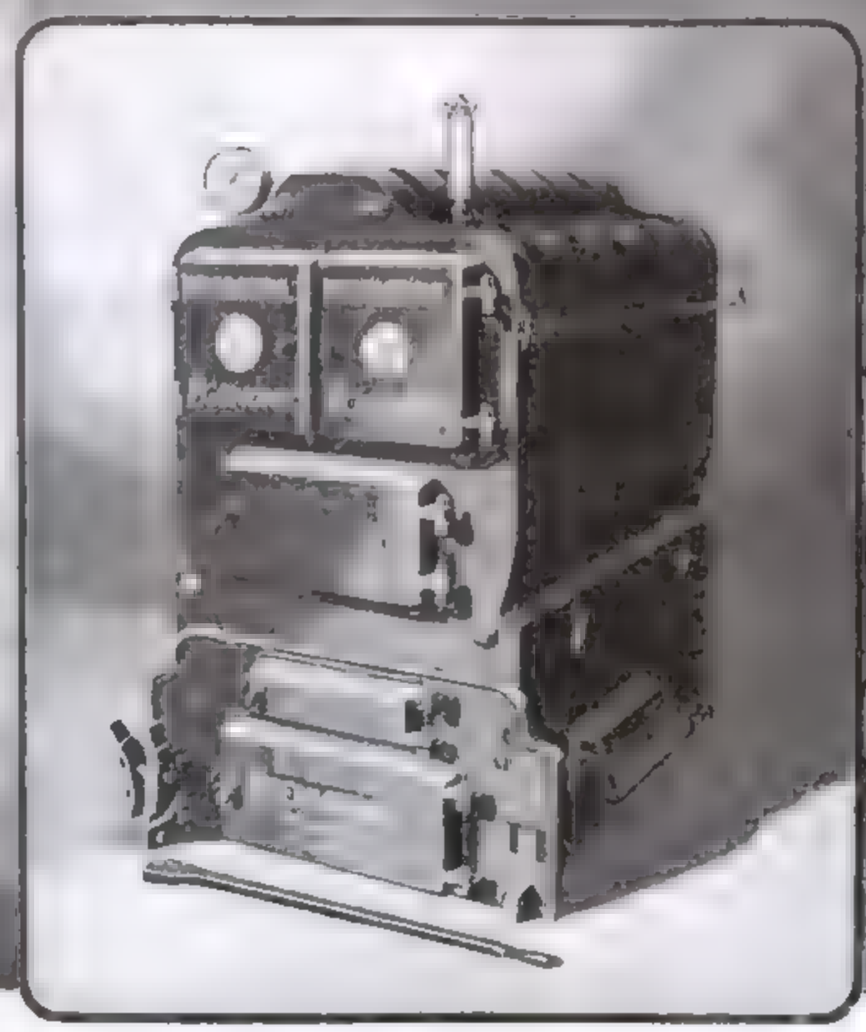
"In the first place," the manufacturer said, "there is little of what you call shopping around in France. When a person goes into a store it is presumed he intends to buy, and the salespeople are spurred up by the idea that they are going to sell him something if they can show him what he wants. In that particular store the salespeople are paid on the basis of a small salary with a certain commission on their total sales, which is an added incentive to work hard. Even the errand boy who delivers a package to a house, if he gets an order for some article while there, is paid a regular salesman's commission on the article.

"By these methods the standard of individual salesmanship is maintained on a very high plane, resulting in a saving on selling expenses and a consequent ability to pass goods to the public at lower prices. This high degree of salesmanship, too, makes it possible to do more business on a minimum amount of merchandise. My firm, for instance, sells the establishment quantities of small hardware that we manufacture, and one of the items is a certain kind of wrench. The maximum number of these wrenches the store will carry is one dozen. If during today's operations five of these wrenches are sold, tomorrow morning they telephone to our warehouse for five wrenches, no more and no less. I assume they do the same in other lines, which probably counts largely in their ability to do such frequent turning of their stock. Where every salesperson is an enthusiastic expert it is not necessary to have great masses of merchandise merely to impress customers."

Some American store executives believe that the limit of economy has about been reached in the matter of bringing merchandise from manufacturer to retailer, and that any future lowering of prices to the public will have to come through other means. A man who has for a number of years been in charge of the New York buying offices of a combination of Western department stores recently said:

"For the past ten years or so the tendency has been to put more and more stress on the buying end of the retail game; to act up to the old adage that goods well bought are half sold. This is all right, but it is easy to carry it too far; and the danger comes in putting so much stress on good buying that the economy of good selling is overlooked. In most retail establishments nowadays the buyer's job is made to appear so attractive that it is the ambition of every salesperson to become a buyer. Such a situation automatically lowers the standard of retail salesmanship, because the best people are constantly getting out of it. Poor retail salesmanship is one of the worst forms of extravagance, decidedly adding to the cost of doing business. It will be impossible, I believe, further to reduce the spread between manufacturer prices and consumer prices until executives come to realize that it pays to put as much effort into selling as into buying."





Comfort and Economy with International Hot Water Boilers

Hot Water heating by radiators is preferred by many home owners. With a boiler of correct design, properly installed and automatically controlled it makes a very satisfactory system.

Before selecting your boiler, however, look carefully into the subject of design. Boilers that look very much alike on the outside may differ radically in their relative economy of operation.

INTERNATIONAL Economy Boilers are the result of exhaustive engineering tests supplemented by many years of practical experience. They arrive at a *high degree* of operating economy because *all* the details of their construction—not merely a few features—have been correctly worked out in relation to the whole.

For example, some of their economy-contributing details are: correct balance between the heat producing and heat absorbing elements to secure the greatest benefit from the fuel burned; positive and rapid circulation of the water through the boiler; grates that clean the fire bed easily; unobstructed flue surfaces easy to clean from the front of the boiler; (important because a dirty boiler wastes fuel); durable castings to insure low upkeep cost.

These are just a few of the many reasons for choosing an International Economy Boiler. Send for catalog giving complete description and do not decide on your heating plant without a full investigation of International Economy Boilers. Address Dept. A.

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Besides round and sectional boilers for steam, vapor steam and hot water systems, the International Heater Company makes the well-known One-pipe Heater and furnaces for warm air heating. Whatever your preference as to type, there is an International Heater for you, with the high standard of International quality of design and construction.

Your confidence in the manufacturers of the International Line will not be misplaced. A well equipped and stable manufacturing organization, with a fund of heating knowledge gained through more than three quarters of a century of experience, is at your service, if you want advice as to which type and size heater is best suited to your home. Our engineers' recommendations are unprejudiced in favor of any one type, since we make them all. Send for Catalog, Chart and Question Blank. Address Dept. A.

INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
UTICA, N.Y.

CALIFORNIA TAKES TO THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 27)

the present pass road, which, as I have just remarked, will presently be enlarged to double its capacity. Just as San Francisco has had to remain content these many years with its fearfully crowded Peninsula Road to the south—the beginning of the historic El Camino Real—to the smart suburbs of Burlingame and Palo Alto and the rare historic country that lies to the south of them. Here has been another impasse.

For years motorists have railed at this road. Only this fall will the first partial relief come in the completion of the so-called Skyline Boulevard—a beautiful new scenic highway paralleling it to the west, which eventually will become a portion of a through relief route all the way from San Francisco to Santa Cruz, about eighty miles to the south.

Yet exquisite as this new road is—it commands rare views of the bay and of the ocean, on the one side and then upon the other—it will afford very little practical relief to the Peninsula Road. And this necessity is already being recognized by the planning of a third trunk road down the peninsula, to lie to the east of El Camino Real and close to the shores of San Francisco Bay. Here the grades and curvatures will be slight, while the fact that the new road will pass just outside the busy growing suburban communities, rather than through their hearts, should render it ideal for through traffic of every sort.

But the financing of it presents many problems. At the moment California, despite the tremendous increase in her motor registration, is giving very little state aid to her highways, while the local communities are not always in a position to give it. The city of San Francisco, through its supervisors, has recently made an initial appropriation of $250,000, which is rather a characteristically generous thing, particularly in view of the fact that none of this amount is to be expended in either the city or the county of San Francisco. Other communities on the peninsula, for one reason or another, have not followed suit very rapidly, which means that there will be little immediate relief to the present overcrowded Peninsula Road.

Entrance to the Patio of an Automobile Club, Southern California

The Motorist's Paradise

It is not exaggeration nor is it wild praise to affirm that California is a natural paradise for the motorist. First, came the pleasure motorist; in his trail the commercial one—operator of motor truck or of motorbus. All these, increasing greatly in number and at a tremendous speed, brought—some fifteen years ago or more a great and absolutely unwonted pressure upon the existing highways of the state. Suddenly California discovered that her roads were antiquated; were utterly inadequate to handle the new burden that the rapid development of the internal-combustion gasoline engine was about to thrust upon them. She considered ways and means for their relief; considered them long and with an exasperating slowness; so slowly that Los Angeles County, already coming into the first flush of its present-day prosperity, chafing bitterly at the sluggish movements of the legislators up at Sacramento, appropriated, in 1909, $3,500,000 for a system of paved roads in its borders. One-half these were laid down in 1910, and the other half the following year. There has been further progress ever since, until today Los Angeles County has more than 650 miles of first-class paved roads, or about one-tenth the paved-road mileage of the entire state.

Her decisive action awakened the rest of California. Upon the heels of her progressive step, Sacramento finally moved. A measure appropriating some $18,000,000 for a start toward a comprehensive system of improved highways which should at least connect the county seats throughout the entire state was passed by the legislature, and, in accordance with the initiative-and-referendum procedure of California, referred to the electorate. Lively electioneering was done in behalf of the measure by the men who had the vision to see—even in 1909—what an adequate system of improved highroads would mean to the West Coast, with its superb climatic conditions. The bill went over with a rush. A real start had been made.

Yet even then haste was made slowly. It took time to perfect the details of the enterprise, and it was not until 1912 that an actual start was made upon the state-highway project.

In the meantime the highway system had been sketched in the rough. It was seen that there would have to be two great trunks north and south, the one lying rather close to the ocean shore all the way from San Diego to the Oregon line and spanning the Golden Gate at San Francisco by ferry service. The other trunk route would necessarily rest well inland—would thread the great, rich, agricultural valleys of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento rivers, and also extend from San Diego, but by an entirely separate route from the other, through to the Oregon border. Only at Los Angeles would these trunk routes really meet. Gradually there would be developed a series of laterals connecting them, very much after the fashion of the rungs of a ladder. And there would be, of course, the connecting lines off to the east which would serve as connecting links to the great transcontinental highways—at that time barely in the first phases of the imagination of the men who were yet to bring them into being.

The state's first $18,000,000 appropriation was to go toward the completion of a trunk-highway system, as just outlined, of 3082 miles. Of this some 1927 miles were already in rather good condition—either dirt highway, for many years maintained by the counties, or else sections of new paved road which the wealthier and more enthusiastic of these local governments had just finished or were just finishing. The state succeeded, with its $18,000,000, in adding 731 miles to this 1927. At the outset it looked like fairly good road—the most of it concrete, but entirely too narrow and too light. Much of it, under the heavy growth of traffic—including the growth in weight of the individual traffic units—has already begun to go to pieces. Even in the parts of California where frost is almost absolutely unknown, the concrete slabs buckled and broke. This was not the fault of the concrete itself. It was rather that of contractors and communities, which had hastened to complete and open the roads before they had had proper time to settle. Concrete was laid upon soft embankment and foundation. This foundation had no opportunity whatsoever to settle slowly into place, and even the concrete was not given proper time to set and dry.

The result of all this was inevitable, and roads against which bonds have been issued for forty or fifty years have gone to pieces in less than ten. There will have to be rebonding to rebuild them; and though the rebuilding will not be so complete as it was in the instance of the first laying of pavement, it will be, nevertheless, an expensive business; while, if it is to be done properly, it will be a slow process to boot.

California's experience is not particularly different in this regard from many of her sister states. In recent decades, and until fifteen or twenty years ago, highway building had become a sort of lost art in many parts of the civilized world. The world has had to learn anew the science of building good roads. It has been an expensive business, and California, after all, has but contributed her share of the expense.

Eighteen million dollars seemingly was hardly a drop in the bucket. Yet California was so pleased with her first step in the construction of a state-highway system that, in 1915, she asked her voters for and obtained another $15,000,000. This sum of money went for the building of 680 miles of road. In addition to completing the 3082 miles contemplated in the first system—chiefly the two trunks north and south through the state—314 miles of new paved road were put down and ninety-six more graded for eventual paving. In these last cases the top of the road was so surfaced as to make comfortable driving. In fact, the very thing was being done that should have been done at the outset. Foundation—embankment if you prefer to call it such—was being given a decent time to settle itself firmly before it was called upon to bear the burden of a final coated top, or surface, of pavement.

Tunnel on the Los Angeles-Bakersfield Road Near San Fernando, California

The most of the new mileage went into the laterals—the rungs of the California highways. It was better road than had been at first laid down—California gradually was learning her lesson—and so it was better appreciated. It was wider road, and heavier; and this, too, was part of the lesson.

A third bite of appropriation for California highways came four years ago—$40,000,000 this time. About 1798 miles were to be added, in feeders and in laterals. Again much of the appropriation was to go into finishing the unfinished work of earlier plans. It seems to be quite out of the possibilities any more for engineers and contractors to give adequate estimates of the costs of future construction, and 227 miles of road authorized by this third and latest appropriation today remain graded but unpaved. The game seemingly never quite catches up with itself.

Her Best Foot Forward

And so California today, with $90,000,000 already gone into her highways—in addition to the $73,000,000 which she has put in herself, some $17,000,000 has come from the United States Government in the Federal highway-aid projects—finds herself with but 6000 miles of her 70,000-mile highway system anything like adequately paved and ready either for tourist or commercial traffic; and this takes no account whatsoever of the roads that are being rapidly ground to destruction because of the hasty and inadequate way in which they were originally built or else because of the overloads that are being put upon them. Superficially, to the man who casually rides over them in touring car or motorbus, the highways of the Golden State do not seem at all bad. Personally, I rode over nearly 2000 miles of them last spring. Repairs—either temporary or permanent—have been carried ahead everywhere, although in many instances at great cost. California has pride. She has a bully way of putting her best foot forward, and particularly to the man who comes to her from afar.

But the fact remains that she has an inadequate highway system, and one that at many points is rapidly going to pieces; while the demand upon it increases—not steadily, but by leaps and by bounds.

If it were California alone that confronted this problem, it perhaps would not be worth the telling here. But because California's highway problem is, in greater or lesser degree, the highway problem of each of her sister states, I have gone rather deeply into it.

If she has failed with it, it has not been because she has lacked intelligence in grappling with it. In fact, I am inclined to believe that she has had rather a more skillful appreciation and understanding of the problem than the average state. The $73,000,000 that has already come for the highways did not come spontaneously or accidentally; it came rather as the result of hard work, hard propaganda, if you please to call it such. This propaganda has been engineered chiefly by the automobile clubs of California. Because of the unique nature of these institutions they are worth something more than a mere passing reference.

You may count the automobile clubs of the chief touring state of the Union upon three fingers of a single hand. There are but three of them. One is perhaps the smallest automobile club in the country; situated in a very small town, to salve its local pride. Another is the largest club in the land, with 84,000 registered members today and confidently expecting to top the 100,000 mark within the next two years. It boasts that its house organ has the largest circulation of any motoring magazine within the land. The third club has 38,000 members and also is rapidly growing in its strength and influence.

The small club may quickly be dismissed from attention; not so, however, with the two large ones.

Continued on Page 113

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(Continued from Page 108)

The important position that they have taken in regard to highway legislation in California commends them to a real attention. Moreover, they show in an instant's glance what really can be accomplished in almost any situation through cooperation and intelligent effort.

The older of these twain is the Automobile Club of Southern California, situated in Los Angeles. It antedates by a very few years the California Automobile Association in San Francisco. The two organizations do not permit themselves to compete with each other. The Los Angeles club—the larger of the two—takes as its own territory the eleven huge counties of California south of Fresno and San Luis Obispo. Its brother in San Francisco covers the other forty-seven counties of the state; which, although far greater in number, do not quite equal the motor-vehicle registration of the southerly eleven.

In the main, the methods of these two organizations are alike. With very moderate dues—a dollar a month or thereabouts—they seek to provide a service organization rather than a social club. They do not make the almost fatal error of trying to mix in a clubhouse the owner of the flivver with him of the twin-six. They are socially as unimportant as Dun or Bradstreet—less so even. Yet they are organizations of astonishing thoroughness. In their home cities they maintain huge central headquarters, with branches radiating out from these established in practically every important city and town in all California.

With great celerity these clubs have developed the business of insuring the cars of their members. It requires organization, capital, assurance to undertake a function of this sort. Apparently the California automobile clubs are not lacking in any of these necessities. One of them last year took in $4,035,000 in premiums. The biggest company in all the land wrote, in the entire United States and Canada, only $12,000 more than this. This year this automobile club will take in over $5,000,000 in premiums. If its members took out a similar amount of insurance through the standard liability and fire companies it would cost them $7,000,000. Not only do they thus save over 25 per cent in insurance premiums but up to the present time the club has always been able to remit back to its members their entire annual dues. In effect, the service costs them nothing.

"It merely shows what centralization can do," says Standish L. Mitchell, the secretary and general manager of the southern club. It is almost his baby. For eleven years he has given his entire thought and time to the development of the largest organization of its sort in the world. "Centralization is, however, the real strength of our organization," he continues. "Here we are, in eleven counties and with twenty-six branch offices in their more important cities. Twenty-six separate clubs, in each of these towns, could not all together begin to do the work that we do as a single organization. At the very outset all the discussion and possible friction incidental to the cooperation of twenty-six highly individual bodies is here eliminated."

Various Club Activities

"We do all in each community that these separate clubs could possibly do. We advertise and we promote. When San Diego County, for instance, wanted a good-roads bond issue not so long ago, we went down there and put through the fight for them.

"But we do so very much more than any local institution—forever driving and struggling for funds for its maintenance—could ever do. Take our branch offices in these communities. They are service stations in the fullest sense of the word. Open day and night, they give road and other information of the highest value. Because of our centralized service, we can and do keep this information highly detailed and correct up almost to the very minute. Each Monday morning our bulletin of road conditions—not only in Southern California but for a long way outside of it—goes out to each of our branches. It reaches the furthermost of them not later than Tuesday morning."

Beyond this bulletin the club publishes road maps of its own in great number and variety, which it distributes upon request and without charge both to its members and to folk from afar. It never asks the visiting motorist to California if he belongs to the auto club back home. Its sources of information are freely available to any stranger within the state without restrictions of any sort. It does not believe that it would be true California hospitality to demand credentials of a man far away from home and very much in need of advice or assistance.

Up to the present time the Automobile Club of Southern California has issued more than 5000 different forms of road maps for the United States in convenient and compact card sizes, which, in quantities, cost less than one-tenth of a cent apiece to print. These maps are prepared by its own engineers, who constantly are traveling between California and Maine engaged in this work. Twice a year the club sends scouting parties all the way across the continent to check up on road conditions and keep its maps up to a last-minute accuracy. Its fleet of 108 cars is steadily engaged throughout the whole westland in reporting actual travel conditions, for its information work is not merely limited to actual road conditions. It informs itself as to hotels, garages and the like, while one of its busiest functions is providing fish and game permits, as well as motor-car licenses, both for its members and for visiting motorists.

The Club's Working Plant

Within a dozen years the Automobile Club of Southern California has had not less than three different homes. From a floor of a crowded office building in downtown Los Angeles it moved, less than a decade ago, to a fine building of its own in Figueroa Street, planned and constructed especially for its work, and large enough seemingly to last it half a century. Last year that building was abandoned—outgrown. The club moved farther out Figueroa Street to a new home, so magnificent in its architectural aspect that it is frequently mistaken for one of the more exclusive hotels or clubs of Los Angeles. Yet, as I have already said, there is nothing exclusive about either of these California automobile clubs. They are strictly business. No club in the City of the Angels can boast a more magnificent dining room than the clubhouse of the local automobile club, but it is reserved strictly for its own employes and officers. There are 650 of these at work under one roof—some 300 more in the various branches. From less than a dozen workers about a dozen years ago the organization now has almost 1000 salaried people.

It is a self-contained organization. Within the roof of its great headquarters are housed many activities. It does its own printing and it does its own sign painting too. Not only does it take upon its broad shoulders the huge job of the official guideposting of the roads of the eleven counties of Southern California, but it carries this work far to the east—to the very outskirts of Kansas City and of Omaha. It has built and it maintains between 80,000 and 90,000 of these signposts, or markers, upon the trunk highways. Even on the lonely transcontinental trails across the western part of the continent it places its signs at an average distance of one and one-quarter miles. A similar function is performed by the California Automobile Association on the more northerly routes into the states.

The annual upkeep of these signs comes to a pretty penny. Not only are they under constant attacks from the stress of weather but there are folk who seem to have an unusual delight in taking potshots at them. No, not the folk who live along the trails. They have unbounded respect for the helpful little white-and-yellow markers. Tenderfeet from the East, long-haul motorists who have equipped themselves with small arsenals, if not in fear of Indians or other humans, at least in the hope and expectation of game. Failing in all of these things, they take it out on the helpless markers.

There are many other functions performed by these two great auto clubs of California. The southern club tows a disabled car in from any corner of Los Angeles County to a repair shop or garage—without any charge whatsoever to its members—and there are portions of that great county that are not less than sixty-seven miles distant from its shire town and center. The northern club specializes in a similar tow service, in the high hills and the narrow roads of the Yosemite.

Both clubs maintain large legal departments that are at the complete service not only of their members but of the stranger motorist who may be within their bailiwicks. If a club member is arrested in California, he merely shows his membership card to the police officer. The club does the rest. It carries the case for him into the nearest court and, should it prove to be a particularly vexatious or troublesome one, to the higher courts and—all the time without charge—right up to an actual trial, if a trial becomes a necessity. In such an instance it will turn over its prepared case to the member's own attorney.

This is not to be interpreted to mean that either club condones, to the slightest degree, speeding or other traffic violations. Each seeks merely to have justice done, and each is particularly alert in seeing that full justice is done to the stranger who may be within California. Each realizes the potential disadvantage that the visitor is apt to find himself in, far from home and entirely among strangers.

But the chief function of the two clubs is, in the long run, the adjustment and solution of the entire California highway problem. That problem you saw at the outset of this article. It grows not easier but vastly more complicated in all its ramifications.

A million cars in California today! Twelve million within the United States! And vast and perplexing problems of congestion already arising.

What is California to do three or four years hence when she has not 1,000,000 but 2,000,000 cars within her highways? And what are we all going to do when we have not 12,000,000 but 20,000,000 or more cars within the highways of these United States?

I hinted long ago at the prospect of relief and parallel highways for the Golden State. I also hinted at the way in which her new improved roads have already begun to go to pieces, which brings us to a further consideration of the reasons why they are so rapidly deteriorating. Shortsighted, hasty construction is not to be too heavily blamed for their breaking up. The quantity and quality of the traffic that today is passing over them have much to do with it.

"Oh, yes," says my friend Blinks, who has a ranch twenty miles or so out of Los Angeles and a nifty little car in which he ferries in and out of it, "the trucks and the motorbusses. You get after those fellows when you write your piece in the paper about our California highway situation."

Blinks and the Speed Arks

Not quite so fast, Blinks. It seems to me that I recall your having a light motor truck out upon that little ranch of yours. Only a three-ton affair to be sure, but it is doing its part to wear out those roads of your beloved state.

This last is really said to stir up Blinks. It succeeds in its purpose. He turns upon me almost fiercely.

"It isn't little jobs like mine," he retorts, "that make the trouble. It's the big fifteen and sixteen and seventeen ton affairs with their loads that are ruining our highways, piling up a fearful obligation both on me and on my children and on my children's children. Freight trains on the highroad! And the busses—the big ones! Arks, that's what I call them. Running forty miles an hour and crowding honest folk off the shoulder of the road! Limited expresses on the highroad! We're going to get them off."

Because Blinks represents a pretty definite and growing state of mind, not alone in California but elsewhere within the United States, let us give a little consideration to his plaints. Legislators are beginning to listen to him. In his own state radical legislation has been passed lately greatly curbing the size, and particularly the weight, of motor trucks. Under the new highway laws of California the maximum weight of a four-wheeled truck and its load together may not exceed 22,000 pounds. In fact, the supervisors of any county may go further and reduce this weight where they are convinced that over-weight trucks are seriously damaging their highways.

Trucks already purchased in view of former statutes, and with their loads not exceeding 24,000 pounds, may operate for two years and a half yet to come; and under the final rulings of the new law a single trailer is still to be permitted, with the weight of both vehicles and their burdens never exceeding 34,000 pounds.

Steady traveling over the highways of California for nearly thirty days lately convinced me that this new law is not being enforced. With my eye I was, of course, able to make a fair estimate of the weights of the constant trucks and truck trains that we

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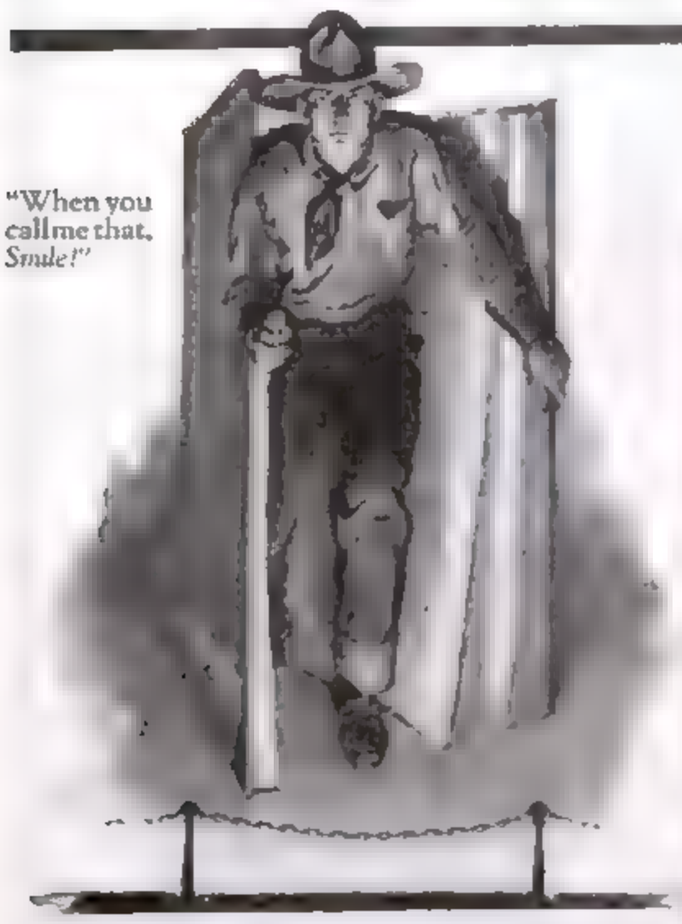

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passed and that passed us. Many of them looked to be inordinately heavy. Many of them were going at a good speed. But the eye could not be deceived by the three-truck trains operating in defiance of the law and to the outspoken annoyance of the motorists upon the crowded roads. Nor could the eye be deceived as to the size and the character of the motorbusses.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any other to give consideration to the remarkable recent development of this new form of passenger transport on the western rim of the land. In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few months ago I referred to the swift progress of the motorbus in California—the through all-night runs between Los Angeles and San Francisco; the network of established motorbus routes here and there and everywhere throughout the state, the serious inroads that they were making upon the passenger carrying both of the steam and the electric railways. Since then the service has steadily increased. Traffic demands upon the union bus station in Los Angeles have grown to a point where a far larger building is already being contemplated. From 250 to 300 huge busses, operated by a dozen different companies, run in and out of it each twenty-four hours, and most of these are more than comfortably filled the greater part of the time.

Both the steam and the electric railroad folks admit that the competition of the bus lines is causing them a real uneasiness. Already twice as many persons ride on the motorbusses between Los Angeles and Bakersfield as take the steam cars between those two important points, although in all fairness it must be stated that there the highway is many miles shorter than the railway. But even at those points where for miles trunk highway and main-line railway lie parallel and closely alongside, the motorbus is an alert and a dangerous competitor of the train; and though the through service between San Francisco and Los Angeles, 410 miles, is run very largely as a dramatic and advertising feature, from fifteen to twenty through passengers ride from the one city to the other without stop-over each day and on each of the routes, the inland and the valley. The fare is set a little lower than that of the railroad—about two and one-half cents a mile on a one-way basis, and even less on round-trip or multiple-ride tickets—and there is, of course, no Pullman fare or Pullman surcharge to be paid in addition. The railroad, which controls practically all the traffic between Los Angeles and San Francisco, has replied very sportingly by cutting its own rates—to the very bone. One may travel more cheaply by rail today in California than in any other part of the United States, which is at least one thing that the motorbus has accomplished.

A Mixed Lot of Passengers

Blinks is getting restive once again. He demands the floor.

"It's accomplished other things too. It not only hogs the highway with its great cars being driven at high speed but when you ride in them you not only run the great risk of having your own precious neck broken on the narrow curving highways—they've a lot of wild, untrained fellows as their drivers—but you are as apt as not to be thrust in with some Chinaman or bootlegger up from the Tia Juana joints."

Because Blinks represents a very definite and a very large sentiment in California, we cannot ignore him. His sentiments are echoed soundly by the officers of the great automobile clubs that we have just seen, who also represent very definitely the motoring sentiment of this commonwealth.

Purposely I rode some of the motorbus routes, unheralded as a newspaper man, in order to see these things for myself. My own reaction to the riding was pleasant. The ride from Santa Cruz to San Francisco, through a magnificent cañon for at least half the eighty miles of distance, and in a modern bus over a modern concrete pavement, riding as comfortably as in the best Pullman over the best steel-rail and rock-ballast railroad, remains as a most agreeable memory. We had Mexicans and we had Chinamen aboard in that bus, and in others in which I rode. If we had bootleggers, I did not discover that fact. These folk—and smokers—were quietly at the rear of the vehicle. A man on crutches was given a comfortable seat by the driver in front. Once in a small, dirty and much overcrowded bus up in the hills of Western Pennsylvania I was much peeved at having a new English suitcase placed out on the mudguards in a nasty wet snowstorm. In the newer California busses these go into a dust-tight locked compartment. The art of bus manufacture is making rapid progress.

Now as to the speed:

We traveled fast. In front, on the Santa Cruz route, I had my eye upon the speedometer. To make San Francisco in three hours and fifteen minutes—eighty miles, please recall, and time to be taken out for one or two stops en route—meant steady traveling. The speedometer touched and slightly passed forty more than once. The driver said that the mechanism was fast. Perhaps it was. But we went at a swift clip and around a road of infinite turns. But folk who passed us in their cars did not look happy. The motorbus was making no friends out of them. But it was making friends out of its patrons—the considerable minority of Californians who, for one reason or another, cannot ride in their own cars at all times.

The route from Los Angeles to Bakersfield is, if anything, more strenuous than that from Santa Cruz to San Francisco. It traverses the Ridge Road which goes over a mountain pass and in twenty-nine miles averages some twenty-one sharp turns to the mile. The through motorbusses go over it at an astounding speed, and yet with a very good record of operating safely.

Logical Developments

"We pick our men with great care," says the manager of the company that operates that particular route, and in refutation of what Blinks said but a moment ago. The company that he represents is not only the largest motorbus operator in all California but the largest operator of long-distance lines in the entire world. It maintains an elaborate system of garages and repair shops; in fact, going so far today as building its own bus bodies, upon a chassis turned out by an Eastern manufacturer.

No, Blinks, I do not believe that either you or I will ever live to see the motorbus or the motor truck banished from the chief highways of California or any other state. It has already taken its own place in the sun of our national transport. It must subject itself to reasonable regulation and also be prepared to pay its just share toward the maintenance of the highways which it is steadily wearing down. Already it is paying to the state treasury of California 6 per cent of its gross earnings, with the prospects fairly good that this may yet be increased to 10 per cent. California is undergoing a radical revision of her motor-taxation statutes. On September 1, 1923, she begins with a tax of two cents a gallon on all the gasoline that is retailed out from her service stations. On the first of the following January the annual rate for all private passenger automobiles will, because of this gasoline tax, be reduced to a nominal three dollars. Her million or more cars will pay their proportionate share of the wear that they bring down upon her highways, while the cars that come to her from other states—and generally stay a considerable time—will also contribute their own just share through the gasoline tax.

Gradually there will come a better correlation between the steam and the electric railroads and the motorbus and the motor truck—more education, if you please. After which, idle talk of the elimination of any one of these four factors will cease. Each will work to help the other. The recent purchase by the combined electric-railway interests of Los Angeles of 120 modern busses of the city-street type, in order to supplement their already overburdened rail services, is quite enough proof of this; while it is not too much to hope that some day the steam-railway men will use the de-luxe type of motorbus as an attractive alternative to their trains for the man or the woman who has come from the East and had quite his or her fill of train travel in crossing the continent.

To meet such logical developments, California must continue the great development of her highway system. In fact, all that she has done can be counted as a mere shadow of a beginning to all that remains to be done. At the outset of all of this, I hinted at some relief to be accomplished in the near future in the outskirts of San Francisco and of Los Angeles.

California is going to be sure that she is right before she goes ahead, and when she does go ahead, as she certainly will, the rest of the country will be made sure that she is right, absolutely right.

On Hills or in Traffic — THE PERFORMANCE KING

That the new Chandler provides a performance range elsewhere unobtainable is now very generally conceded.

In the hands of thousands of delighted owners it has consistently displayed a decisive mastery over the most difficult driving conditions.

There is hardly a locality where the Chandler's spectacular high gear capacity is not a matter of public record. Nor is there a metropolitan center where its flexibility has not been established by the quiet ease with which it goes through congested traffic. A newcomer in January—it has won the respect of all who know motor car values.

Yet the almost incredible swiftness with which the new Chandler achieved its popularity is not entirely due to the performance superiority of the phenomenal

PIKES PEAK MOTOR

Low prices have contributed greatly. So have the striking new bodies; and the rugged, long-lived, easy riding chassis.

Greater value is the specific reason for Chandler's 1923 success: a finer performance, an enhanced beauty, and a more pronounced economy than is obtainable at anywhere near Chandler prices. Drive a Chandler yourself—and see!

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY • CLEVELAND
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City Cable Address: "Chanmotor"

CHANDLER

TIPPY KNUTE

(Continued from Page 13)

The tug took hold of the Swordfish in the early morning and plucked her down the river. The sailors sheeted home her topsails, hoisting them to the roaring chantey:

"As I was awalking down Paradise Street,
Way, hay, blow the man down!
A saucy flash pocket I chanced for to meet;
Give us some time to blow the man down!

"Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down!
Way, hay, blow the man down!
Blow the man down in Liverpool Town,
Give us some time to blow the man down!"

Like a snowy cloud the smart clipper bore seaward. Out ahead an Aberdeen crack left a wake a mile long, her glossy green hull and white painted yards, mastheads and lowermasts glinting in the sun. Captain Powell glanced aloft with pride. In spite of outspoken misgivings, Bucko Douglas had contrived to sustain his reputation as a first-class mate. The Swordfish gleamed from water line to dogvanes in flawless loveliness. The skipper glanced at his own wake, and he smiled.

"We'll pick that Aberdeener up by night, Mr. Douglas," he said.

"I never knew of a race being won by a corn-fed crew!" retorted Douglas sullenly.

"Maybe you'll see it now," the skipper smiled gently. "She's swinging her stuns'ls. See what we have to answer her with."

Bucko Douglas was sour in spirit. With a cabin boy whom he dared not openly chastise, and an obnoxious able seaman who was so able that the august protection of the captain hung over him; with a boson of his own making who daily showed him scanter respect, and a crew naturally keen to take advantage of such an astounding piece of good luck as a mate of Bucko Douglas' evil reputation rendered harmless by the ruling of a humane skipper, it was not to be expected that he show any intense interest in Aberdeeners or other craft of any port. There seemed to be just one tiny speck of comfort for the mate on the day they drew abreast of the green clipper. A stowaway was found in the potato locker. True, Shanks had been a stowaway on the outward passage, and the skipper had declined to permit the customary discipline to be meted out to him. But this particular stowaway proved to be such a mean-looking, filthy specimen of ragged coast rascality that even Captain Powell shuddered as he questioned him.

"Me mudder wuz a American lady," the ragged object grinned.

It was hard to tell his age. He had the wizened face of age, the crooked lips of cunning, the restless fingers of crime, the dirt of city cesspools, the voice of a child early dipped in horrible sophistication. And he looked diseased.

"He told Andreas, when he hauled him out, sir, that his mother was a squarehead noblewoman," snapped Bucko Douglas.

"Yer a liar!" squealed the stowaway, scratching himself frenziedly. "Me fader wuz a Chinaman,and me mudder wuz——"

"Take him forward, Mr. Douglas," said the skipper hastily. "Have the men scrub him clean, if they can, and then you may put him to work."

Nothing being said about the laying on of hands, Mr. Douglas hustled the waif forward with relish.

"I'm a liar, am I?" he gritted, twisting the stowaway's arm. "I promise you a pleasant voyage, you dirty rat!"

His own hands rigged the head pump. His own hands wielded a coco-fiber scrubber.

Big Andreas handled the hose, while even Tippy helped on the pump, so unspeakably filthy was the cursing object of the attentions. Like a cornered cur the urchin turned and sank his teeth in the mate's arm.

"You—you!" stuttered Douglas, dropping him. He swung a mighty fist; then, staring fearfully at his bleeding arm, let the blow fall harmlessly. "Carry on and scrub him!" he snapped, throwing his brush at a seaman. "Scrub him well!"

Then he ran aft, and the skipper found him rummaging the medicine chest for caustic.

"You're all upset, mister," said Captain Powell. "That poor creature can't be poison. Here, I'll put some iodine ——"

"Iodine be damned!" growled the mate with scant respect. "I take no chances with a rotten dog like that!"

The men dried the stowaway with old canvas, fed him, and pitched him into a square bunk, where he lay cursing horribly. Tippy, remembering Shanks in similar plight, gave the urchin a shirt and some ancient dungarees, putting them on the squirming, ungrateful, poison-tongued wretch by force, for none of the seamen would lend a hand. As he turned the stowaway over and over, dragging the clothes over his head, thrusting arms and legs into their places, he stopped, gripping an arm and raising it. Scrutinizing the blotchy skin for a moment, he let go the arm.

"You stay here, and stay quiet, sonny," he said. "You ain't well."

He went outside the forecastle, stripped, and scrubbed himself as thoroughly as ever the boy had been scrubbed, muttering to himself the while. The seamen looked on wonderingly.

"Getting all set for ta third mate's yob, I betcha!" jeered big Andreas. Andreas was just beginning to recollect that he held an ancient grudge against Tippy. "Vould yu like us to vash yu like ve vashed ta boy?"

Tippy muttered and scrubbed, replying to none of the taunts. When dressed he went aft, passed the mate unceremoniously, and faced Captain Powell.

"Would you look at the stowaway, sir? He looks bad," he said.

"He is bad!" grunted the skipper.

He was intently watching the green Aberdeener to windward, and beyond, a speeding rain squall passing across the sun. There was a suggestion of a waterspout in the path of the squall. It would bear watching.

"It looks like plague!" Tippy persisted, lowering his voice so that neither the mate nor the helmsman might hear. Captain Powell flashed a keen look upon him. Tippy met his glance. "I dressed him in clean clothes and put him into a bunk, sir," he said. "And I saw something just like it when I was master of "

"Mr. Douglas!" the captain snapped. "Keep an eye on that squall. If yonder Aberdeener shortens sail, call me in the forecastle."

Tippy led him to the stowaway's bunk. It was empty. In a moment Tippy's search revealed the queer wretch crouched in a seaman's bunk, wrapped in the seaman's blanket, wolfishly eating the scraps of food so carefully set aside to eke out the ship's scanty supper.

Caught, the stowaway grinned evilly, a bit of salt junk protruding from between his discolored teeth.

"Did he not get fed?" the skipper asked curiously, with a hint of irritation.

"He had a man's whack out of the port watch's mess, sir."

Captain Powell seized the snarling urchin, tore away the blanket, and bore him struggling and whining bestially to the bunk Tippy had first put him in.

"Look out, sir! He'll bite you!" warned Tippy.

The skipper snatched away his hand, escaping a bite but getting a ragged scratch from the yellow teeth.

"Is he crazy?" he growled.

"I think he's sick, sir. Look under his arms."

The ship leaned more steeply to leeward. The mate's voice roared out aft:

"Stand by royal and flying jib halyards! Boson! Call the captain!"

Captain Powell leaped up the ladder, Tippy at his heels. To windward a squall tore madly across the sea, and midway of it rose the whirling spiral of a waterspout. The green Aberdeen clipper foamed down wind with her royals and topgallantsails flogging at the caps, her masts bending like whips.

"Haul down that flying jib!" the skipper bawled as he ran aft. "Let go all three royals and topgallants'ls! Clew 'em up lively, and stand by to make 'em fast! My God! Look yonder!"

Standing at the companionway door, Captain Powell dabbed with his handkerchief at his scratched hand. He had meant to get a piece of plaster for it. But out there over the sea was such a picture in the making as routed all considerations. Even Bucko Douglas, hard case though he was, took his attention from shortening sail to look.

The green clipper's topgallantsails were crawling to the mastheads again. She was a mile away, but the roar of her officers could be heard driving her crew. Pressed already to the limit, the added sails drove her into the rushing seas until her figurehead was buried in foam. And at her heels, reaching out for her, the waterspout careered with a droning hum fast growing into a hollow roar.

"Up goes her main royal! She'll lose her spars, sure!" groaned the skipper, fascinated.

He knew that it was no empty pride of sail carrying that made the Aberdeener set those sails again. A few warm drops of rain fell athwart the Swordfish's decks from the fast-traveling cloud above the spout. They fell with a spiteful spat, striking at a sharp slant, as if a tornado had driven each one separately. And the waterspout tore along in the wake of the green clipper with churned brine at the foot of the column, gray, dripping with bitter menace. It was a race for the gods to chuckle over.

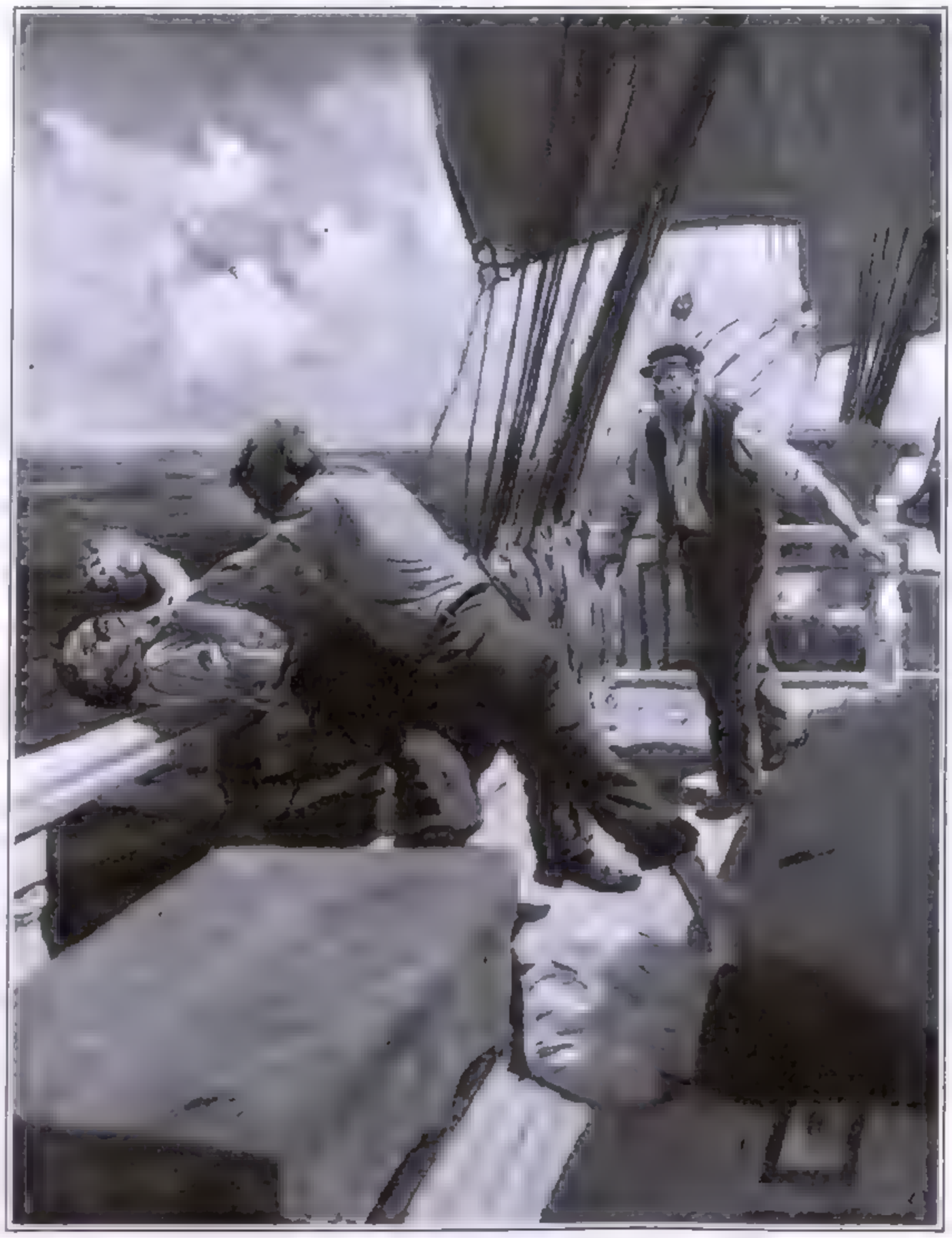
The clipper's fore royal went up. Involuntarily the men of the Swordfish shrilled forth a cheer. The mizzen royal was hoisted. The green clipper seemed to hold her own.

"Haul those t'gall'nt buntlines, you sojers!" roared Bucko Douglas. His own task was but half done; the danger not passed. "What you gawping over there at?"

"Py Yiminy! She ban settin' lower stuns'l!" howled big Andreas, smiting Tippy between the shoulders with a fist like a topsail halyard block.

"She's outrunning the spout!" yelled Captain Powell, forgetting his dignity in his excitement. Tippy opened his mouth to bellow; the clipper's stuns'l burst, flying

Continued on Page 121



His Grip Fastened Upon the Throat of Bucko Douglas

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For city-going and average roads you'll find our regular-tread Cords amply buttressed with sidewall strength, and equal to your every need in traction, easy steering and non-skid quality.

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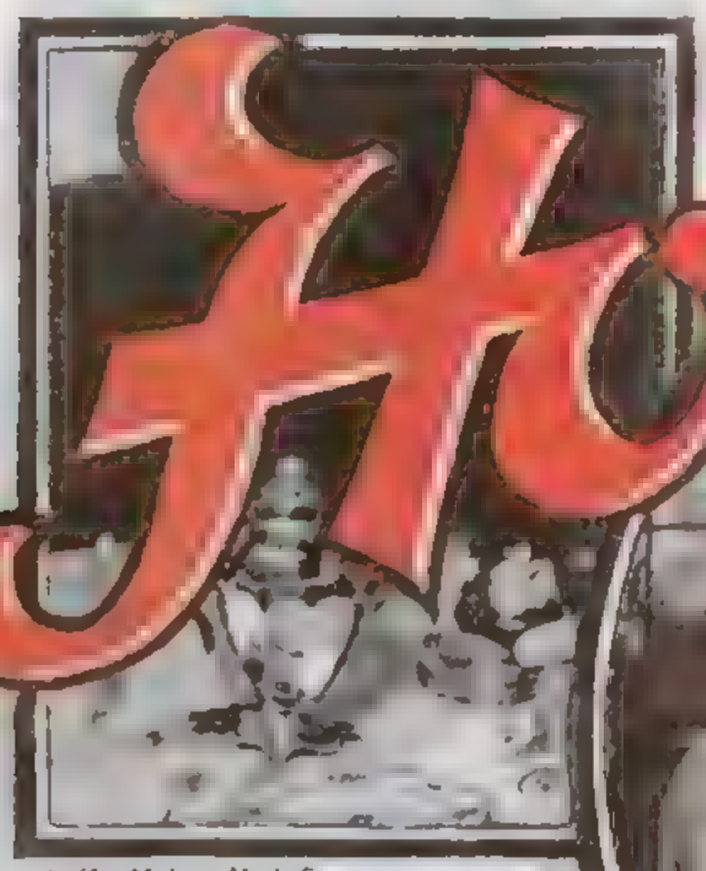

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For Chilly Fall Days—the *Hotpoint Hedlite Heater* with its coal-like glow and direct heat **$7.95 to $16.50**

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For Your Favorite Dainties—Many delicious recipes are given in the booklet that comes with the *Hotpoint Chafing Dish* **$22.50**

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At left
An Ironing Fact Worth Knowing—things iron better when they are quite damp. That's why the *Hotpoint Iron* [illegible] *hotter* than the rest of the iron. **$6.75**

At right
Beautiful and Practical Too—the *Hotpoint Percolating Urn Set* [illegible] *Sugar Creamer* and *Tray* to match in authentic Colonial design. Like all *Hotpoint Percolators*, this one has the *Hotpoint Safety Switch* and can "go dry" [illegible] Percolator, **$27.50** Sugar Creamer and Tray **$18.75**

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An Aid to Home Nursing — for comfort, convenience and safety here is the *Hotpoint Heating Pad* to take the place of the hot water bottle **$5.75 & $9.75**

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The New Model Hotpoint Iron has established a *new standard of ironing comfort.* ➤➤➤ Just see it at your dealer's—hold it as you will when ironing—and you will understand why it has been received so enthusiastically by women everywhere—and why it is selling so fast in the stores. ➤➤➤ Look it over carefully—so you will know what an electric iron *ought* to be. Note these features—

Strength-saving Cantilever Handle
saving exertion all through your body.

Attached Heel Rest
no iron stand—no lifting.

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gives the cord extra flexibility, and prevents it from snarling and fraying.

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Everlasting Steel Cord Bushing
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The *New Model Hotpoint Iron* is typical of the *understanding of woman's household needs* with which Hotpoint Servants are designed. ➤➤➤ Whatever they set out to do, Hotpoint Servants do with *experience and authority.*

Remember — ***Refuse the substitute. Demand the Servant.***

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This Hotpoint Servant boils, broils, fries and toasts—any two operations at the same time. It is the *Hotpoint Radiant Grill.* It gives the family a good substantial meal cooked at table, and Mother isn't all tired out **$12.50**

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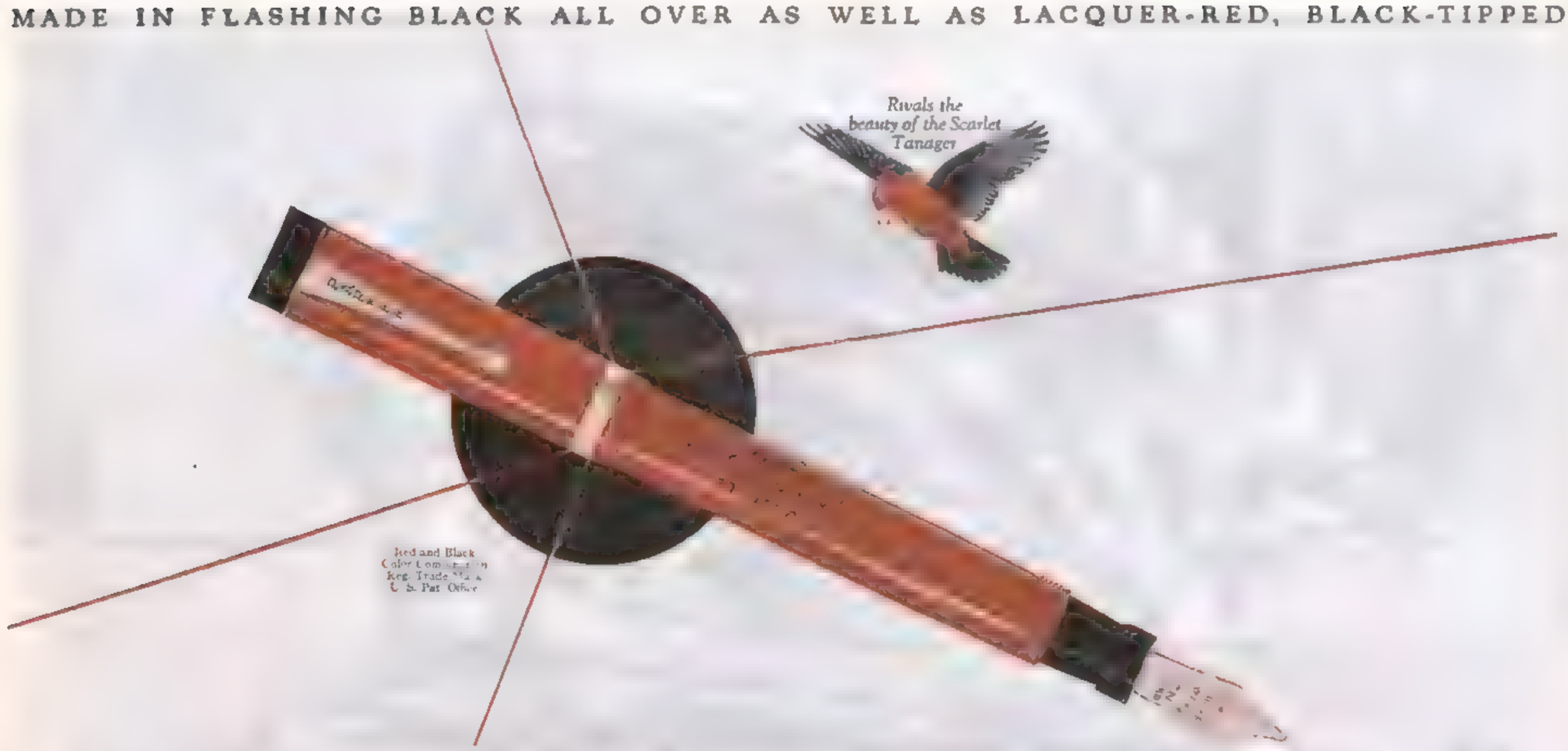

We've added a new Gold Girdle -the last Loving Touch

We've made Parker Duofold a finer, stronger pen than ever; yet kept the price where it was—the point still guaranteed 25 years

PARKER DUOFOLD is one of the few things left that give you 100 cents value for your good old American dollar. Measured by fountain pen standards this Over-size classic is a $10 pen for $7.

Our price is possible only because the Duofold's sweeping popularity has afforded us large quantity production, thus scaled down the cost per pen. Now we've been able to add the last loving touch—a strong Gold Girdle around the cap. This was $1 extra before.

Thus now more than ever is Parker Duofold *the Gift superb!* A pen anyone can pull out in public and be proud of. A pen you can lend without fear because no style of writing can distort its 25-year point. A pen so super-smooth and rhythmically balanced *that your hand can't get away from its lure!*

The genuine Duofold bears this stamp—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve." Look carefully. You don't want it said that you carry a "near-duofold"—an imitation. Neat gold pocket-clip or gold ring-end for ribbon or chain included free as well as Gold Girdle with Parker Duofold.

Step up to the first good pen counter today and buy Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval

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OVER-SIZE **$7**

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

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The Parker Pen Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 116)

ahead in streamers of white gossamer. Tippy's mouth hung open. The green clipper seemed doomed. The Swordfish suddenly stood upright, the squall passed. The Aberdeener seemed to leap forward. It was in reality the swerving and slowing down of the spout just before it broke and thundered harmlessly into the fretted ocean.

"Masthead those yards again!" Captain Powell sang out in huge relief.

"Sheet home main topgallants'l!" howled the mate.

Men eased off buntlines and took the turns from the clew lines. They looked for a chanteyman. Tippy stood with his eyes half closed, his rope-yarn hair flying wild, and, ignoring all orders for the moment, bellowed forth his one song as a pæan of joy at the green ship's safety:

"If you're outside you can't be inside,
If you're inside you can't be out!
If you're outside you can't be in by a dam-
sight!
Haw, haw, haw-wre!"

Bucko Douglas glanced aft. The skipper had gone below to stick plaster on his hand.

"Mock me, will you, you squarehead swine!" the mate gritted, and smashed Tippy full upon the mouth while the final "Haw-wre!" was still half uttered.

"I don't mock you ——" began Tippy.

Another wicked punch stopped the sentence and hurled him against big Andreas. Andreas, eager to kill two birds with one shot, made himself a bit more solid with the mate and took a trifle on account from Tippy by handing out a wallop himself.

"Catch holt, yu!" cried Andreas. "Ta mate says sheet home, py Yiminy! Haul, tamn yu!"

The sail sheeted home, the halyards were manned.

"Give it a song, you wooden lumps!" roared the mate.

Tippy was usually chanteyman for his watch. He knew only one song for social occasions, but he had every chantey by heart. Now he was silent. Slow thinking, he had not yet decided what Andreas had punched him for. Men pulled listlessly, raggedly. The mate cursed and bustled them. Big Andreas sprang to the head of the rope.

"Vas yu ever town in Mobile Pay?"

he howled.

"Oh, roll th' cotton down!"

bellowed the men as they hauled.

"Loadin' cotton for a tollar a tay!
Oh, roll th' cotton down!"

A change had come over the Swordfish and her people. On the day that she crossed the equator in the Indian Ocean a man was triced up by his wrists in the mizzen rigging and beaten with a heaver. The man was Tippy. Shanks, sniveling in a corner of the companionway, wearing a purple bruise that covered one side of his face, ran down to the pantry, thrust a knife inside his shirt, and slammed the door while he thought.

The wielder of the heaver that beat Tippy, the man who triced Tippy in the rigging, was Bucko Douglas; a new, or rather the old Bucko Douglas. As he finished the beating of Tippy he regarded a slight scar upon his right arm amusedly.

"The Old Man said I was gallied because I cauterized that bite," he grinned. "He was too busy watching the waterspout to take care of his own scratch. A good god sent that spout, Tippy. He was no god for Scowegians, though. Have you got a good smeller?" Coldly ferocious, smiling, unhurriedly, he drew back his fist and hit Tippy on the nose. "Because you're going to smell hell from now on! You hear me?"

The decks were queerly vacant of life. The ship swam sluggishly through a sea that glistened like oil—a dead sea, a horrible sea. The green Aberdeen clipper had long since slipped over the horizon ahead. Under the topgallant forecastle a bundle of rags and filth moved, whined, cursed, then lay still with one skinny, festered arm stuck straight up in the air. It remained upraised, as if frozen. Under the equatorial sun the heat was terrific. But that arm seemed frozen. A haggard, scared seaman emerging from the forecastle, glanced at the arm, swore to himself, and after a swift look aft dodged below again. The ship swam greasily on an oily sea like a charnel house slipping into Hades.

Bucko Douglas blew his whistle. To the frightened seaman who appeared he snarled. "See if that rat under the forecastle's dead yet!"

The sailor scowled.

"Don't ask me to touch him, sir! I ain't copped the plague yet, and don't want to."

"That's right," Douglas laughed evilly. "Not many well men left. All right. Cut that man down from the rigging."

When Tippy stood on numbed feet, wiping the blood from his face, the mate told him to go forward and see if the stowaway still lived. Still bewildered from the sudden change that had come over the ship, Tippy obeyed.

"He ain't cold yet, sir," he reported.

"Cold! Is he dead?"

"I don't know, sir. His arm is stiff."

"Then he's dead. Dump him," Douglas snapped "Go on! Do you hear me? Dump him!"

Dumbly Tippy lifted the stowaway. The arm stuck out grotesquely, as if directing Tippy. It all seemed horrible, but then, everything had become horrible lately. Tippy bundled the corpse on to the rail, gave it a shove, and gazed at it floating slowly by. He shivered.

When he had told Captain Powell that he thought the stowaway had the plague, he had first taken the precaution of scrubbing himself clean of possible infection. The mate had treated the lad's bite as he would treat the bite of a mad dog; and he had escaped ill results as yet. The captain meant to treat the tooth scratch he had received, but the life-and-death race between the green clipper and the waterspout had held him too long. The next day he was feverish, couldn't eat, complained of pains in his legs, and towards evening collapsed and took to his bed. In ten hours he was dead; in eleven, buried; and Bucko Douglas took on once more the smile of the tiger.

Shanks felt the first weight of his authority. The youngster's face was bruised on one side so evenly that his appearance would have been comical but for the look in his eyes. Tippy had tried to avenge him, but Douglas, untrammeled by a humane captain, was too much for Tippy. He had tasted defeat and cruel reprisal in the rigging.

But Bucko Douglas was not easy in mind, for all his new authority. The stowaway, in dying, had bequeathed the Black Death to the ship. Half the crew were down. A man died or reported sick every watch. Men refused to carry food or drink to their closest cronies. The second mate was dying even as Tippy dumped the stowaway. The third mate had told Douglas that his head ached so badly that he could not stand up.

All these things might well have caused the mate to worry so dire that he would be willing to wait for a better time to catch up his arrears of debt to Tippy. But there was the accumulated bitterness of the passage out, the humiliation of the boat race. Big Andreas came aft. His bare feet picked up hot pitch from the deck seams. He was too frightened to notice it.

"Mr. Douglas!" he yammered. "Ay ask yu to let me lif' aft, sir! Ta carpenter iss got ta plague, py Yiminy!"

Aft trotted Chips. He carried a broadax by the blade, never noticing that his fingers bled.

"Mr. Douglas!" he bawled. "Th' bloody squarehead's got th' blue-boa! I want to shift quarters!"

Douglas scowled at them both. Fright sat so obviously on their faces, which otherwise looked healthy, that his diagnosis was swift.

"Get for'ard, the pair o' you! You're both scared stiff. You've no more plague than I have. Get, you sojers!"

Chips glowered. He turned sullenly, spat on his hands and swung the broadax ominously as he slouched forward. Big Andreas followed more slowly, cursing the mate under his breath. He dragged his bed from the tiny cabin he shared with Chips, and laid it on the fore hatch. As soon as he was outside, Chips slammed the door on him. A seaman, watching, soon appeared, bringing his bed. Andreas cursed him, driving him to the forecastle head.

Tippy was drawing a bucket of water. He had stripped off his shirt, and was about to scour himself again after handling the dead stowaway. His strong straight body was waled and bruised from the mate's assault; around each wrist ran an angry line of red that barely fell short of being a cut. Bucko Douglas grinned as he caught sight of Tippy.

"Come aft, you!" he bawled.

Tippy paid no attention, thinking somebody else was called.

"Hey, you squarehead swine!"

Tippy looked up. There was no mistaking who was meant. Douglas stood at the head of the weather-poop ladder, his face suffused with evil blood. Tippy dropped the bucket on a bollard and reached for his shirt.

"Drop that shirt! Are you coming or shall I come and get you?"

Tippy went aft. A deep wonder burned in his eyes. He had never been able to understand what made some men brutes. There seemed no reason whatever for Mr. Douglas' attitude towards him. But as long as Shanks was not harmed Tippy would always remember that obedience and respect were an officer's due from a seaman. He was too fine a sailorman himself ever to lose sight of that fundamental fact.

"Go down into the forecastle and look the men over," said the mate with relish. "Take the grub along for those who want it. See if there's any more stiffs. If so, haul 'em out and dump 'em. And chase that surly look from your mug, my lad, or I'll see what I can do about it. Get a move on!"

Tippy ministered to the needs of his shipmates, and found nothing irksome about it. Bucko Douglas had experienced a tinge of what might have been remorse in another man. He had told Tippy to scrub himself. But it was only that Tippy might not immediately get the plague and thus rob Mr. Douglas of further sport.

By the setting of the first watch that night five men had been passed over the side, to float astern, without weight, without prayer, to add to the fester of the stagnant sea. Tippy did it all. He did mutter a bit of the service for seamen buried at sea when he heaved the second mate over the rail unaided. When the third mate died, singing a wild song about a girl whom he had met in Shanghai, fitting his own feverish words to a tune already suited more to the ravings of a drunken crew than to the thoughts of a lover, Tippy dumped his carcass with the same dumb sense of duty as had urged him before. But he, who had been master of a Norwegian bark, knew how to speed the departed when occasion arose.

"Now c'mit this body to th' deep;
Better in hell 'n in this ship!"

Doldrums. East or west. Stagnation, stinking and stale. Bucko Douglas had big Andreas scrub him every watch. If Tippy missed taking a similar scrub he promptly got after him.

Of the souls who signed on in the Swordfish, half had gone to answer the last muster roll. Shanks scurried about his cabin work whining like a puppy in fear of a whipping.

Bucko Douglas was only beginning to get worried. Since the captain died he had so completely come into his own that he failed to see the ghastly drama unfolding about him. In Tippy he had a subject upon whom to work all the brutalities he had been forced to forgo hitherto. In Shanks he had an irritation point which was sure fire when he wanted to goad Tippy into inviting a brutal visitation.

Two sail were reported on such a day that all Nature seemed dead. They slipped over the horizon ahead as if the Swordfish were anchored. Chips nursed a cut hand for a full day, saw it fester, and died the next day of sheer funk.

The forecastle was a place of evil odors. The tropic sun beat down upon unwashed decks, for Bucko Douglas had begun to feel scared and only insisted upon the after part of the ship being washed. That was done so often by the decimated crew that there was no time left to do more. Big Andreas by turns sobbed his fears and cursed Douglas. The mate laughed sardonically. Just then he was having a good time with Tippy in spite of the ghastly state of the ship. He had ceased torturing Shanks for a while. The last time he beat the boy he had seen a look in Tippy's eyes which warned him that if he were not more careful he might well spoil all further sport by being obliged to kill Tippy in self-defense.

One morning Tippy hauled every bed out of the forecastle on his own initiative. Sick men, well malingerers, frightened men—all cursed him impartially. He dragged their beds into the hot white sunlight, bidding the men try the planks for a change awhile. He had remembered one thing from the days when he commanded

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—at camp

—for traveling

a ship. It was that the terrible Eastern plague was susceptible to arrest by the direct action of fierce sunlight. And when his shipmates were all cared for in spite of themselves, he hauled out big Andreas from his blanket and made him give his bed a sun bath too.

"Ay put a het on yu as big as a hogshet!" Andreas howled. "Ay pay yu for stealin' my girl, py Yiminy!"

"Tomorrow," Tippy returned imperturbably. "Now you show the men what a bold son of the sea you are by behavin' like one. You ain't so sick as silly. Plank beds is good for laziness."

As matters grew worse Tippy Knute assumed more and more authority among his mates. It was simply the old instinct of the master mariner reviving. He would do his duty by the ship as a sailor as long as he had breath. Similarly, as long as Mr. Douglas had wind in his lungs Tippy would obey his orders so far as they concerned ship business. In one of the few moments of leisure that fell to him in these days of feverish overwork, Tippy took the shirt of every man who claimed to be sick, and started to scrub the heap of unclean rags. Douglas, alone aft, was no more than human when it came to need of rest. He refused to replace one of the dead juniors; to make up for the lack of a watch while he slept he made Shanks sit beside the skylight and awake him whenever the boy thought it necessary. Two seamen only kept a wheel. Tippy stood his trick in every watch. One seaman, an old navy man, was so imbued with the spirit of duty that he stood his trick too. But he promptly went off watch when his two hours' trick was done, no matter if the heavens fell thereafter.

Sometimes Shanks thought it necessary to call the mate when it proved unnecessary. Then Shanks suffered grievously. Near the limit of the doldrums little breezes blew. They came in squalls at times. A rain squall may or may not be vicious. Shanks remembered one that had whipped away two royals and a staysail. So when a black cloud swept athwart the sea ten minutes after Bucko Douglas lay down, Shanks shook him up.

Tippy heard the boy scream. He leaped from the spare topmast where he sat scrubbing shirts and glared aft. He dashed the rope-yarn hair from his eyes. Big Andreas sat up, chuckling evilly. The squall passed a mile to leeward, traveling like life after fifty—fast, harmless. Tippy saw the mate grip Shanks by the hair and hurl him cruelly against the mizzenmast. He saw the lad fumble in his shirt. Then Douglas picked up Shanks by seat and shoulders, heaved him overhead, and hurled him against the belly of the spanker, catching him as he rebounded and kicking him into unconsciousness.

Tippy rose before the mate, Tippy with rope-yarn hair flying wild, blue eyes glittering coldly. And at his feet lay the knife that fell from Shanks' shirt. Suddenly fearful of the monster he had aroused, Bucko Douglas stooped swiftly, grabbed the knife, and struck Tippy fair on the breast. Tippy staggered back into the arms of big Andreas, crawling up the ladder to see the sport.

Andreas pushed him off. Blood stained Tippy's singlet. The knife fell to the deck. It had no point. That remained inside Tippy, broken against his breastbone. Bucko Douglas, waiting to see Tippy fall, took on a queer expression. His eyes glared. His lips went tight, colorless. Tippy walked steadily forward, reaching out hands that seemed imbued with the resistlessness of ultimate Fate, and his grip fastened upon the throat of Bucko Douglas.

Tippy passed Bucko Douglas' body over the side as he had passed many another. Big Andreas dodged with scared eyes whenever Tippy spoke to him. Shanks obeyed, but looked furtively for an opening whenever Tippy spoke to him.

And the wind came. The malingerers shuffled uneasily at sight of Tippy, carrying their beds below out of the weather. Big Andreas took his bed into the forecastle for company; for Tippy had taken command; his blue eyes glittering, his rope-yarn hair flying wild. He took command because there was no other to carry the ship home. His sailorly instinct forced him to do the best that was in him. But the ship was sailing past gems of island loveliness. The Chagos were all about, Rodriguez and Mauritius lay in her track. Big Andreas sat among a shivering little gang on the fore hatch when a copper-tinted sunset filled the sky, when the sharp stem of the Swordfish murmured speed.

"He's goin' ta run her ashore somewheres in ta islants, ant clear oudt," said Andreas.

The big Norwegian sat huddled up in a blanket. The cooler weather seemed to chill him through and through. He had escaped the plague more by good luck than wisdom hitherto; but he was not feeling altogether well.

"If you ask me, he's crazy," growled a pallid-faced sailorman. "I'm for clearing out myself as soon as the ship's nigh enough shore for a boat to make it. He's dangerous, that squarehead is. Once he gets the notion in his head that one of us might give him away for croaking the mate, he'll ——"

"Tippy ain't crazy; it's you!" the cook broke in angrily. "He ain't nursed all hands through the plague just to croak 'em now. He had plenty o' cause to croak Bucko Douglas, if you ask me. Ask Andreas how it was."

"Ta son of a gun stole my girl!" grumbled Andreas. "Ay fix him!"

"You're crazier than the rest!" the cook yelped, and made a hurried retreat.

But he need not have feared big Andreas. The blond giant sat huddled up like an old, old man. His pipe went out, unnoticed. There was cracker hash for supper. He left his share untouched.

By midnight Andreas was complaining of chills, and Tippy dragged him aft so that he could better take care of him. Shanks said it might be good to let him croak.

"He sez he'll get you for swipin' his girl," said Shanks. "Sez he'll tell the cops how you croaked the mate. He's tellin' all hands."

"He ain't tellin' much now," said Tippy. "You look after him, or maybe I tell you something snappy."

"Hell! You're as crazy as he is!" squealed Shanks. "The fellers is scared stiff over the plague, as it is. They're so scared o' you now they'll run if you ever sail close enough to land for a boat to make it. If you don't go close enough, they'll take the ship away from yuh. I heard the big stiff you love so much sayin' they'd get a hunk o' money by takin' the ship to port, besides what they'd get for givin' yuh up for murderin' ——"

"I'll have to squeeze your neck if you let your jaw tackle run that way," said Tippy gravely. "Run away. Make some hot soup for big Andreas."

"If you're outside you can't be inside,
If you're inside you can't be out!"

hummed Tippy as he went into the chart room.

He had to read up on navigation. It had been many years since he had dug for logarithms. But his chart work was simple. From the log he got the ship's latest position, and, applying the course and distance steered since, he arrived at some idea of location. With the chart rolled up in his hand he went to the compass, frowning with some unsolved problem. According to the log and chart the ship ought to be in sight of land even then. It was midnight, but the stars filled the sky, the moon hung low in the east like a yellow lantern. Andreas lay on his mattress near the wheel, nearer than Tippy had placed him. The helmsman stepped to the other side of the wheel as Tippy approached.

"Don't see land, hey?" Tippy asked.

"No," grumbled the man.

He peered all around the horizon with eager eyes. Big Andreas sat up, shivering, but alive with interest.

"What land?" he demanded. "Ay t'ink yu got ta ship lost! Yu ain't got no right ta take charge, yu squarehet! Ay am boson. Ay vill take ta ship ——"

"You are sick," said Tippy patiently. "I was master of a Norwegian bark once. Bring her head half a point more to the westward, feller."

The helmsman growled, but obeyed.

"Let's see where we are," big Andreas said.

He reached up and seized the rolled chart. Tippy let him have it rather than tear it, and Andreas stumbled nearer to the binnacle to scan it, his brow puckered, trying to decipher faint pencil figures. And as he pored over it he growled on: "Ay t'ink yu mean ta run away vit' ta ship! Yu can't take her all ta way to Boston. Why haf yu changed coorse? Ay shall take charge, py Yiminy!"

(Continued on Page 125)

FYRAC Spot LIGHT

You need a Fyrac Windshield Spot Light most in the Fall because you do more night driving; days are shorter

This new spot light idea is winning the nation

FEW motor accessories have met with the instant and growing approval accorded the Fyrac Spot Light.

Owners everywhere tell the advantages of this super spot light which fits through the windshield and operates from within the car. Even the casual observer notes the mark of refinement this shapely spot light adds.

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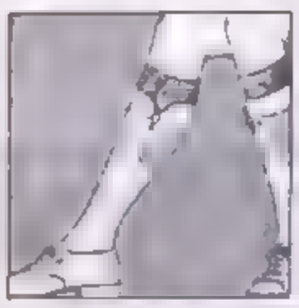

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(Continued from Page 122)

"Sure! Why don't ya?" rejoined the helmsman boldly.

Tippy ignored him, replying to Andreas gently.

"When you're well, maybe," he said. "I changed the course to clear that island. We are almost up to it Keep a good lookout, helmsman. I will bring you some hot soup in a few minutes, Andreas."

Tippy passed below with his chart, and big Andreas pulled himself to his feet by grabbing the wheel.

"Run aloft ant take a goot look!" he rasped, shivering violently as the blanket fell from him.

The sailor went up the mizzen rigging like a monkey. In two minutes he slid down a backstay, panting, excited.

"There's a little island right in the wake o' the moon!" he whispered hoarsely. "He changed course! Now we're leaving it!"

"Go call all hants!" Andreas ordered. "Lifely!"

Impatience would not permit the boson to hold his course until the men came aft. With his great body shaking with the chill that preceded the black sickness, he was so filled with the determination to fix Tippy that he felt superior to his strength. He swung the ship back to the course she was on before Tippy changed it. Dark shapes ran from the forecastle. A smaller shape appeared in the galley door. Shanks was there, making soup for Andreas, having been warned not to awaken the cook. As the men ran silently up the poop ladder on bare feet, and the ship's long jib boom pointed fair for the moon's eye, Tippy's towsled head was poked through the chart-room porthole.

"Who's steering?" he demanded. "You're off your course! Keep the course I ——"

A man slipped around the deck house, swung a deck bucket at Tippy's unprotected head, and Tippy staggered back inside the chart room.

"He's out!" yelled the bucket swinger.

"Ay fix him now! He stole my girl!" chattered big Andreas. He stumbled, passed a shaking hand across his face. "Take ta vheel, somebody! Ay am sick!" he moaned.

Up the ladder darted Shanks, bearing hot soup. Behind him ran the cook, brandishing his tormentors, that terrible salt-meat fork with two straight prongs and one ghastly hook.

"Come on, Doctor!" yelped a sailorman. "We got the ship! We're goin' to carry her into that island and get ——"

Shanks halted for an instant in front of big Andreas.

"And he told me to make soup for th' likes o' you!" the lad screamed. "All right! Soup sez he! I'll give yuh soup!"

He flung the soup, saucepan and all, into big Andreas' face. Andreas tottered, howling, then pitched against the rail and fell. Amazed sailormen backed away from the infuriated cook's tormentors. They looked for an ally, and found a foe. Shanks picked up his saucepan, squealing shrilly in his rage, and Tippy staggered out on deck, shaking the hair from his eyes, blood trickling down his face from a cut scalp, seeking to detect big Andreas.

"Where is he? Where is he?" he muttered.

"Don't worry! I fixed him! I give him soup!" squealed Shanks.

"Aye, but he's sick. He should not be out of his blanket," said Tippy, groping around.

He strode into the midst of a little knot of men backing away from the cook.

"Sail into 'em, Tippy! Sail into 'em!" bawled the cook. "They mean to take the ship into the nearest port and have you pinched! Sail into 'em!"

Tippy's blurred senses were clearing. The bucket had scrambled his wits for a moment. All he clearly remembered was that the ship had been off her course. He kept on his way towards the wheel, and his hand came into contact with the cook's tormentors. He stumbled again, and in recovering wrenched the great fork from the cook's greasy hand. Two men aiming blows at him turned and ran at sight of the fork. Shanks hurled his saucepan after them, with some remarks as scalding as the soup had been. Tippy reached the wheel and stood over Andreas. The faint light from the binnacle and the growing light of the rising moon touched his blood-streaked face and tangled hair grotesquely. Stubborn souls still lingering near got a glimpse, and caught the shine of the tormentors. They slunk away, beaten without a blow from Tippy.

"Now you can take 'em into port and put 'em in jail for mutineers!" quoth the cook sagely. "This'll put you solid about bumpin' off the mate too. Here, I'll take the wheel."

"Take it for a while, yes," Tippy muttered. He knelt over big Andreas. "Hold her half a point to the eastward."

"You'll miss the island then!"

"I want to. Andreas is getting the plague. Don't want to take that into a small island and perhaps kill all hands there. Besides, the ship's going home to Boston."

"Ain't you goin' to put them suckers in jail for jumpin' you?" demanded the greasy Doctor indignantly. "If you carries 'em home they'll get you pinched for bumpin' off the mate. They said so. Big Andreas promised that. He's bound to get hunk with you."

"They been sick," said Tippy. "They'll feel better when we get into cooler weather. I ain't afraid to face the judge."

"You're crazy as a bedbug!" grumbled the cook. "That big stiff's the only man as seen you get Douglas; and he's swore he'll see you swing for it."

"Just hold your course, Doctor. I'll relieve you in a little while."

Tippy picked up Andreas by the shoulders and dragged him inside the chart room. Then he ministered to him, using what small experience the plague had brought him, patiently ignoring the audible comments of the cook at the wheel outside, kindly bearing with the even less guarded remarks of Shanks at his elbow. When he had the sick man comfortable he went out and took the helm.

Ten minutes later a sailor crept up the poop ladder six inches in advance of the prongs of the tormentors and sheepishly offered to relieve Tippy.

"I'll keep th' wheel relieved, cap'n!" the cook sang out, and vanished.

Three days of uncertainty passed; then big Andreas began to throw off the fever. The ship ran into cooler seas by the Cape, and the wheel was relieved with seamanlike regularity.

Every sailor who took the helm gazed appealingly at Tippy. Tippy seemed to notice none of it. Then came the day when big Andreas could sit up. The ship headed east, foaming through the big Agulhas seas.

"Tippy, Cap'n Tippy," said Andreas uneasily, "Ay can stand a watch wit' yu now. Ay want to ask yu to take ta men's names out ouf ta log. If you will forgive 'em t'eir foolishness, Ay will write down all about ta mate ant put my name to it that he stuck ta knife in y'ur gizzard forst."

"If you're inside you can't be out,
If you're outside you can't be in!
If you're inside you can't be out by a damsight!
Haw, haw, haw-ore!"

Tippy hummed, leading the way to the log book.

"You write it ant Ay will put my name," said Andreas. He read what Tippy scrawled and scratched his name to it. "Ay nefer meant what Ay said about gettin' efen wit' yu, Tippy," he said awkwardly, anxiously. A sailorman or two hung about the door doing unnecessary little jobs, glancing at Andreas as if they depended upon him. "Yu're goin' ta wipe ta men out ouf ta log, ain't yu, Tippy?"

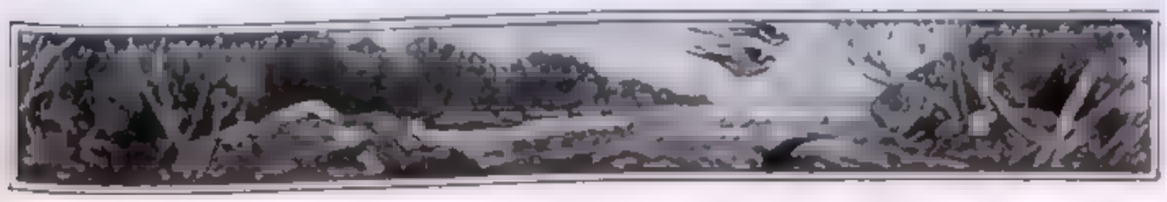
"Children! Just children!" grinned Tippy. "They never was in the log.

"If you're out you can't be in by a damsight!
Haw, haw, haw-ore!"

he roared.

And a stately albatross overhead gave back so that it echoed in the swelling sails:

"Haw-aw! Haw-aw-awrh!"



Radio loud and clear or radio "a la racket"

The vital importance of using the proper amplifying transformer in your radio set

TENS of thousands of experienced radio owners throughout the United States, Canada and Cuba have adopted the Acme method to secure loud, clear broadcasting from stations five hundred to three thousand miles away.

The results have been marvelous. Loud, clear radio concerts are now heard with sets which once seemed capable of producing only weak or distorted, almost unintelligible sounds. If you are not already using that new method, this offers you a way to learn how.

Amplification not enough

AMPLIFICATION, the very thing that eliminates distance and makes it possible for a room full of people to be entertained at one time, is also the chief cause of distortion. For it is not enough merely to amplify sounds.

When you hear an opera singer's voice from New York sound like cat-calls, you have amplification, but you also have distortion.

The source is excellent but the energy of the voice goes through so many changes in form that unless proper apparatus is used, it reaches your ears garbled and almost unrecognizable. Distortion like static seems to have been taken for granted by most radio owners. Yet static is a natural, uncontrollable function of the elements while distortion is a controllable function of man-made apparatus.

How sound is distorted

WITH the vacuum tube, amplification can easily be obtained—but to amplify without howling and hissing requires a specially designed transformer which can eliminate resonance. For it is resonance or pathways in the ordinary transformer which makes it easier for some frequencies or sound waves to pass through than for the others. The sound waves overlap, causing blurring and other distortion. Each stage of such amplification added to the single tube set only serves to increase the distortion as the volume of sound is increased.

Overcoming distortion

RADIO and sound engineers, after long research, have at last perfected two instruments which together insure maximum volume, clarity and distance. First they designed a special type of amplifying transformer which does not distort over the voice and musical range. This wonderful instrument with its 4.25 to 1 ratio allows its use with any vacuum tube now made, either dry or storage battery type.

This is called the Acme A-2 *Audio* Frequency Amplifying Transformer. When used with one stage of amplification (consisting of a vacuum tube, the Acme A-2 Transformer and certain minor apparatus) it produces strong, clear signals in any head set. When two Acme A-2 Audio Transformers are used, an Acme Kleerspeaker or other loud speaking device may be hooked-up and clear, undistorted music received in volume.

A beginner on the trombone makes noise—but little music. Unless the proper transformer is used, radio sets do likewise.

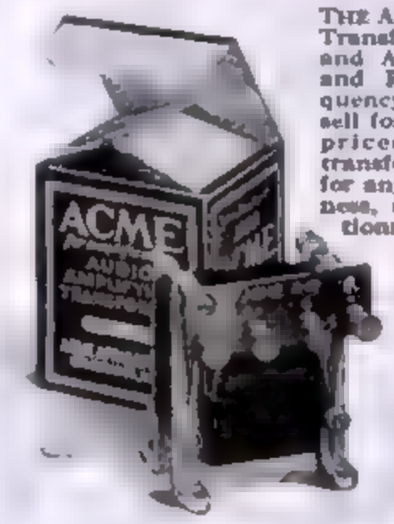
Then these same engineers designed a second instrument which would add great distance to any set. This builds up the strength of the incoming radio waves before they are acted on by the detector. As a result signals from far distant stations (which had hitherto never been of sufficient strength to cause the detector to act) can now be secured and with the aid of Acme A-2 Audio Transformers turned into loud, clear, undistorted concerts. This second instrument is the Acme *Radio* Frequency Transformer, and is made in three types, R-2, R-3 and R-4, for more than one stage of radio frequency amplification.

How to get best results

IN ORDER to secure the best results with Acme Transformers, which are sold in practically all radio and electrical stores you should send for "Amplification without Distortion," an instructive and helpful book which not only explains exactly how to secure the best results with these two kinds of Acme Transformers on your own radio set (large or small), but also includes a number of wiring diagrams which will be helpful if you desire to build a set.

Send for booklet

AMPLIFICATION and distortion are clearly explained, and methods of determining the causes of poor results with amplification are described. The book also explains how to get Audio and Radio Amplification in the same vacuum tube—the "REFLEX" System. Mail the coupon with ten cents now to secure your copy. Acme Apparatus Company, Dept. 10, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.



THE Acme A-2 Audio Transformer (shown) and Acme R-2, R-3 and R-4 radio frequency transformers sell for $5 each. For prices on special transformers or coils for any type of business, send specifications to factory.

ACME APPARATUS COMPANY, Dept. 10, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find ten cents (U. S. stamps) (U. S. Coin) for "Amplification without Distortion."
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

ACME ~ *for amplification*

"Does she sound as new as she looks?"

YOU don't need a new car while your old one looks new—if you keep the engine running silently.

A noisy engine makes your car seem old, no matter how new it looks.

Even if the body finish still is glossy, the rasping grind of worn metal timing gears growls, "Your car is wearing out!"

Celoron Silent Timing Gears stop the rasps and grinds and growls. They retain accurate timing. In action they are permanently positive and *silent*.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are standard equipment on many of the best-known cars. They can be fitted to any timing gear train. They are used instead of hard metal gears or timing chains.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are water-, grease-, and oil-proof. They are resilient, cushioning shocks, lengthening the active life of steel mating gears and the machines they drive.

Where you can get Celoron Gears

Your service station or repair man makes a business of quieting noisy motors. Get him to put Celoron Silent Timing Gears in your car. The job takes only a few hours, costs only a few dollars.

Celoron is made into silent timing gears for replacement by Dalton and Balch. Jobbers all over the country carry full stocks of these gears.

Look for the Celoron mark. It is found on all D & B silent timing gears.

Celoron Silent Gears

Celoron is a laminated phenolic condensation material built up from layers of woven fabric, bonded with Condensite. Gears are cut from disks of this material. Celoron Gears are strong enough for the heaviest work. They are resilient and save wear and tear on the most delicate machines. Celoron Silent Gears have quieted some of the noisiest rooms in big plants by silencing the direct drives on heavy machinery.

DIAMOND STATE FIBRE COMPANY, Bridgeport, Pennsylvania

Branches in Principal Cities

In CANADA: 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

CELORON SILENT GEARS

POPULAR DELUSIONS

(Continued from Page 14)

to be able to profit themselves from their superhuman ability, but invariably are diligent seekers after the dollars of their clients, in order to overcome the usual scantiness of their financial resources.

Then there are dozens of erroneous notions with reference to the relation of perspiration to health; the comparative susceptibility of the aged and the youthful to cold; the indispensability of the tongue as an organ of taste; the merits of warm baths in the summer and cold ones in the winter; the opinion that it is dangerous to walk in wet clothes; and the idea that all the brain is sensitive, whereas important parts are as insensitive as shoe leather and one portion could be touched, or even cut off, without stopping the patient in a sentence he might be uttering.

But let us hurry on from the subject of health to the matter of weather. The supposed influence on life of the moon, the planets and the stars is probably the most widespread of all popular misconceptions. Thousands of American farmers are possessed of moon fallacies, as is evidenced by their actions in harvesting, planting crops and the husbandry of cattle. The truth is that the sun is our only source of heat and that the sum total of all the energy received from every other heavenly body is so slight it scarcely can be measured by our most delicate instruments. The moon, of course, does produce ocean tides, and is responsible at places for periodic tidal breezes. But it does not drive the clouds away or have any effect on air currents except as mentioned.

Furthermore, there is no apparent relation between earthquakes and the weather, and when it comes to the oft-repeated assertion that our climate is changing, it can be shown that there has been no appreciable climatic change within the life of people now living. Folks talk of old-fashioned winters, forgetting that we have better housing and heating conditions, more efficient clothing, improved methods of travel, and that a two or three foot fall of snow looks considerably deeper to a four-foot boy than it does to a six-foot man.

There is no known relation between the weather of one season or year and another. It cannot be proved that a relatively dry spring is followed by an unusually hot summer, or that an abnormally cool autumn is succeeded by a severely cold winter. Neither can it be shown that cold years or warm years occur in groups of two or three. The common sayings about ground-hog day, a showery Easter Sunday, a rainy Saint Swithin's day and a supposed equinoctial storm are all silly fabrications without any basis in fact.

The One About Lightning

Concussions attending an old-fashioned celebration of Independence Day or during great battles do not result in rain. Violent explosions have been produced within clouds by means of kites and balloons, with no precipitation following either as a direct or indirect consequence. Night air does not differ materially from day air except that it contains a little more carbon dioxide, which change is so slight as to be of little importance. As for the numerous claims of health resorts that the atmosphere of their localities is heavily charged with ozone, such statements are highly misleading, for if the air at these same resorts has unusual health-giving qualities, such properties are due chiefly to dryness, low temperature, absence of dust and smoke, and an increased amount of atmospheric electricity.

And talking of electricity, folks often say, "It never strikes twice in the same place." As a matter of fact, no idea could be further from the truth. Objects which attract one lightning discharge are quite likely to draw another. The Eiffel Tower, which is amply protected from damage, has been struck as many as six times during a single severe storm. There are numerous other silly notions concerning natural forces such as lightning that are common among us. But the same thing is true in practically every field we examine. Life is but a never-ending succession of puzzles and paradoxes, and our important work is to pick the facts from the fallacies.

Heat is the prime essential of life, and yet we know very little about it. In this connection the fundamental thought is, heat is a destroyer—cold a preserver. In heating our homes, the cold is underneath and the warm air above. On the earth outside, where Nature does the warming, the heat is underneath and the cold on top. This raises the question, Is the sun hot or cold? and, Are its radiant rays the same as the heat from a hot body? The sun's rays will set fire to a piece of paper after passing through a round globe filled with water, without heating the water. Of course heat from a hot body will not do this, which proves that in this particular the sun's rays are the exact opposite of the heat emanations we generate in our present combustion practices.

Then there is the truth that heat destroys magnetism, for all trace is lost in a body having a temperature of about 1800° Fahrenheit. At absolute zero magnetism reaches its highest state of perfection and becomes weaker as the temperature increases. As a result, some insist that nothing could ever reach the earth from the sun but an electric ray, and that this could not be projected from a self-contained hot body. They recall that if a copper wire carrying a current of electricity is heated, the electricity and magnetism immediately try to leave it. For these and many other reasons, some of our radicals maintain that the sun is cold and sends us electric rays, not heat rays. We are asked to remember that the tops of mountains and objects nearer to the sun are colder than the more distant low places of the earth. We are reminded that cold is in harmony with space and is perpetual. Heat is in discord with space and ceases to exist when discord ends. All of which causes them to ask the question, Is the sun hot or cold?

Hot Days in the Arctic

We know very little more about cold than we do about heat. Especially is this true in the matter of our ideas concerning the Polar regions. Stefansson says people talk of the silent North. Tens of millions of chirping, cackling, squawking birds of a hundred species live entirely north of the Arctic Circle. In the summer there are plenty of mosquitoes and other familiar insects, while in the winter there is the ever-crashing, booming cannonade of snapping ice. As for the Arctic's always being cold, no fallacy could be sillier. Temperatures as high as 100° Fahrenheit are often recorded in the summertime.

The idea that to be desirable a land must be forested is erroneous. It was just such a notion years ago that retarded the development of the fertile prairie lands of Illinois, Iowa and the Middle West. Now our farmers recognize that the absence of trees is often an advantage. But it is difficult to dispel the belief that the extreme North is barren and desolate. Future developments will show the Arctic is friendly and fruitful. Food animals are abundant. Vegetables and grains will be produced in vast quantities. Fuel is plentiful. All that is necessary is that we acquire a more intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the earth's cold regions. As a matter of fact, the Eskimo is no better fitted for standing cold than is the American or European, but he knows from experience so much better how to cope with it that he gives the impression of greater hardihood. Engineers who proposed building the first transcontinental railway in Canada were vigorously opposed, on the ground that because of the winter weather conditions there, the road could be operated only half of each year.

When a thing happens but once it does not leave much impression upon the human mind, but when it happens a second or a third time, there are many people ready to attribute this recurrence to the action of some occult or invariable law. This trait of human nature is evidenced even in our political life. Prior to the reelection of General Grant in 1872 there was a superstition prevalent that no man possessed of a middle name could be elected President a second time. Then there has been the superstition for a generation or more that no senator could be elected President, and it was left for Mr. Harding to discredit this notion. Many of our political traditions have been dispelled, but others remain unbroken—such as the belief that no man is to serve a third term as President, and the superstition that if the Republican majority

(Continued on Page 128)

The Heat Is There—Why Not Use It?

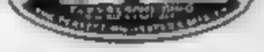
ON the coldest days of the coming winter a Perfection Heater will keep your car comfortably warm simply by using part of the exhaust from the engine—heat that otherwise would be wasted.

For thirteen years Perfection Heaters have been taking the hardship out of winter driving. Today they are standard equipment on the closed models of most of the well-known makes of cars. The manufacturers of these cars add this comfort feature because they realize that an unheated car in winter is as cold and unhealthy and as out-of-date as a house without a furnace.

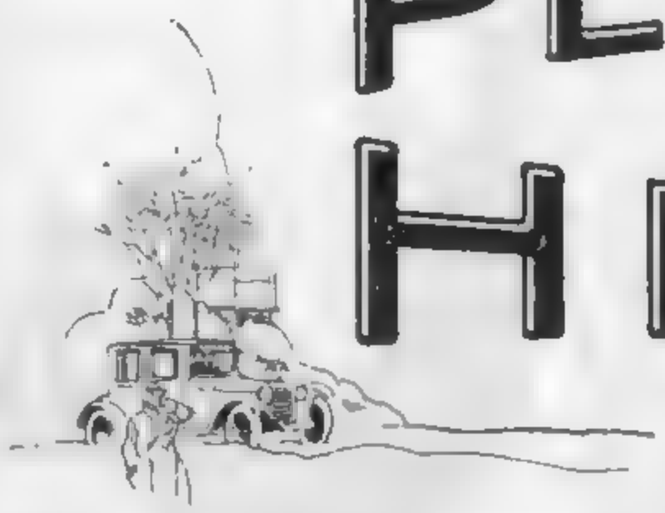
Don't drive through another winter without a Perfection Heater in your car. Have one installed now before cold weather is actually here. Any service station will do the work for you. It won't cost much—and there is absolutely no upkeep or operating expense. Each Perfection Heater is individually tested and guaranteed to be free from leaks, defective materials and workmanship. This guarantee is made by the oldest and largest organization of its kind in the world.

PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

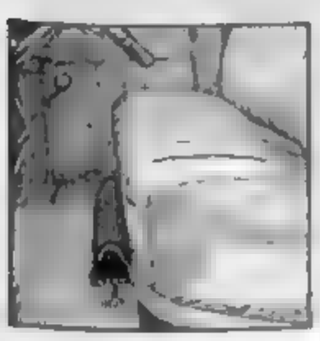
IMPORTANT

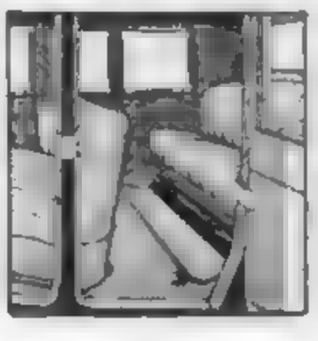


The real works of an automobile heater are hidden under the floor You can't SEE the quality. Your Safeguard is the Perfection nameplate which you will find in plain view on every Perfection Heater. Look for it.



The Perfection Heater & Manufacturing Co.
6545 Carnegie Avenue ∴ ∴ Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co., Ltd., London, Ont.





The following manufacturers provide real winter driving comfort by equipping their closed models with Perfection Heaters without extra charge.

Auburn
Buick 4-Cylinder
Buick 6-Cylinder
Case
Cunningham
Davis
Dorris
Duesenberg
Durant-4
Durant-Flint-6
Earl
Elcar
Fox
Gardner
Haynes
Hennery-6
King
Kissel
Kline
Mercer
Meteor
McFarland-Special
Moon
Nash 4-Cylinder
Nash 6-Cylinder
National
Oakland
Paige
Pilot
Premier
R & V Knight
Standard "8"
Stephens
Stevens-Duryea
Studebaker
Stutz
Templar
Velie
Winton

Taxi Cab Equipment
Anchor Top & Body Co.
Barley Motor Car Co.
Elkhart Motor Co.
Premier Motor Corp.
Rauch & Lang, Inc.
Yellow Cab Mfg. Co.

Special Body Equipment
Chas. Abresch Co.
—Dodge Special
Lang Body Co.
—Dodge Special

Healthy Feet
Like the Indian

Unfatigued by binding leather boots the Indian was the peer of all runners. The white trader in his stiff leather boots was no match for him.

Now as then, stiff leather shoes, if worn continuously, lessen endurance and produce foot and body fatigue.

But *now* rest and relaxation can be had by regularly slipping on a pair of pliable, correctly designed CosyToes Slippers in Cosyfelt, Cosysatin, Cosyleather or Cosybrocade.

CosyToes
The Restful Slipper

Made in a large variety of smart, distinctive styles, in a wide range of colors, CosyToes bring comfort and joy to all members of the family.

For these are *perfected slippers*, designed with an eye to smart *slipper style* and a scientific understanding of *footease*.

To insure maximum rest and comfort is to wear CosyToes. Accept no slippers called "just as good." Ask for *CosyToes*. Insist on them.

If your dealer doesn't have them, send us the coupon below for Cosycatalog which illustrates many styles and tells how to get them quickly.

California's suggestions for true restfulness
CosyToes for Many Uses

With leather soles and heels for working in the garden and yard, for general wear about the house and for traveling. In attractive colors and soft heels with your dainty negligee, for evening comfort when reading or sewing, for cosy gifts to any member of the family—anytime.

Style No. 1401

Mail This For Cosycatalog

Address: Standard Felt Co.,
Dept. 6, West Alhambra, Calif.

Please send me the Cosycatalog showing many styles of CosyToes the restful slipper, and give me the name of the dealer in my town who handles your slippers.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

My Dealer's Name_____

(Continued from Page 126

in the state election in Vermont falls below a certain figure, the eventual outcome of the national elections in November will be a Democratic victory.

Even a whole nation may become possessed of a popular delusion, as is plainly evidenced by the recent history of Germany. In preparing for and waging the late war, the Teutons were guided by a fallacious philosophy.

Ever so many of our delusions are established by demagogues, through making an appeal to the supposed self-interest of the people. Great and wise leaders have been unable to resist popular movements that have been started in this effective manner. In all history no nation has ever suffered so much from the tyrannical reign of popular economic delusions as has Russia in recent years. The communal system was advocated as the ideal plan, but experience has shown that it fosters slovenly habits and has impoverished the land.

Here in the United States a common fallacy is the theory that there are advantages in government ownership. It is difficult to make some of the people understand that the operation of public works under the management of politicians removes the necessity of making the thing pay. If the government-owned corporation runs at a loss, the executives in charge know that the deficit will be made up out of taxes. There is not the same incentive to be wise and economical. The exercise of inferior managerial ability is seldom penalized under government ownership, while any show of superior efficiency is immediately recognized and purchased by private industry. Under government ownership the employe often holds his job irrespective of the nature of the effort he puts forth. It follows as night follows day that out of inefficient managers must come imperfect management. Public ownership is a delusion of the first order.

Then we are cursed with a long list of erroneous beliefs concerning wages and work. Many advocate that we establish wages on a basis of living costs. They forget that the cost of living is a result, and that no result can be kept constant if we continue to alter the factors which produce that result. It is only out of production that wages can be paid, and it is the management that plans the operations so that there will be earnings with which to pay wages. The fallacy of organized labor in always resisting the natural readjustment of wages downward has resulted in greater losses to the wage earners through unemployment and by keeping up the cost of living than all the gains have amounted to.

Industrial Fallacies

Then there is the belief common among workers that labor-saving machinery is a menace to their welfare. Should we have prevented the building of railways in order to perpetuate the jobs of the stagecoach drivers? Should we have prohibited the introduction of machinery in the shoe and textile industries in order to prevent the closing of many shops of those who made shoes and clothing by hand? There are many times more men employed today in the industries that have been automatized than there were a few years ago, when most of the tasks were performed manually.

Not only do many of our labor unions continue to oppose the introduction of labor-saving devices but they are definitely hostile to all efficiency plans that involve such a modern method as that of time study, for instance. Though all such experiments are carried on for the sole purpose of determining the simplest and easiest motions by which a given task can be performed, our labor leaders are so set against this time-study scheme that they have been successful in their effort to have Congress suppress it in the operation of our arsenals and other Federal manufacturing plants, through attaching paragraphs to our appropriation acts prohibiting the use of funds for making any such studies. Much of the success of Henry Ford in the automobile manufacturing business has been due to the use of his time-study system. Under government ownership such resulting efficiency would be impossible in industry. Only recently, after a fight lasting forty years, has the Government been permitted to substitute power presses for the old-fashioned hand presses, more than two hundred of which are still in use, notwithstanding the fact that one power press can produce from three to four times as much work in a day as can a hand press. The advocates of government ownership should not overlook such experiences with Federal management.

A great many are possessed of the belief that a good time can be measured by the extravagant use of money, ignoring the fact that the amount of enjoyment we have depends chiefly on the extent to which we use our imaginations. The only people who really have a good time are those who are disciplined by work and who recognize the primary rule, which is to make others happy as well as themselves.

But of all the delusions that possess us, there is none that ranks in either interest or importance with the generally accepted belief that the nation's business must run in cycles. No other common fallacy is so destructive or absurd as this one. Exponents of the theory say action and reaction in business are equal. A period of depression must follow prosperity. Good times can never be permanent. Fat years must be succeeded by lean ones. The whole idea is vicious and dates back to Joseph in Egypt and the years of failure and famine following a time of plenty.

It is just as sensible to say that because a man has been well for five years he must prepare for an equal time of sickness. The truth is that the fellow who has been well is much more likely to continue in health than the person who has been sick or is just convalescing. It is not a fact that just because a man is well he must or will violate the laws of health, and it is not true that because business is good our commercial and industrial leaders must or will transgress economic laws. Does it follow that a man must be a fool just because he has been wise for a time? No one will deny that in the case of a single corporation seven years of wise and successful management afford a good basis for belief in the continuance of this same company's success. Why is the same thing not true of the business of a whole nation?

Theories Versus Facts

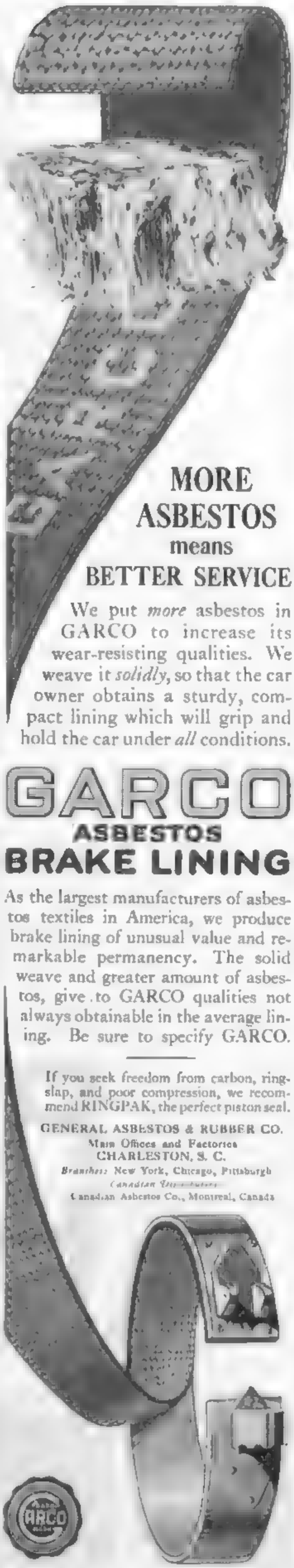
To believe in the cycle theory is to admit that the application of science and government to economics is a failure; that business must ever go forward in spurts, and that the great and profitable profession of the day is speculation, not production.

Our business-cycle advocates and adherents live on the intangible evidence of an unfortunate past. Of course we have had cycles. As a matter of fact, the United States has experienced fifteen ups and downs of major character in one hundred and ten years. But the wisest of our statisticians would never be able to show any time relation between these economic crises. Starting with 1812, the intervals elapsing between our business depressions, expressed in years, have been as follows: 6, 7, 12, 10, 10, 16, 11, 6, 3, 10, 4, 3, 3, 7. Some people say there is a depression every seven years; others specify different time intervals. The figures above indicate that all such statements are pure bunk.

It is a human characteristic to think by catchwords rather than reason, and the most popular catch phrase of the day is "the business cycle." The theory that business travels in waves is not new. Going back to the time of the famous economist, Jevons, we discover that he propounded the doctrine that cycles occur every ten years and are caused by spots on the sun. Then came Benner with a new theory which won a large following, but which was finally upset by the same old Nemesis of cycle advocates, the exceptions.

The truth is that there is not now, and never has been, any hard and fast rule of changing industrial conditions. The business cycle is a statistical myth. What happens is simply that we get periods of overexpansion or inflation that usher in times of economic waste that can last only until the bubble has been pricked. Then come months of remorseful readjustment, accompanied by unemployment and all the distress that goes with an era of hard times.

One of our foremost business statisticians, who strongly condemns the cycle theory, holds the idea that these periods of inflation may be of almost any intensity and duration. He asserts that the greater the intensity the shorter the duration, and vice versa. "All you can foretell," says he, "is the probable 'area'; that is, the product of intensity multiplied by duration. This area is fairly constant. In other words, when the upward swing of business begins you can estimate roughly how much inflation we are going to get, but not how long or



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We put *more* asbestos in GARCO to increase its wear-resisting qualities. We weave it *solidly*, so that the car owner obtains a sturdy, compact lining which will grip and hold the car under *all* conditions.

GARCO
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BRAKE LINING

As the largest manufacturers of asbestos textiles in America, we produce brake lining of unusual value and remarkable permanency. The solid weave and greater amount of asbestos, give to GARCO qualities not always obtainable in the average lining. Be sure to specify GARCO.

If you seek freedom from carbon, ringslap, and poor compression, we recommend RINGPAK, the perfect piston seal.

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Main Offices and Factories
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Branches: New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh
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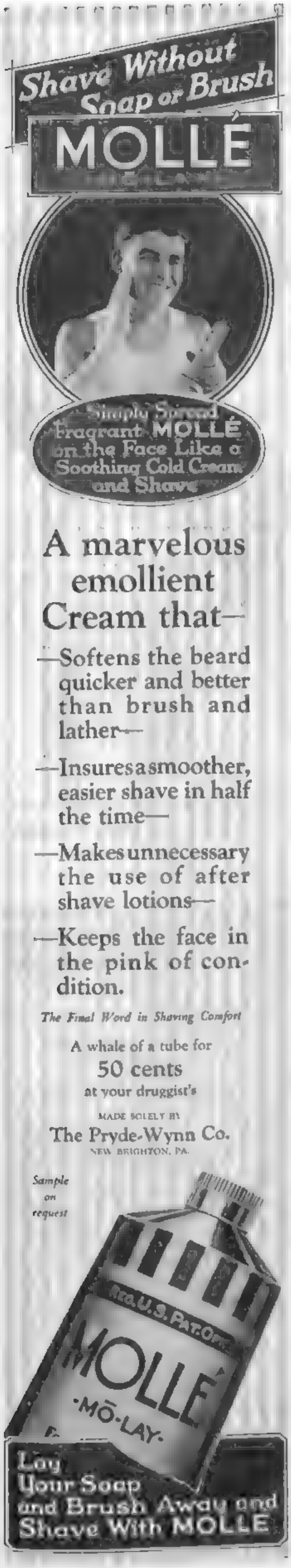

A marvelous emollient Cream that—

—Softens the beard quicker and better than brush and lather—

—Insures a smoother, easier shave in half the time—

—Makes unnecessary the use of after shave lotions—

—Keeps the face in the pink of condition.

The Final Word in Shaving Comfort

A whale of a tube for
50 cents
at your druggist's

MADE SOLELY BY
The Pryde-Wynn Co.
NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

Sample on request

how high it will be. Each period of inflation must be balanced by a period of deflation equal in amount of area."

This theory is based on the law of physics that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. It is asserted that the law applies to economics as well as to physics and mechanics, and that in accordance with this belief it is only necessary to check overexpansion and automatically you will prevent depression. For all business there is a natural ascending line of growth, and all that is needed to keep conditions normal is to prevent the intense speeding-up which always leads to inflation and disaster. My friend who has placed his faith in the law of action and reaction insists that all his theory teaches is to expand steadily instead of by reckless plunging and equally reckless retrenchment. He insists that by following his law we can iron out the business curve and make prosperity permanent. All of which, though not sufficient in itself, is at least a step in the right direction.

Concerning the whole problem of business depressions, there is no end of explanations and remedies. One says that our economic paroxysms are the inevitable outcome of the arbitrary limitation of the volume of currency. They are caused by the power of money to make money without doing anything. This authority suggests that as a remedy we must require that the assets to be accepted as a basis for currency, besides national, state and municipal bonds, shall be real-estate liens. Another investigator says that during good times individual incomes continue to increase until the climax is reached at the point where industrial activity is at the limit of the capacity of the labor supply and equipment. When we arrive at that point a state of inflation follows, where wages and prices rise rapidly together but without any increase of production. This state, of course, ends in a collapse that brings trade stagnation and idleness.

A famous Danish professor of economics and finance believes that industrial depressions are due to waves in the minds of men; that they are the result of mental processes. Another professor holds the opinion that the mental waves referred to are essential to man's welfare, and compares them with the alternating temperatures so necessary in plant life. Even in hothouses the plants do best when the changes indoors correspond to the weather variations outside.

Unrelated Ups and Downs

Pages might be filled with all kinds of fanciful explanations of the business cycle. The truth is that in the handling of this problem we have been going backward rather than forward, so far as our common viewpoint is concerned. A generation ago it was assumed that economic crises were abnormal. Now we accept them as necessary and inevitable developments in our industrial life. One of our most famous economic leaders said the other day that though there is no regularity in the length or amplitude of the cycle, nevertheless we must concede that successive cycles are similar and follow the prescribed rotation. This same belief is echoed by professors in some of our great universities.

We are told that all efforts to blot out the business cycle will be futile; that every period of prosperity has in itself the very forces which will make for its undoing. The pessimists say that there is no way to prevent variations in the world's harvests, and that therefore even the sun and the weather are uncontrollable cycle creators.

It cannot be denied that great forces are always at work to upset our economic equilibrium. Just as soon as times get good business is flooded with a wave of demands for wage advances. Labor leaders ignore the truth that there is an unavoidable penalty on any policy that forces wages to fantastic heights. They refuse to recognize the dependence of the welfare of the nation's workers upon continuous industry, rather than upon alternating intense activity and depression.

Therefore, though there is no such thing as a business cycle in the sense that the term is now used, it is of course true that our business life has suffered from a series of unrelated but severe ups and downs that have caused the nation untold losses and unmeasured physical distress. The depression of 1921 cost the United States a loss in income of six billion dollars, while the indirect losses from this industrial setback were too great to estimate. A recent survey indicated that during this last depression one man out of every six lost his job. The prices of important commodities since 1913 have advanced in some cases as much as 537 per cent. During our recent business deflation some prices, wholesale particularly, fell further than they did during any other readjustment that we have had in a hundred years.

And talking of prices reminds me that there is a great possibility we have been watching prices too much and production too little. The general statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank said recently that if we eliminate price changes and speculation, the volume of business in 1921 did not suffer much in comparison with the business of 1920 and 1922. This investigation presents some pertinent facts that make interesting reading, and they all support the thought that if we could curb our gamblers we might thereby do much in leveling out our business waves.

In their discussions of the business cycle, practically none of our economists pay any attention to the efforts of wealthy speculative groups to create wide swings in the prices of securities and commodities. The common assumption is that such efforts, even when carefully planned, do not play any really important part in determining the course of the nation's business affairs. As a matter of fact there is the plainest kind of evidence that frequently the great price swings in the values of the nation's listed securities are brought about by mechanical manipulation rather than by economic causes. In the summer of 1922, in the face of the worst coal and railroad strikes the country had ever witnessed, the stock market went up steadily with hardly a point's recession. The miners' walkout alone cost the country more than a billion dollars. Now, as I write this, business is fair, to say the least, and the general outlook hopeful, and yet security prices have been subjected to a pounding that has reduced values in many cases to the low levels reached during the late depression.

Campaigns of Gloom

A gullible public is told that this is a perfectly natural reaction; European conditions are not yet satisfactory, and Germany may have to be declared bankrupt; the market is looking ahead; it is an infallible barometer of business and represents the consensus of the best opinion of the country; no man or group of men can materially affect the course of prices; and even when values do fall precipitately, business is not greatly affected and no one is hurt except the foolish souls who should have known better than to nibble in the speculative game. All this bunk and more has been fed for years to every citizen that would swallow it.

The truth is that Wall Street gamblers are one of the causes of our frequent business depressions. Their sole occupation in life is to move prices up until they won't go any further, and then smash them down until they are so low that they are again a purchase. These speculators spread optimism or pessimism according to which brand of education fits in best with their own selfish purposes. So-called Wall Street is the world's money center, and the whisperings of that district are ticked to every corner of the world. As this is written, while the rest of the country is cheerful, Wall Street news is colored a deep blue, and our financial section is flooded with rumors and forebodings that attack practically everybody and everything with the possible exception of the quality of the gold in the United States Mint. Slowly but surely such methods undermine confidence, and no one in authority has ever attempted to measure the extent of this serious evil.

It is not my purpose to criticize Wall Street unjustly. A lot of honest and worthy people do business there. But I am sure that one way to stop the talk of business cycles is effectively and permanently to end the wide and destructive fluctuations in the prices of securities and commodities. We may not be able to stop pessimism, but we can put an end to the organized campaigns of gloom.

As to remedies for the cycle delusion, it is safe to say that there is no one cure which in itself will be all-sufficient. Some economists suggest that the antidote for depressions is simply to prevent inflations, as already suggested, and that to get this result the banks must refuse money for speculation in securities, commodities and materials. This will prevent the dwindling of reserve ratios. Furthermore, when the

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first clouds of inflation are discernible, or even before, authorized government and other agencies must call attention to the imminent dangers and preach caution so as to prevent overbuying. Another cause of bad judgment in business has been the tardiness with which important information has been made available. Instead of waiting for annual figures or even for reports covering quarterly operations, business men should at least have monthly data on all our commercial activities that are of consequence

When coming troubles are foreseen, it naturally follows that they may be mitigated or altogether averted. Secretary Hoover's committee that recently investigated the so-called business cycle, in addition to recommending more complete data and closer supervision of credit expansion, suggested that the Federal Reserve system undertake the control of inflation; the regulation of private and public construction, with a view to restriction during times of undue expansion; the accumulation of unemployment reserve funds; and the organization of a national system of employment bureaus. To all the foregoing might be added the necessity of arranging our tax system so that private corporations will not be encouraged to be extravagant in maintenance charges during prosperous times. As conditions are today, it is practically impossible for any concern to try to accumulate a surplus to serve as an unemployment reserve, without exciting the ire of both the public and the legislators.

The cycle theory is unscientific and fatalistic. It will be stricken from the business calendar just as soon as we substitute sense for superstition. The idea that in a country like ours everybody cannot be employed and maximum production prevail without the result being a severe business reaction is an unsound and absurd belief. If one of our chief handicaps in the past has been a lack of knowledge concerning present activities, future plans and the capacity of the country to supply materials for later consumption, then surely this deficiency can be corrected. The Federal Reserve system appears to have made us panic proof. Surely we can create machinery to alleviate the extremes of our business changes and reduce the heavy waves to comparatively harmless undulations.

Of course there are people who are already insisting that the moment we attempt to apply any of the remedies here proposed to flatten out the business curve, the results will be industrially disastrous. They say that the distribution of government and railway purchases and improvements to provide employment and business orders during periods of trade contraction is a direct interference with economic laws. Undoubtedly a lot of such forebodings will emanate from our cycle exponents and others who profit greatly from the wide fluctuations in the prices of securities and commodities. Unfortunately these self-interested people will always be able to gain a large following for their beliefs because the world is filled with folks who dislike the parting from common customs.

Many say that business cycles are rooted in human nature, and doubtless there is some truth in the thought. But it is one of the chief duties of science and government to control those traits of human nature that work injury to the individual and to the people as a whole. They say that just as sure as men go from the strait and narrow path, business will go likewise. But here again we find no argument that presents any uncontrollable feature.

The business-cycle delusion has bound us in a tyrannical tradition, and the whole idea has permeated our beings. The first step to a remedy for the evil is to banish the thought that business affairs are unworthy of study. The achievements of science in the fields of astronomy, engineering and medicine can be duplicated in commerce and industry. There should be no more reason for the uncertainty that attends the outcome of ordinary business transactions than there is for doubt concerning the effects on the human system of a common drug or a shoe that pinches.

That the business of the nation does or must travel in any prescribed form of cycle is a fallacy of the first order. But that we do have booms and depressions at irregular intervals is, of course, an undeniable fact. Fortunately we are well on our way to discovering the primary forces that cause these waves of industrial change. Once the factors of undue and harmful fluctuation are thoroughly understood, our ignorance of fundamental economic laws will disappear and there will be no more extreme peaks and valleys in the nation's business curve. The industrial-cycle idea is a national menace and the people who would have us travel that road are recommending a way of waste, misery and perpetual mental uneasiness. Let us be resolute in our determination to flatten out the business curve and prove to the world that there is such a thing as permanent ascending prosperity.

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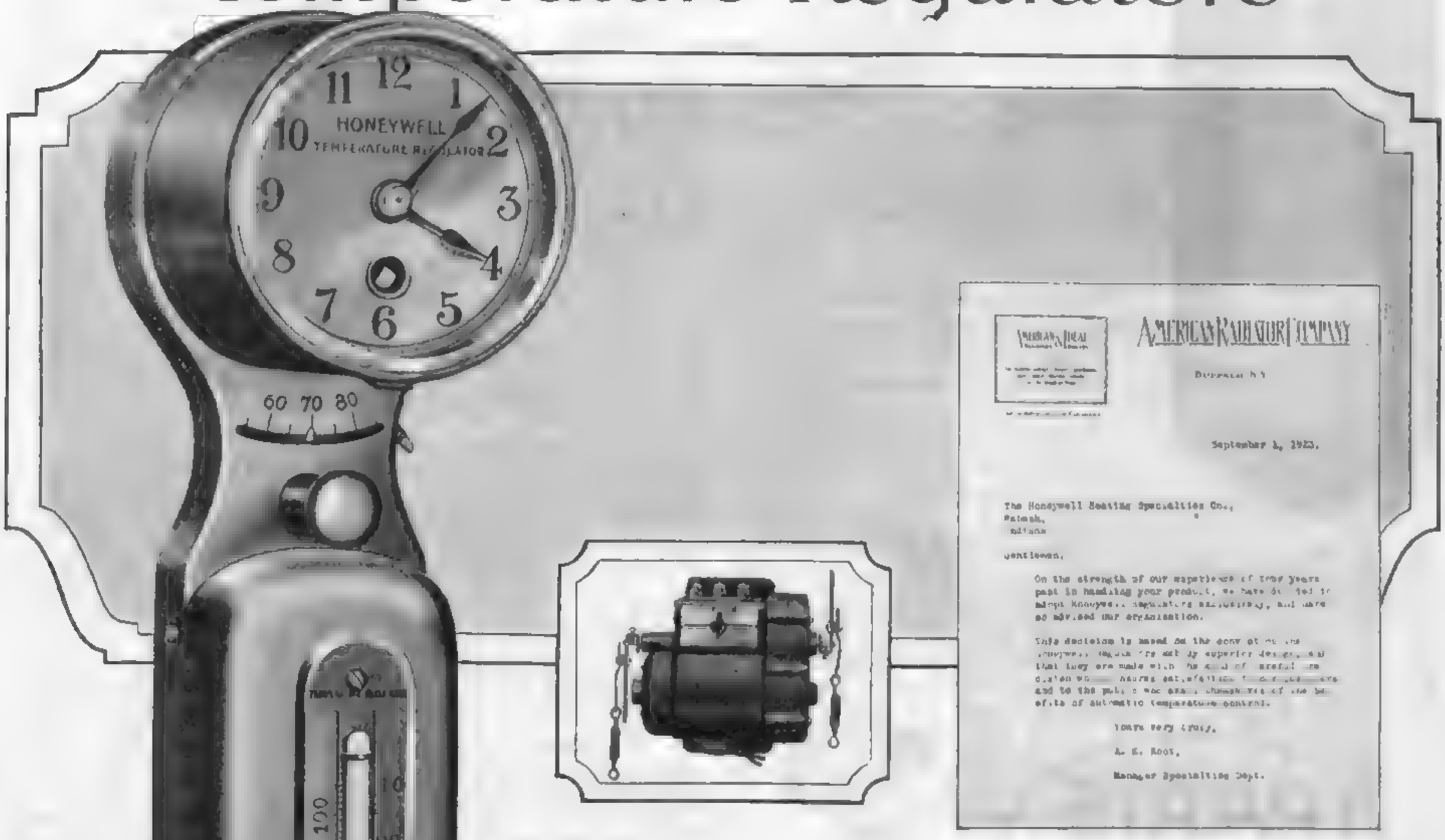

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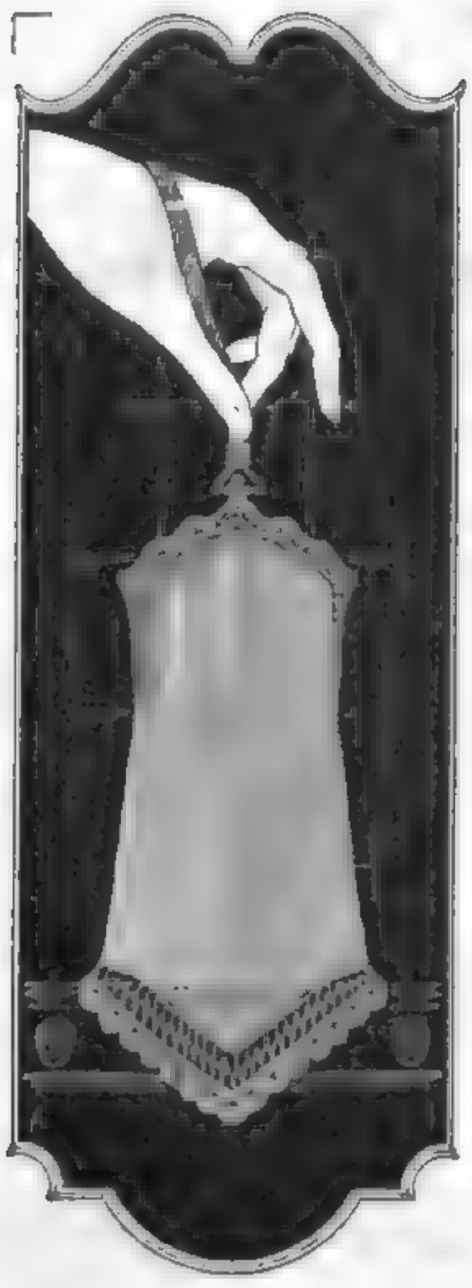

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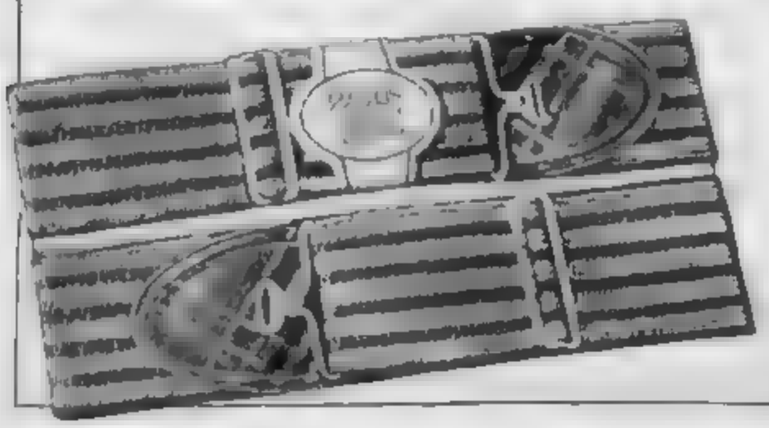

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THE SALVAGE OF A NATION

(Continued from Page 21)

Mussolini, in so describing the Italian demagogues, might have been describing those American radicals who display the same tendency to rant illogically against the creators of wealth and to dispense promises of a terrestrial paradise to be attained through government ownership of rails and public utilities, through government-assisted cooperatives and through the opening of the Treasury to the demands of the people who aren't willing to do anything unless the government puts up half the money.

After making his demands Mussolini shook his fist violently at the audience and declared hoarsely, "Either we must be given the government, or we shall move on Rome and take it ourselves." This was strong tonic for the Fascisti, who burst into a flood of vivas and howled furiously "To Rome! To Rome!" The Fascisti have never been backward in the matter of taking action. Once they know what they want to do, they are anxious to go ahead and do it, no matter who gets hurt in the doing.

To Mussolini and his chiefs the time seemed ripe for knocking the wavering and groggy government on the head and laying it away beneath a weeping willow tree. They therefore sent the Fascisti legions back to their home stations with orders to hold themselves in readiness. At the same time they sent word to the Facta government that if governmental powers were not turned over to the Fascisti within forty-eight hours the Fascisti would march on Rome.

At this demand Rome burst into gay and carefree laughter. Just as Washington, for some hazy and indefinable reason, is more out of touch with the actual feeling of America than is any other American city, so was Rome out of touch with the true feeling throughout Italy against weak and socialist-sympathizing governments. Rome, during the years that the Black Shirts were fighting the communists, seldom heard of the Fascisti. Their fights, when they were mentioned in the Roman papers, too often appeared as little more than riots and mob violence. So Rome had the idea that Mussolini's demands were, in vulgar parlance, little more than hot air.

The Descent on Rome

"These hicks," said Rome, "are good for clouting the communists on the head with a club, but what do they know about government?"

The Facta government, of course, refused to grant the demands.

The Fascisti leaders have always kept their promises as to what they would do if their demands were not met. Having promised to march on Rome if the government was not turned over to them, there was nothing for them to do but march. They consequently issued orders for immediate and secret mobilization, and for the march on Rome according to the detailed plan worked out by Italo Balbo, General DeBono and Signor DeVecchi—which gentlemen took over the Hotel Bruffani in Perugia as general headquarters of the Fascisti forces, with Italo Balbo as commander in chief. Accordingly, on the night of October twenty-seventh, only three days after the Naples convention, the Fascisti all over Italy marched in one of the strangest marches ever made by a successful army.

Instead of marching from one given place to the scene of action in a body and under one head, the little Fascisti squads met in their accustomed gathering places in villages and towns and cities in the north, in the south, in the east and in the west of Italy. Then, by any means that suited them, they made their way direct to the great mobilization centers on the outskirts of Rome. The face of Italy was covered with little squads of Black Shirts traveling by automobile, by motor truck and by train toward the Sacred City. At the same time, in the north, the Fascisti took over the administration of a number of the leading cities, among which were Allessandria, Cremona, Florence, Forli, Parma, Pavia, Perugia, Pisa and Verona. They occupied not only the municipal offices but the federal offices as well, taking control of the press, government buildings, railway stations, post and telegraph offices, telephone exchanges, municipal buildings and police stations. The Fascisti had frequently taken over the municipal government of cities during their battles against the communists; but hitherto they had usually been very careful not to interfere with the federal authorities. This time they were out to spill every bean that was spillable.

Balbo's Volley of Laughter

The government received early word of these wild carryings-on, and the cabinet at once met and began to squabble bitterly over the steps that should be taken to quell the Fascisti. The cabinet had failed to realize the boredom of the Fascisti and the country at large at the general bone-headedness of politicians who catered to noisy minorities without regard for the general good of the country—a boredom expressed by the proclamation issued by the Fascisti Supreme Council at the beginning of the march on Rome, in which the people were told that the Fascisti were mobilized "against the inert politicians who have shown themselves for four long years to be incapable of governing, and have defrauded our nation of the fruits of victory. Workers in the fields, in the factories, on the railways and on the tramways have nothing to fear from Fascismo. We have only one aim, and that is the safety and the greatness of our country."

The cabinet, grossly underestimating the strength and determination of the Fascisti, and still blind to its own weakness, finally voted that the federal civil authority, in all sections of Italy where it was apparent that such authority might be seized by the Fascisti if it were left in the hands of the prefects, should be turned over to the territorial military commanders. This decision, if carried out, meant martial law and an outbreak of civil war throughout Italy.

Roman Girls Welcoming the Fascisti

In different localities territorial military commanders, without waiting to have the cabinet's order approved by the King, declared a state of siege. Easily excited Italian nerves began to rise on edge in all quarters.

Up in Perugia, at Fascisti general headquarters, there was a certain amount of gloom. Opposite the Hotel Bruffani, where the Fascisti leaders were directing the campaign, were Italian troops with their machine guns trained on every door and window of the Bruffani, waiting for orders to go into action against the Fascisti. It was entirely a matter of nerve and decision. If the federal authorities had sufficient nerve to order the troops into action against the Fascisti the resulting mess would probably have torn Italy wide open. The tenseness was sufficiently thick to clog an oil gun.

So young Italo Balbo, inventor of the castor-oil cure and one of the most picturesque youngsters who ever headed a forlorn hope, ordered his staff out of the hotel at two-hour intervals, lined them up, all of them—General DeBono, General Crespi and all the rest of his dignified aids and advisers—and ordered them to laugh for five minutes. So the waiting machine gunners opposite the Bruffani were edified and mystified by the appearance of eight or ten solemn gentlemen marching out every little while, standing to attention and suddenly bursting into uproarious peals of laughter. Balbo argued that laughter is the best thing for keeping up the morale and banishing depression, and that the circumstances obliged him to call for laughter. As has been said before, Fasciamo at bottom is nothing but a common-sense movement.

All through October twenty-eighth the Fascisti squads converged on Rome; and suddenly, at strategic outlying points, the hot and quiet countryside, that had provided background for no more life than an occasional painted wine cart squeaking through the white dust, awoke to teeming throngs of Black Shirts that had apparently sprung from nowhere. There were Black Shirts in tumble-down castles on hill crests; Black Shirts in vineyards and fields; Black Shirts in villas and farmhouses and storehouses and barns and wine caves. In Tivoli, sources of Rome's water supply and electric current, were concentrated ten thousand Black Shirts from the mountains of the Abruzzi, some of them camped in the beautiful grounds of the Villa d'Este, and others looking out across the flat Campagna to the dome of St. Peter's from the ruined arches and columns and mosaic floors of the magnificent country estate that the Emperor Hadrian created nearly 2000 years ago.

Dotted Line but No Signature

At Santa Marinella, near Civitavecchia, the nearest town to Rome on the main railroad line down the west coast of Italy, were mobilized the squads from Genoa, Milan and Bologna. At Monte Rotondo, to the north of Rome on the main railroad line down the center of Italy, were some 25,000 Fascisti from Tuscany. At Capua, on the main railroad line to the south, were other thousands of Black Shirts from Naples and the southern districts. Rome was surrounded and cut off from the rest of the country by some 55,000 armed and uniformed Fascisti—armed, it is true, for guerrilla warfare, with rifles, carbines, shotguns, light and heavy machine guns, revolvers, pistols, sabers, daggers and clubs—but armed and ready to fight if necessary. Military observers from various countries who took careful note of the Fascisti's military aspect reported that their military discipline was particularly excellent.

At the time that the Fascisti mobilization took place outside of Rome, the Rome Fascisti mobilized. The Italian army general in command of the territorial division of Rome moved against the Fascisti by suspending tram service, prohibiting all meetings and gatherings, abolishing all permits for the carrying of arms, forbidding any movement of carriages or automobiles except on military, governmental or diplomatic business, forbidding the wearing of uniforms, ordering all public places closed at nine P.M. and prohibiting public spectacles. The defense of Rome, however, would have been very difficult; for if the army had moved out to attack the Fascisti, the Fascisti inside the gates would have been free to occupy the ministerial buildings and seize the seat of government. Still, there was barbed wire in the streets, and sentries and machine guns at the gates of Rome; and on the morning of Sunday, the twenty-ninth, the curious Romans wandered around the machine guns and the barbed wire, craving information as to what it was all about.

On that same day, the King, who had been away, returned to Rome, and the Prime Minister met him at the station to get his signature to the order decreeing martial law. The King of Italy, however, is a canny king and a good king. He refused to approve the order; and automatically and immediately the federal authority was restored to the prefects all over Italy instead of being lodged in the hands of the army, while the Prime Minister and his cabinet fell out of public life and sank into the cold and oily sea of political obscurity with never a ripple to mark the spot where the accident occurred.

The King's refusal to sign the order unquestionably averted a very unpleasant time; for although the army apparently sympathized to a large extent with the Fascisti aims, it was a well-disciplined army and would probably, in the main, have obeyed its officers' orders to fire on the Black Shirts.

At noon on Sunday the King telegraphed to Mussolini, who was busily engaged in getting out his newspaper in Milan, requesting him to come to Rome and form a cabinet. So on Monday, October thirtieth, Mussolini dramatically came down to Rome in his black shirt, met the King with a profound and picturesque apology for his sketchy attire, was received with all the enthusiasm that usually greets a conquering hero, and then rolled up his sleeves and formed a cabinet.

The Mussolini Cabinet

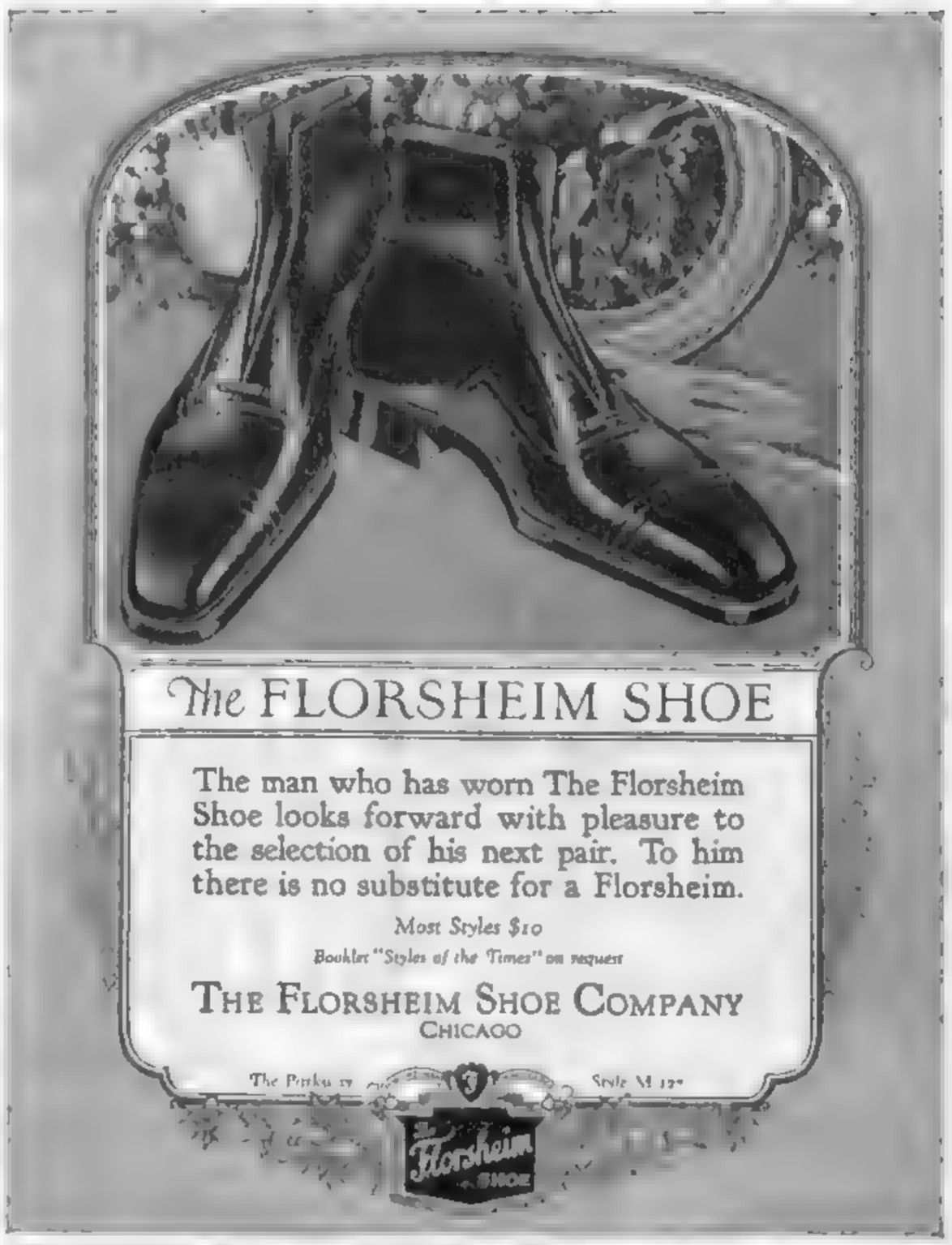
One of Mussolini's chief ideas seems to be to do the work of eight or ten men. He therefore set aside for himself, in addition to the job of Prime Minister and President of the Council of Ministers, the positions of Minister of the Interior, Minister of Foreign Affairs and High Commissioner of Aviation, all of which jobs he performs with ability and energy; and he also finds time on the side to take on the task of reigning over the Fascisti Grand Council, which cannot be regarded as any tatting bee, and to indulge in an hour or so of fencing each day, to say nothing of dashing up to the North of Italy or to Sicily or Sardinia by airplane, and occasionally appearing at some large public function and emitting a few Napoleonic sentiments concerning finance, emigration to America, international affairs and the state of the world at large.

He made General Diaz, who was the commander in chief of the Italian Armies at the end of the war, the Minister of War; and he made Admiral Thaon di Revel, who was in command of the Italian Navy when the Armistice was declared, Minister of the Navy. Signor Rossi, of the famous vermuth team of Martini and Rossi, was Minister of Commerce and Industry in the preceding cabinet, and he was the only cabinet officer who was held over from the preceding or any other administration.

Mussolini's other appointments were equally good, although they consisted of men who had never dallied with politics. They weren't very long on traveling around to banquets in frock coats and telling the people with impassioned gestures what they would like to do; but at removing their coats and devoting some eighteen hours a day to the things that needed to be done they were noticeably proficient.

As for the Fascisti forces, they poured into Rome by every gate on the same day that Mussolini entered in his shirt sleeves, were received with open arms by the populace, cleaned out the offices of a few communist newspapers, made a few bonfires of communist propaganda, seized and carried around a few pictures of Karl Marx and Trotzky in joyous derision, and cheered for the King and Mussolini. On the following day they paraded in an orderly and impressive manner through the streets of Rome for more than six hours on end, saluted by the King and enthusiastically acclaimed by the people, laid their palm branches of victory on the tomb of Italy's unknown soldier, and then marched quietly to their trains and dispersed to their homes in the north, the south, the east and the west.

If Signor Mussolini's adventures had been evolved by a novelist or a scenario writer his accession to the position of Prime Minister after a four-year fight against the communists and the demagogues would have been the climax of everything. Life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frequently runs contrary to fiction and the movies, unfortunately; and the winning of his fight against communism and a weak government merely marked the beginning of an even harder fight to consolidate his position, make his job secure and complete the salvaging of Italy.

On the following day Mussolini appeared at the frightful and un-Italian hour of 8:45 in the office of the President of the Council of Ministers, and Trouble with a large, black, glossy T began to occur. It has been occurring ever since in all branches of the government service with which Mussolini comes in contact; and he is probably the most persistent, effervescent and successful comer-in-contact ever known outside of machinery circles.

Many persons have come away from Italy since Mussolini became Prime Minister and spread abroad the glad tidings that the Fascisti and Mussolini are romping joyously through the strange new business of government, and that the Italians are happy and contented under the rule of the Fascisti. This report is somewhat at variance with the true state of affairs. Mussolini is practical, but he is not a practical politician; and there is as much difference between a man who is merely practical and a man who is a practical politician as there is between a locomotive and locomotor ataxia. The practical politician pleases nobody, whereas the practical man makes somebody excessively angry whenever he takes a step.

There are certain things that Mussolini is determined to bring about in Italy. He is determined, for example, to have economy in the expenditure of all public money; he is determined to see that both the laboring classes and the capitalists get a square deal; he is determined to maintain the most rigid discipline in the civil and military ranks of the Fascisti Party; he is determined to collect taxes; he is determined to do away with state ownership and state meddling in affairs that should not concern the state; and finally he is determined that Italy must give him and his party a fair chance at operating the country on Fascisti lines.

Being determined to do all these things, and not being a practical politician, he goes ahead and does them as rapidly and as directly as possible. He is forever treading violently on somebody's feet as a result, and Italy constantly resounds to the raucous screams of anguish and hatred of those on whom he has trodden. The treading is as necessary as was the manhandling of the communists by Fascisti squads. But any observer who burrowed down under the surface of Italy during the first nine months of Mussolini's régime and gave careful ear to the poignant shrieks of dismay that were rising on every side would have been justified in thinking that Mussolini wouldn't last another six months.

Rough but Effective

He started the howls of pained surprise on his first morning of prime-ministerial work, when he made the round of all the offices, found scores of desks unoccupied because of the ancient habit of Italian government employes of getting to work when they feel like it, and left his calling card on the vacant desks with a few politely pencilled words which unmistakably conveyed to the recipients when they drifted in that if they didn't mend their ways they would be dumped out on the protuberant Roman cobblestones with a dull and unsympathetic thud. Italians are not accustomed to running on schedule, especially Italians in the government service; and when Mussolini demanded, as he did demand and as he still demands, as much efficiency from government employes as would be demanded by any business concern from its employes, it made the government employes tired. Mussolini has cut thousands of employes from government bureaus to increase the efficiency of the bureaus, and as a result the rest of them are on their toes. An Italian government bureau under Mussolini is one of the busiest-looking places in the world. Sometimes the employes are only running in circles, but they are always running, which was more than they were doing before Mussolini took hold.

The railroads and the postal and telegraph services came in for some close attention on Mussolini's part. The railroads, in addition to tossing away money for the state as rapidly as though they were removing it from the treasury with a suction pump, had been loaded with a surplus of workers by politicians as rewards for political services rendered. Before the war the Italian government railway employed 150,000 workers. In 1922 it employed 228,000; and the Italian railway service, when it wasn't tied up by strikes, was one of the most awful examples of railway mismanagement that was ever seen. If an Italian train had ever come in on time prior to November, 1922, the red-hatted station master would have shaken his head gloomily and announced that it must be yesterday's train twenty-four hours late. Mussolini leaped into the situation by attaching the can to fifty-two important railway officials, 2000 women clerks and 13,000 members of the operating personnel. This, he implied, would serve as a beginning, and with this as a platform on which to stand, he could go ahead and get rid of a few thousand more from time to time. This act wasn't quite so drastic as it sounds; for the government is obliged by law to pay a certain amount of money to a discharged railway employe for a considerable term of years. But the railway workers don't like to lose their soft jobs, and their friends and families don't like to have them lose them, and there is a pretty definite feeling that if Mussolini turns the railways back into private hands as he intends to do if he can find any private hands strong enough and willing enough to take them over, the discharged employes will cease to draw any more pensions from anybody. The result is a steady moaning against Mussolini on the part of those who have been fired.

Speeding Up the Laggards

There is another and a better result, however, and that is the tremendous improvement in the railway service, partly from a desire on the part of the railway employes to help in the reconstruction of Italy, and partly from fear that the Mussolini ax is apt to fall anywhere and at any time if things don't run as they should run. The difference between the Italian railway service in 1919, 1920 and 1921 and that which obtains today is almost beyond belief. The cars are clean, the employes are snappy and courteous, and trains arrive at and leave the stations on time—not fifteen minutes late, and not five minutes late; but on the minute.

The same speeding-up system has been applied to the telegraph system. A year and two years and three years ago a telegram from Italy to the outside world, or from the outside world to Italy, frequently took as long to deliver as it would have taken the sender to carry the message by hand. Then the strong arm of Mussolini reached out and attached the Indian sign to a few listless employes, following which telegrams came from the wires to the addresses with such speed that the recipients sometimes imagined that they detected an odor of scorching paper around the envelopes.

During and after the war the stealing on government railways had grown to tremendous proportions. In the year ending June 30, 1922, the government paid 119,000,000 lire damages for thefts, losses and delayed deliveries in the railway service. Mussolini put an abrupt end to this by organizing the Fascisti Railway Police, all of whom serve as a matter of patriotism, and installing them on trains and in stations all over the country. These young men uncovered some remarkable methods of stealing and took some active steps to stop them. On occasions small groups locked themselves into freight cars with valuable shipments, and thereby discovered that organized bands of train robbers were cutting the cars out of trains, running them onto sidings and extracting the freight at their leisure. After two or three of these bands had cut out cars and pried open the doors, only to discover three or four hard-boiled Black Shirts heavily weighted with hand grenades and automatic pistols, their subsequent activity became negligible, not to say nonexistent.

Another clever train-robbing stunt was operated by baggage men in collusion with outsiders. The outside man would ship an empty trunk on a through train which might be expected to carry wealthy travelers. The baggage man, in the privacy of his baggage car, would then select two of the likeliest-looking trunks on the car and open them. He would remove all valuable articles from the two trunks and put them into the empty trunk, after which he would put that trunk off at a station agreed on by himself and his accomplice. He would then

(Continued on Page 137)

Saint Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan

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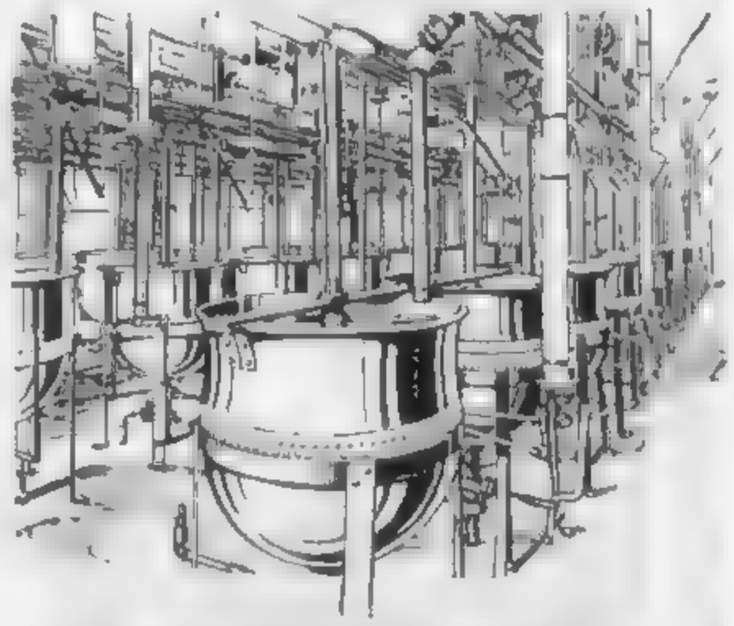

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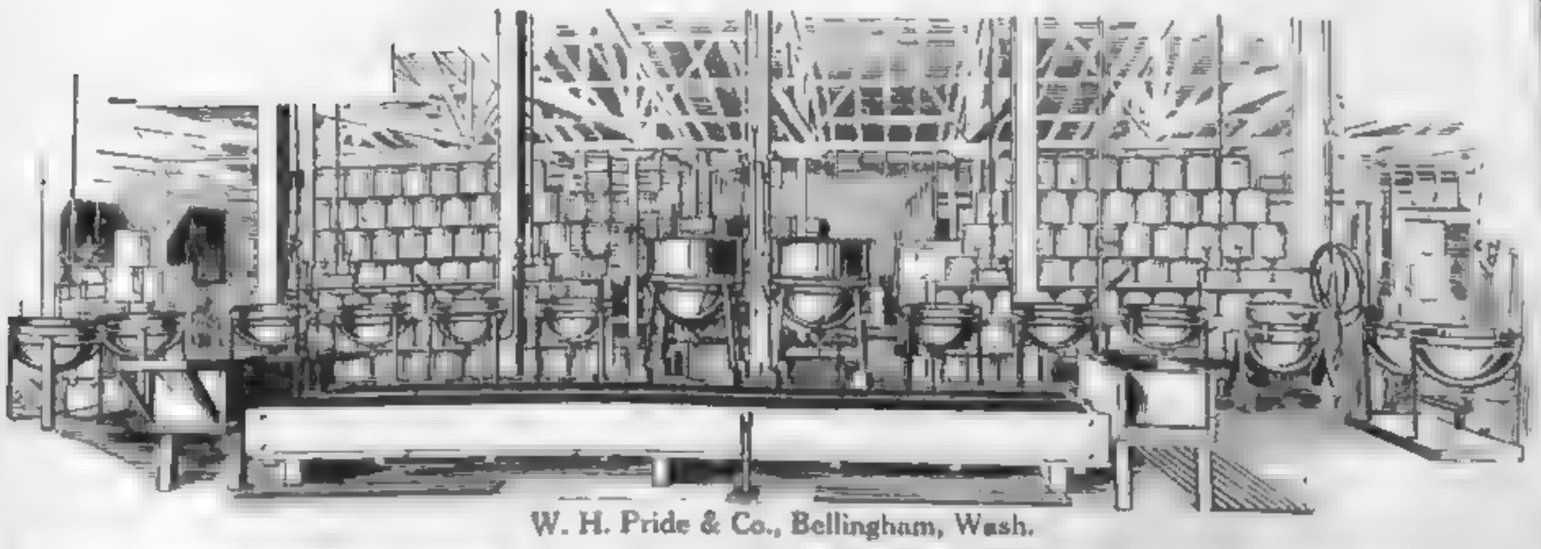

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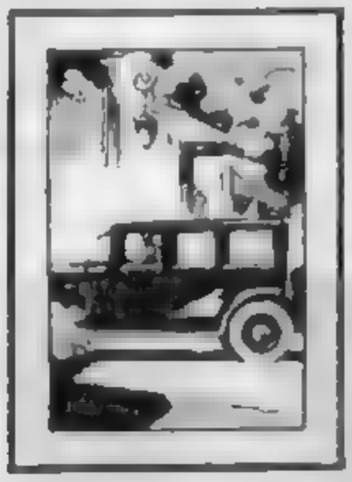

Yesterday

In 1100 B. C. the ornate war chariot of Tiglath Pileser I, king of Assyria and conqueror of Babylon, seemed the height of wheeled splendor and glory. But all the king's horses and all the king's men could not give him a fraction of the comfort and luxury built into modern coachwork by Wilson craftsmen. 3000 years of progress are visible—

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Wilson built Body

(Continued from Page 134)

transpose the address tags on the two despoiled trunks, so that each of them would be sent to the wrong address. By the time the resulting tangle had been straightened out and the two trunks lodged in the hands of their rightful owners, they had passed through so many hands and been so long on the road that the location of the guilty person was almost impossible. The Fascisti railway police beat this game by shipping their members up and down the line in empty trunks that had all the earmarks of great wealth. After a few baggage men had hopefully jimmied open some of these trunks and uncovered nothing but fretful and revengeful Black Shirts inside, the stealing on the Italian railways became much less enthusiastic.

During the years of the war and during the years following the war the rents of Italian houses and apartments were regulated by law. A landlord, in spite of rapidly mounting living costs and steadily increasing expenses, was not permitted to raise his rents. This was a political move to prevent the people from blaming the politicians for their increased expenses. Thus it came about that rents were about the cheapest thing in Italy; and thus it also came about that the landlords weren't getting a fraction of the income that they should have received from their property, and were properly reluctant to build more buildings to relieve the congestion resulting from nonconstruction during the war. One of the first things that Mussolini did on coming into power was to decontrol rentals, so that practically every person in Italy has had his rent raised because of Mussolini. All Italians agree that rents were far too low, and that it is only fair that the landlords should have a decent return from their property.

At the same time there is great peevishness over the greatly increased rents; and since Mussolini is to blame, the peevishness is usually directed against him.

Since he had promised to cut down unnecessary expense in order to balance the budget, one of Mussolini's first moves was against the gray-clad Guardia Regia, or Royal Guard, which was Italy's secondary police force—the first being the Carabinieri in their cocked hats and trick swallowtail coats—originated by Prime Minister Nitti soon after the end of the war. Mussolini argued that the Guardia Regia was an unnecessary expense; so he ordered that it be disbanded on January 1, 1923, and that its best men be given the privilege of joining the Carabinieri. This order failed to please certain members of the Guardia Regia. In Turin and Naples, in fact, it pleased some of them so little that on December thirty-first they held demonstrations against their demobilization, the demonstrations consisting of unlimbering their automatic pistols in the center of the city and letting fly promiscuously in token of general disgust.

Drastic Measures

In Turin, when this happened, the Fascisti bugles began to sound all over town, and in a few minutes the Black Shirts began to assemble at their mobilization points. In less than an hour they were on their way to the scene of the demonstration. They surrounded the recalcitrant members of the Guardia Regia, possibly fifteen in number, marched them briskly to the outskirts of the city where they knew of an inviting stone wall; and then and there they lined up the injudicious and unfortunate fifteen and filled them full of lead. The rise of the Guardia Regia in Naples met with a similar reception from the Fascisti, following which the remainder of the Guardia Regia disbanded in extreme quiet. Orders are orders where the Fascisti are concerned, usually; and one of Mussolini's orders carries all the weight of an order from Cæsar Augustus.

At the beginning of Mussolini's régime the entire nation, from north to south, was filled with a passionate enthusiasm for him, for the Fascisti and for all the Fascisti ideals and aspirations. The Fascisti had saved Italy from Bolshevism and a weak government, and the people were grateful. Patriotism and the spirit of self-sacrifice were everywhere, from the humblest circles to the highest. Letters poured in on Mussolini by the thousand every day, offering help of all sorts. Men sent money; women sent pieces of jewelry; workmen offered to work overtime without pay—workmen, for example, on the railways, in government tobacco works, in various government bureaus, in the Naples arsenal, in the army and navy stores. Cabinet ministers cut down their staffs. Whenever the Italian flag passed in a street parade every man on the street faced it and took off his hat or saluted—a pronounced difference from the preceding years, when workmen who saluted the flag were sometimes beaten to death by the communists.

Fascisti groups here and there undertook to stamp out the drug traffic, drunkenness, streetwalking, crime and immorality of all sorts; and the people applauded. Other Fascisti groups pledged themselves to monkish asceticism.

"We, the Black Shirts of Piacenza," declared the Fascisti of that city, "swear that for one year we will not wear on our persons any gold, silver or other precious metals or stones. We will work ardently without pay for the good of our country. We will give all superfluous ornaments to a fund for supporting enterprises having goodness, civilization, beauty and civic improvement as their objects."

Everyone was deeply moved by the spirit of Fascismo.

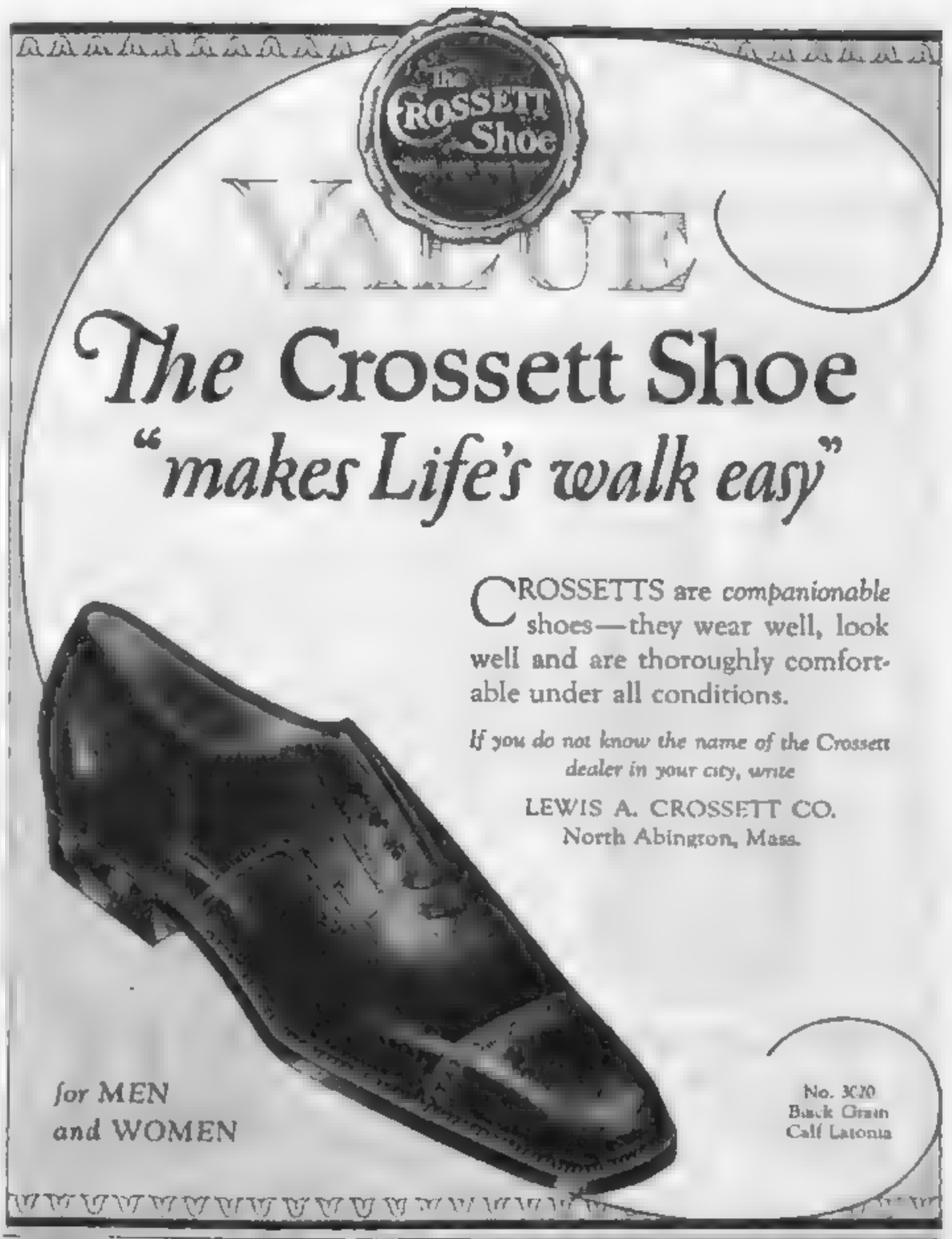
The patriotism still remains; but the enthusiasm for Mussolini and the Fascisti is dwindling. For one thing, Italy is a country of ups and downs; and her violent enthusiasm of one moment changes possibly because of its very violence to a violent antagonism in another moment, frequently without any apparent reason. She can't stand heroes very long. For a time she idolized Wilson, placing his photograph in wayside shrines with images of the Virgin; then she turned against Wilson, hating him with a bitter hatred. She may be enthusiastically in favor of an adjoining nation for a time; and then, after a little—and sometimes for purely imaginary causes—her friendship for that nation vanishes, and another adjoining nation is favored with the sunshine of her smile.

A Restive Population

In the North of Italy, where the Fascisti are very strong, the antagonism against Mussolini and the Fascisti is kept well under cover, because it is most unhealthy openly to display dislike or disapproval of them. The activities of the communists are so green in the memories of the Black Shirts that an unguarded remark against Fascismo is more than apt to result in an apparently innocent bystander rising to his feet and crowning the unfortunate speaker with a convenient Chianti flask, or an even more lethal weapon. The antagonism exists, however, in all sorts of circles—even in the most conservative circles that have always seen and recognized the danger from communism.

In the south, where the Fascisti are weak, the antagonism is quite open. At a parade held in Naples on June third, which corresponds somewhat to the American Fourth of July, the Fascisti squads in the parade marched through the crowded streets without receiving a shout or a handclap of applause, whereas the regular army was heartily applauded. I went to an international fencing match in Rome and saw the arrival of the Italian boxer Spalla and of Mussolini, both of whom arrived late. Spalla was the more heartily received of the two.

But in both the north and the south, when those who dislike Mussolini and the Fascisti are pressed to be specific in the reasons for their dislike, the reasons that they give are so hazy as to be ridiculous. They don't like the dictatorial methods of Mussolini and the Fascisti, they say. They are reminded that everyone claims that Italy needs a strong and iron hand at the helm of the ship of state in order to be governed properly. They readily admit that this is so. And isn't Italy better under Mussolini than it was when the communists were in power? "Ah, infinitely better!" they tell you. "But ——" You press them to explain the "but." Do they want to go back to the black depression and the chaos and the everlasting strikes and the reckless extravagance of the communist era? No; they don't want that exactly; but Mussolini has raised rents—though of course the rents weren't high enough; and he has fired thousands of railway workers, though they ought to have been fired; and he has disbanded the Guardia Regia, poor things, with scarcely a day's warning, though they were rather an unnecessary expense; and he is a dictator, an autocrat. It's bad business—an autocrat. People don't have freedom, you know. That's the way they run on.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Yes, there is plenty of dissatisfaction in Italy at Mussolini; but the more a person pries into the dissatisfaction the more he realizes that dictatorial and autocratic methods are necessary in order to prevent the nation from sinking back into the southern lethargy which would again permit the communists, the demagogues and the self-seeking politicians to wreck it. Whenever an anti-Fascisti is discovered he will usually prove to be one of eight types: He will be either a communist who believes that nothing but communist theories can save the world; or an internationalist; or a violent socialist; or a workman who believes that he must have the right to wreck his country by strikes in order to obtain certain petty demands; or a person whose toes have been trodden on by Mussolini and the Fascisti; or one of those perverse souls who is against whatever government happens to be in power; or a member of that misguided group of phony thinkers that is automatically against things that are reasonable and right and in favor of things that are illogical and wrong; or a politician or a politician's hanger-on who wants to get his finger back in the pie again.

Many of Mussolini's supporters are fond of denying indignantly that Mussolini is an autocrat or a dictator, and of claiming that everything Mussolini does is constitutional. But if all Mussolini's acts are constitutional, then the Washington Monument is made of peppermint candy. The situation in Italy called and still calls for violent and unconstitutional methods; and the individual who moans because Mussolini countenances extreme, arbitrary and high-handed measures is probably the sort of person who would depend on prayer instead of action to rescue his wife and children from the attack of a madman. If Mussolini weren't a dictator he'd last about ten minutes; and then all his good work and all the good work of the Fascisti would have gone for naught. When he and his government have been firmly set in place by new elections held under a new electoral system, he can stop being a dictator if he cares to, and become an ordinary Prime Minister. He is a pig-headed individual about many things, however, and he may not care to. If he doesn't, it probably won't be long before some large, dull, blunt object falls on him and flattens him out. It might be remarked in passing that Mussolini is a very excellent dictator so long as his advisers are good; but what he would be with less reliable advisers is something else again. The many false starts that he has made in the past under the direction of unreliable advisers have led some competent judges to believe that he wouldn't be so good. For that reason his followers are in a constant twitter of fear lest he fall into the clutches of some clever woman who will misdirect his energies; and since there are many women in Rome capable of such a program, they guard him very tenderly against such an eventuality.

The Padovani-Greco Incident

He is an unusual sort of dictator in that he dictates to his own people with as much vigor as to those who oppose him, and in so doing he takes the longest chances that any statesman was ever known to take.

One of the most striking examples of this was the so-called Padovani-Greco incident, which took place in May, 1923, and which, sketchily, was as follows:

Padovani, who is a popular and highly respected native of Naples and a close friend of Mussolini, was the head of some 25,000 Fascisti in the Naples district. Greco is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a member of the Nationalist Party from Naples. Padovani and Greco, however, had had some private differences of opinion, with the result that Padovani was against Greco, hoof, hide and hair. In the spring the Fascisti absorbed the Nationalist Party, so that Greco automatically became a leading member of the Fascisti Party. This was more than Padovani could stomach, and he promptly lodged a protest with Mussolini against Greco joining the party.

"Very well," said Mussolini coldly to Padovani, "state your case against Greco."

Padovani thereupon stated his case, whereupon Mussolini decided that the reasons were purely personal, that they were insufficient, and that Greco should be admitted to the Fascisti Party at once.

Furious that his bitter enemy should be admitted over his objections, Padovani promptly announced that there wasn't room for both of them in the Fascisti Party, and followed up the announcement by tendering his resignation to Mussolini. The 25,000 Fascisti in the Naples district, incidentally, were solidly behind Padovani in his attitude.

"Oh-ho!" said Mussolini, in effect, when Padovani's resignation arrived. "The boys can't pull that stuff on me!"

And thereupon he went before the Fascisti Grand Council, of which he is head, laid the case before the council with the reminder that discipline was one of the fundamentals of the party, and demanded that Padovani, instead of being allowed to resign, be expelled.

"Who is he," demanded Mussolini, "that he should put his own interests before those of the state, and question our decisions? Our decisions are final!"

The Fascisti Grand Council immediately saw the point; and Padovani, in spite of his great popularity and his tremendous influence and his high position and his friendship for Mussolini, was summarily expelled from the party.

For a time there was violent excitement in Naples. The 25,000 Fascisti were going to scrap their black shirts and walk out of the party with their beloved leader. Things began to look a little thin and rickety for Mussolini's chances in the south. And then Padovani came out with a statement that his expulsion was justified, that discipline must be maintained at all costs, and that his followers must not question any act of Mussolini, who was working only for the good of Italy. In acting as he did, Mussolini took great chances of wrecking his position in the south. Few politicians—or statesmen, either, for that matter—would have dared to run the risk that Mussolini ran.

Fascisti Coöperatives

The Fascisti Grand Council is an interesting governing body, since it is the source of most of the policies and procedure of the Mussolini government. As a deliberative body there is a good chance that it may entirely usurp the functions of the Italian Parliament. It is composed of Mussolini as president, the members of the directorate of the Fascisti Party, all Fascisti cabinet ministers, the general staff of the Fascisti militia, the Director-General of Public Safety, the political commissaries of the Fascisti Party; the Commissary for Railroads, which works to eliminate unnecessary expense in the railway service; the directors of the Fascisti coöperative movement, which has replaced the old red cooperative movement; the secretary of the Confederation of Fascisti Trade-Unions, the director of the Fascisti press bureau, and any advisers that Mussolini may see fit to summon. The grand council meets on the twelfth of each month at ten P.M., and meets daily at the same hour until adjourned.

The Fascisti coöperatives and trade-unions are different from the ordinary cooperatives and trade-unions in that the coöperatives exist solely by their own efforts and not by governmental subsidy, while the trade-unions are pledged to operate without using strikes and agitation. The interests of the workers are protected, but class warfare is banned and the members of the unions agree not to regard capitalists as their enemies. On joining the Fascisti trade-unions the workmen take the Fascisti oath: "In the name of God and of Italy, and in the name of all those who fell in behalf of the greatness of Italy, I swear to devote myself wholly and forever to Italy's welfare." Mussolini argues that any course of action that may harm the nation cannot be endured; that political strikes which damage public services and hold up food supplies and the necessities of life are criminal measures, to be severely punished; and that strikes for higher pay can and should be settled at once, since one side or the other is invariably wrong. His solution for strikes is a commission of three men who shall be the court of final appeal in all trade disputes; and though he hasn't said so, it is probable that he would turn the Fascisti militia loose on strikers who refused to accept the judgment of the commission.

The Fascisti National Militia has come in for a little disciplining at Mussolini's hands. After the suppression of the August general strike there was a great rush from all sides to get on the band wagon and join the Black Shirts. The communists were practically ruined, and the only task that lay in front of the Fascisti seemed to be to

(Continued on Page 141)

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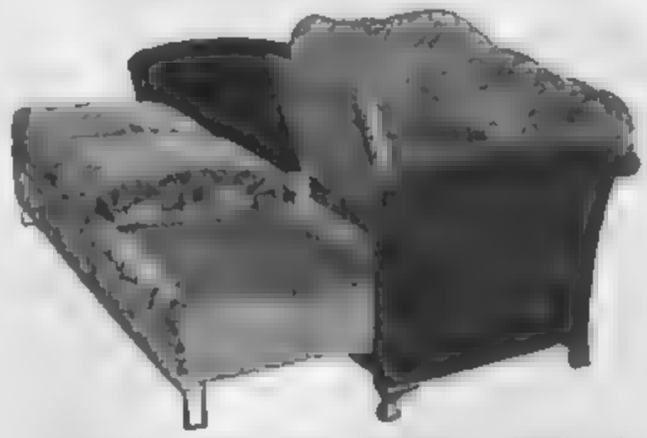

In the base of every Royal Easy Davenport is a handy cedar-cover compartment where you may keep all your bedding and pillows free from moths and dust. You will find this great convenience in no other davenport. Ask to see it.

Exquisite style and beauty

The Royal Easy Davenport is a superfine piece of living room furniture, exquisite in style, coverings and workmanship.

None of its beauty or depth of yielding comfort has been sacrificed for its double-width luxurious box-spring guest-bed.

A double-width luxurious box-spring bed worthy of a guest

By means of an entirely new principle, the Royal Easy Davenport can be instantly converted into a double-width luxurious box-spring guest-bed, identical in comfort with the very highest grade inner-spring mattress. And it pulls out like a dresser drawer, easily, quickly, noiselessly. These are features you will find in no other davenport. Yet Royal costs no more than bed-davenports with flat cot-springs that fold up.

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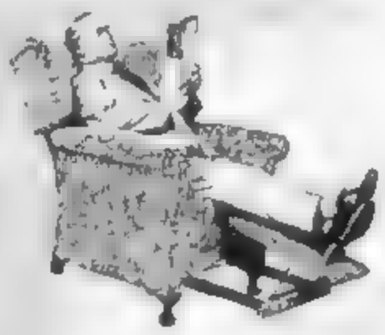

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DAYTIME

Note the Nuchman spring unit construction—the last word in luxurious comfort

NIGHT TIME

(Continued from Page 138)

pose in their picturesque uniforms and look handsome. Accordingly it became very chic, as the saying goes, to wear the fez and the fasces and the black shirt.

Mussolini, having in mind the march on Rome, needed members; so he allowed all comers to join the Fascisti. Several early Fascisti have remarked to me, "What spoiled Fascismo was the necessity of a revolution." The revolution didn't spoil Fascismo, but it made the Fascisti more difficult to control. If the Fascisti's job had been finished when they quelled communism the Fascisti army would have been a very different body from what it subsequently became. But they had to take over the government because of its impotence and cowardice; and the government of a regular nation can't be taken over with mere thousands. Hundreds of thousands are required. So all sorts of persons joined the Fascisti—socialists, toughs, loafers, poseurs, blackguards and grafters. Much of the cream of the old Fascisti, who had joined the movement to roam the countryside with a pocketful of hand grenades and bomb out the reds who had made life miserable for them, unostentatiously withdrew from the movement when they feared that it was going to degenerate into a matter of doing guard duty in front of a government building.

So one of Mussolini's tasks, since the revolution, has been to weed out the bad actors from the Fascisti and cut the Fascisti militia down to a total of 70,000, which means cutting it in two. This is a hard, delicate and thankless job, and it makes enemies. Another of Mussolini's tasks is that of stopping all acts of violence on the part of the Fascisti. Having had a year or so of livening up dull afternoons by going out and catching a communist or a socialist and forcing a quart of castor oil down his throat, there are many of the Black Shirts who don't like to give up their simple pleasures. Mussolini holds otherwise; and the regulation reward for any Black Shirt caught administering castor oil to any person, no matter for what cause, is three months in jail. On the sixth of June last a well-known member of the Fascisti was caught administering castor oil to an anti-Fascisti, and was sentenced to a long term in prison. He probably will never have to serve it; but a long jail sentence is an uncomfortable thing to have hanging over one's head.

It is a rather difficult matter for the Fascisti themselves to realize that Mussolini means business when he demands discipline among his own followers; but Mussolini knows that his policies will never go through to a successful conclusion unless his personal supremacy remains unjarred and his dictatorial powers undented. If he compromises with any individual or group of individuals he may as well throw up the sponge; if he hesitates, once he has outlined a course of action, he is lost. For this reason he cannot tolerate mutineers or even lukewarm supporters.

Meeting Trouble Half Way

A Fascisti deputy was a constant trouble maker in the Fascisti ranks. He was frequently sent to investigate conditions in Fascisti districts where there were minor troubles to be straightened out; and wherever he went other troubles usually followed. Then he began to complain that the Fascisti were appointing persons who were too young and irresponsible to important positions. So there was talk among the Fascisti to the effect that he ought to be thrown out of the party.

"What?" exclaimed the trouble maker. "Throw me out? They wouldn't dare to do such a thing! I know too much!"

"Tell that to Sweeney!" replied Mussolini in substance; and forthwith the trouble maker was ejected from the party.

It isn't healthy to oppose Mussolini or the Fascisti.

In all things Mussolini is the exact opposite of the demagogue and the practical politician. Whenever he sees trouble he goes out to meet it, as in the case of the Popular Party.

The Popular Party in Italy is a political party headed by one Don Sturzo, a Sicilian priest, who started as a small-town politician some years ago. In his early political career he discovered the advantages which accrued to a politician from holding the balance of power in a political body; so he went into business on a large scale by organizing the Popular Party and getting into national politics. Though Don Sturzo is not a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he controls the votes of the 100 Popular Party deputies; and by throwing them to one side or the other during the past few years he has been able to hold the balance of power in the Chamber of Deputies, just as the so-called Progressive bloc in the United States Senate might hold the balance of power by throwing its votes to either the Republican or Democratic side of the Senate, as seemed most expedient. Until Mussolini's advent Don Sturzo was the unofficial dictator of the Italian Parliament.

When Mussolini came to power he took the Popular Party deputies into the parliamentary combination with which he proposed to govern, and gave the Ministries of Labor and Finance and three undersecretarial positions to Popular Party deputies as a reward for joining his coalition—a very meager reward, it might be added. In the spring of 1923 the Popular Party held a convention in Turin, and the extremists of the party showed marked hostility to Mussolini. Mussolini instantly summoned the Popular Party cabinet members and assured them gloomily that the results of the Turin convention did not look to him like loyal coöperation, and that he insisted on having loyal coöperation.

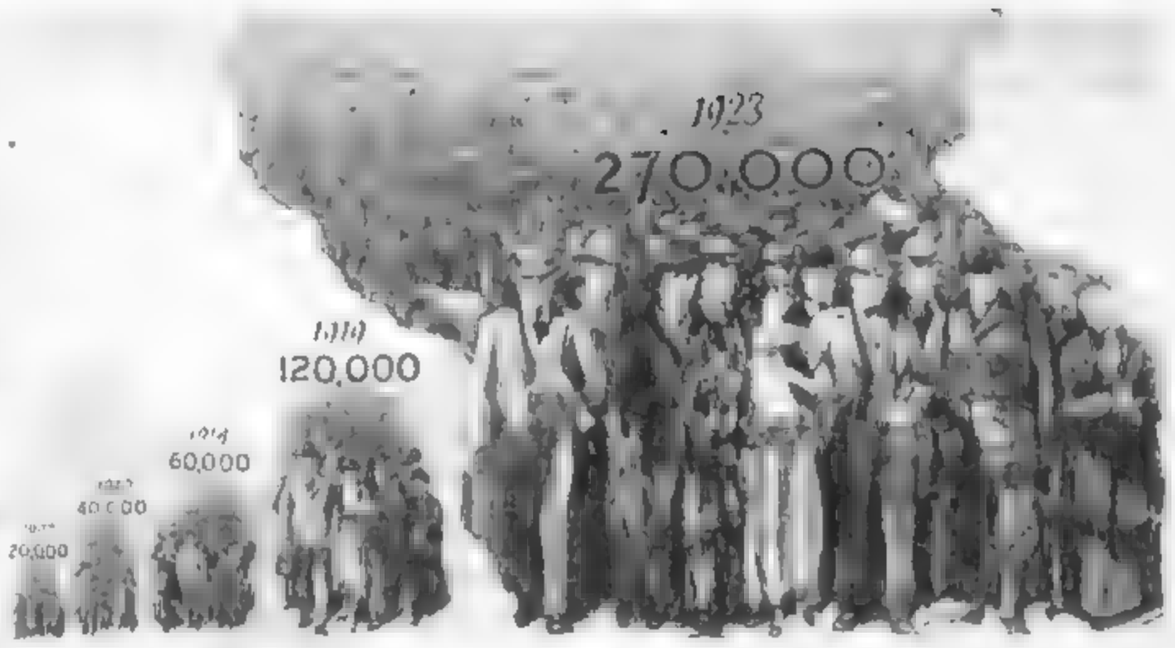
Complicated Elections

The Popular Party members, protesting that the party was misunderstood, wrote out their resignations, said that they would call a meeting of Popular Party deputies in order to get a more satisfactory expression of loyal coöperation, and that if it didn't suit him he could accept their resignations. The meeting was held, but the resolutions of the deputies struck Mussolini as being still too lukewarm; so without more ado he accepted the resignations of the Popular Party cabinet members and cast them out into the cold world without a moment's hesitation. He takes the attitude that people who aren't solidly with him are against him, and that the best way to keep people with him is to show his teeth at those who show signs of leaving him. On one occasion, when appearing with an unusually large escort of Black Shirts, he said: "You may perhaps ask the reason for all this show of military strength. I tell you that I wish to govern this country with the consent of the greatest possible number of people; but it is my experience that strength usually helps to form consent; and in any case, if the consent fails, the force remains."

The club with which Mussolini hopes to obtain final success for himself and his party, and undisputed control over Italy, is the new electoral system which will always give the party which polls the most votes in a national election a majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

Under the old proportional representation system of voting in Italy, anyone anywhere could start a new political party by merely getting a certain number of signatures to a petition. Each party that entered an election got a percentage of the deputies. For example, the Italian region, or voting district, of Piedmont has 1,350,000 inhabitants, and is entitled to one deputy for every 75,000 inhabitants, or eighteen deputies. Let us say 200,000 voters do the voting for this district. If the Fascisti poll 80,000 votes, the socialists 60,000, the Catholics 40,000 and the Liberals 20,000, the Fascisti would get eight-twentieths of the eighteen seats, or seven seats, the socialists six-twentieths or five seats, the Catholics four-twentieths, or four seats, and the Liberals two-twentieths, or two seats. Since some sixteen or eighteen parties usually appeared at the Italian elections, the result of all this was a great number of small blocs in the Chamber of Deputies, with no single party that ever had a majority of deputies. Consequently no party could ever push through a program, but could live only by uniting with several other parties and evolving a spineless program, or by following no program at all. Cabinets were always coalition cabinets, and were always being held up by every group in the chamber. Decent legislation and a stable government were impossible under such conditions; and the Fascisti do not propose that the conditions shall continue. Consequently they have evolved the following scheme for a new electoral system which shall always insure to the strongest party in Italy a working majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

A party is established by a declaration signed by 3000 voters. Each party registers a pictorial emblem or motto which shall be



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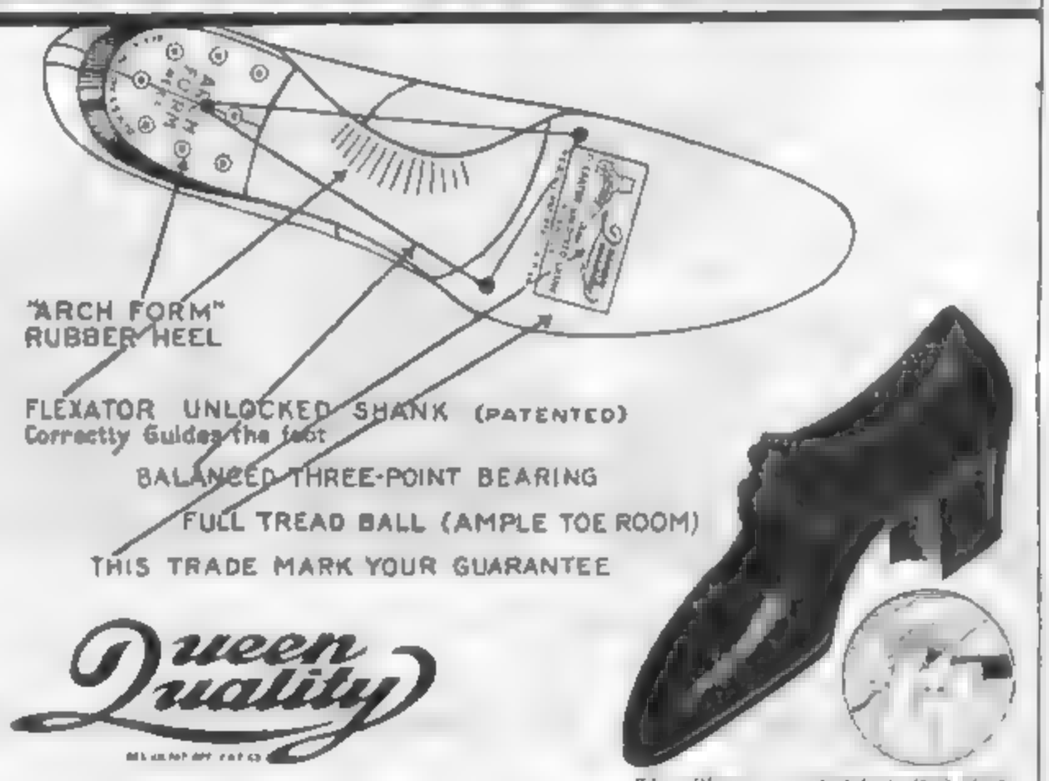

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its distinguishing mark during the elections—this for the benefit of Italy's enormous number of illiterate voters. Each party then presents a list of candidates for each electoral district.

Voters cast two sorts of votes—a party vote and a preferential vote. The party which receives the largest number of votes cast in the entire nation is then awarded two-thirds of the total 535 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, while the other third of the seats are divided among the other parties in proportion to the number of votes cast by them.

By a complicated mathematical process that would make a lightning calculator break into a heavy perspiration, the seats are then distributed among the electoral districts so that each district receives the number of deputies that it should have in order that there may be one deputy for each 75,000 inhabitants.

This scheme gives the victorious party a majority, which is an essential of good government; but it is so complicated that it will cause an untold number of brain storms among the millions of low intelligences and untrained political minds of Italy, and will also set candidates of the same party to fighting each other bitterly, since if one party presents five candidates in a district and only returns two, the two who are returned are those who receive the highest votes out of the five.

Some Italian cynics claim that the Fascisti of mid-1923 are not quite so altruistic and self-forgetful as the earlier Fascisti, and confirm their observation by pointing to the fact that although the Fascisti, if successful in the next election under the new system, couldn't possibly return more than 357 deputies out of the total of 535, there are more than 5000 members of the Fascisti Party who are clamoring to be deputies

And it might be added as a matter of information, and in no spirit of carping criticism, that when elections take place under the new electoral system, the Black Shirts will be on hand, and will see that the Italian people save themselves by making them give Mussolini a working majority.

Mussolini's dictatorship is a good dictatorship, and a dictatorship in Italy is a national necessity. Those kindly souls in other countries who have never known the joys of successful communism and rampant socialism may speak deprecatingly, pessimistically and indignantly of Mussolini's strong-arm methods; but they are what Italy deserved and must continue to have before she can climb from the hole in which she deliberately sank herself.

There must, of course, be an end to individual government of this sort; but nobody can predict the future of Mussolini and the Fascisti Party. Mussolini may last long enough to put Italy on a sound basis, and he may be overthrown by the politicians and their dupes in a few months. The party may get rid of its discordant elements and maintain a strong position because of the soundness of its common-sense beliefs, or it may fall to pieces through the selfish aspirations of its subordinate leaders. Nobody can say what will come of it except the ouija-board experts and the astronomers, neither of whom are regarded as reliable sources of information.

This much, however, is certain: The rise of Mussolini and the Italian Fascisti is a lesson to all governments and to all politicians. In every country there is a silent majority that wants justice and decency and peace and a chance to earn its living without interference. This silent majority will endure—for a certain length of time—weak governments and fool governments and governments that waste the taxpayers' money on pork-barrel measures and in foolish and unproductive ways and governments that for political reasons cater to a country's worst elements. But since the rise of the Fascisti and since the horrible examples of socialistic and communistic rule that have been given to the world in recent years, no politician in any country capable of producing leaders and patriotic citizens is able to discover the limit of the silent majority's endurance. The Fascisti have shown the world that a nation doesn't have to endure the demagoguery that is based on lies and stupidity and perversity, and that progresses inevitably to communism and its necessary accompaniments of unbearable taxes, poverty, misery, degradation and chaos. The lesson that they have taught the world is a good one for politicians to paste in their hats and consult frequently when they are tempted to turn radical, forget the best interests of all the people, vote to please flannel-mouthed minorities, support pork-barrel measures and otherwise conform to the standards that make the average man hate politics.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles on the Fascisti by Mr. Roberts

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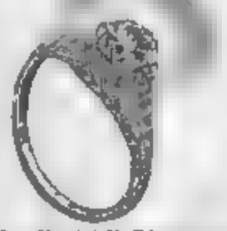

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THE MENTAL ATTITUDE

(Continued from Page 11)

"It will be the biggest one in history," observed Olney. "I'm ready to be shown, but I don't believe it can be done."

"Here's the dope," said Mac: "We get Webb in here and give him a ride. Let him tell us how good he'd be if his mashie didn't go back on him, and act like we believed him. Kid the knickerbockers right offn him. See? And then we get Tim Freer to take him in hand and train him for the bout."

"Who?" demanded Weevil.

"Tim Freer," said McWhinney with a wink that could not be concealed.

"And now," said Weevil, "the Ethiopian emerges. Tim won't."

"And Webb'll kill Tim," said Olney.

"Tim will," said Mac, "after I've telephoned somebody to give him his orders. And Webb'll stand for anything if we tell him enough about what a golfer he is."

"Mebby," said Olney. "Anyhow, it'll break up a dull summer."

"Now I telephone. If Webby comes in, detain him."

"Here he comes now," said Weevil, "with his ninety-eight expression. Heaven help the widows and orphans!"

Mr. Webb entered and sought a chair. He spoke to nobody. After a moment of motionlessness, he drew a score card from his pocket with tremendous and impressive calm; he gazed at it with the expression a father makes use of when about to murder his first-born, and then with awful deliberation he tore it to bits. Following this bit of slow action, he suddenly became animated. He hurled the fragments to the ground, sprang to his feet and leaped upon them with both feet.

"Ham-swangle the doodle-batted game of golf!" he exclaimed. Those were not his precise words, but are merely gracious symbols standing for regrettable facts. "Of all the pop-smattered, hog-hammered, sway-backed, google-eyed ways of passing an afternoon, this bank-whankus game of golf is the most hoople-spotted!" There he paused.

"But you had a peach of a wallop on the third," said Weevil. "I thought you were shooting your head off today."

"And I saw you lay a mashie dead to the pin on the eighth," said Olney.

Mr. Webb paused and reflected. The memory of those shots returned to comfort if not to seduce him.

"Well, in spots," he said.

"If," said Weevil, "you can shoot that kind of golf in spots, you can shoot it for eighteen holes. Psychological—that's what it is. You've got the game, Webb, but your psychology needs tinkering with. I've always said that, haven't I, fellows?"

"He has," said McWhinney. "Weevil claims you've got as sound a game and as perfect form as there is in this club, only you can't quite get in the proper golfing frame of mind. Too many outside interests maybe."

"Well," said Mr. Webb, beginning to purr, "a fellow can't work like I do in the office, and be all gummed up with worries and business, and then come out here and do himself justice."

"That's just it. I'll bet you'd never go above ninety if you could just devote your mind to it." This from Olney.

"Too bad, too, with the Senior Championship coming on. We could cop it with you, Webb. You're the bird to turn the trick if you could just get that mental hazard straightened out."

"I'm going to take a hack at it, anyhow," Mr. Webb said, "and if I get to going ——"

"Why not," asked Mr. McWhinney, "make sure you'll get to going?"

"Eh?"

"Go out and train for it; set yourself for that match; practice for it; make a business of it."

"Practice," said Mr. Webb, "doesn't do me any good; not a darn bit. I can stand up on the practice tee by the hour and paste balls right down the middle for two hundred yards. I just can't miss 'em. I'm the best golfer—on the practice tee—in the world."

"That proves it. All you need is confidence. Now listen, Webb; we're counting on you. We want that cup over here. This gang is out to back you from breakfast food to cocktails. You can do it, old egg, if you'll just give up the time."

"As how?"

"Quit play for the next two weeks. We'll get a first-class man to work with you every minute you can get. More on the psychological than the physical side, you know—and we'll pull you through."

"What man?"

"Why," said McWhinney, whose telephoning was done, "we thought Tim Freer would be about right. He's got the temperament and he's got the game. We'll make him do it."

"That high-hippered young snoofledub! Not on your gold-lined tintype!"

"Now you listen to reason, Webby. This isn't a personal matter. It's a club affair; the greatest good to the greatest number. We've thought it all over, and Tim's the best man. Great gosh, aren't you big enough to bury a personal animosity long enough to do something big for your club—and incidentally grab off a bucket of glory for yourself? Your name won't look so dinged bad engraved on that cup."

"He'll never do it, the young ——"

"He will," said McWhinney as he heard the servant paging Mr. Freer. "Something tells me he will." He turned to the door and called, "When Mr. Freer is through at the phone, ask him to step in here."

Weevil leaned over and whispered to Mac, "I'll bet the boy won't stand for it."

"I just telephoned Nancy Webb, and she's telephoning Tim right now. If she told him to kiss a pig he'd go and kiss two to make sure he satisfied her."

III

FOR a week Tim Freer had been working with Mr. Webb, and being the sort of young man who could do nothing half-heartedly, he had become interested in his job. He gave his mind to it, and after the first two days had reached a conclusion. He reached this after being assured that Mr. Webb really could hit a golf ball—off the practice tee. It was a psychological conclusion, and undoubtedly it was sound. Toward the working of it out he bent every energy.

"Now, Mr. Webb," he said patiently, "you have demonstrated that you can play golf. You can hit the ball. You don't slice up here and you pitch your mashie nicely. You're there. From now on we're going after the old confidence. You know you can hit the ball now, when it doesn't make any difference whether you hit it or not. I'm going to make you have confidence you can hit it when a hit means bringing home the bacon."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Webb ungraciously.

"We're going to play the Senior Championship off the practice tee," said young Mr. Freer.

"What the ——"

"By moving the practice tee around with us," said Tim. "We can call any place a practice tee, can't we? Well, today we're going to start just that. Come over to the first."

Unwillingly, morosely, Mr. Webb moved to the first tee.

"Now," said Tim, "we're going to play nine holes of golf—off the practice tee. This is it, for a start. Tee up and paste it like you did before. Slow back, club around—paste it!"

Mr. Webb pasted. The ball sailed off sweetly.

"Now another." Three more balls were driven off that tee and only one sliced. "Now," said Tim, "we move the practice tee down a couple of hundred yards. Mid-iron shot."

They trudged down the fairway and Mr. Webb took his stance.

"It doesn't make any difference where you hit this one, just so you pelt it. What we want to do is to get to hitting the ball," said Tim. "This is just practice. Now, firm wrists, slow back—paste it!"

Again Mr. Webb pasted, and three more times he pasted. Two of the shots went onto the green. . . . And so it went for nine holes. Tim kept him playing four balls so Webb could not count his medal score, and throughout kept up his fire of conversation about the practice tee and its not making any difference whether the ball went straight or by the roundhouse route to Jericho. It was tiresome, and Mr. Webb was too busy for rejoinders.

The next day and the next and the next were repetitions of this—repetitions of moving the practice tee to wherever the shot was to be made.

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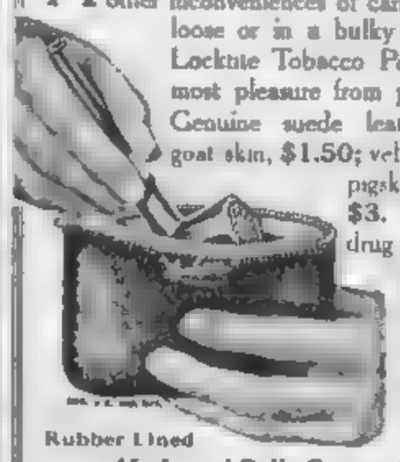

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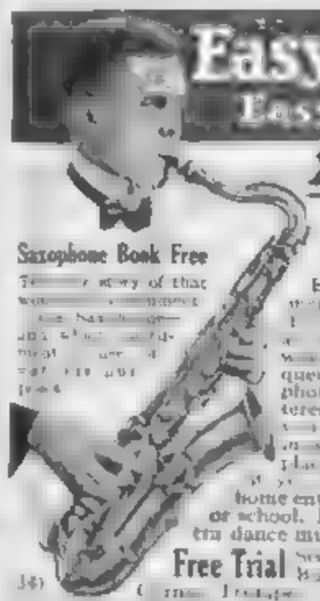
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"But," Webb snorted, "what good's this going to do in the championship? I'll be in the championship. I can't kid myself like this. You won't be around to talk me into it."

"I will," said Tim.

"Against the rules," said Webb; "and besides, I can't play with a gallery."

"A player may take advice from his caddie," said Tim.

"Eh?"

"I," said Tim, "am going to caddie for you in the Senior Championship."

"The devil you are!" said Mr. Webb. "I won't have it! I won't ——"

"Look here," said Freer, "I know you don't like me, and the Lord knows you're about as popular with me as a carbuncle on the neck. I've been standing for you, not out of love, but to put you over for this club. I'm going to try to do it, but I can't do it alone. Now, Mr. Webb, you'll be good, or I'll quit right now. And, further and in addition, if you don't go through with this as scheduled, you're about as short a sport as ever teed up a ball in the rough."

"You young ——"

"That'll be all! You'll do as you're told, and you'll like it. You'll keep your opinion of me to yourself till this tournament is over. This is a large golf course, Mr. Webb, and if you call me just one little name that I don't like, I'll chase you from one end of it to the other. Now sink that in your inner consciousness and tee up your ball."

Mr. Webb took on a tinge of purple, but that word of Freer's about his sportsmanship kept his eager mouth closed. He'd show this young whippersnapper whether he was a sport or not, and when the thing was over—then there would be fireworks. He had visions of taking boxing lessons. If he could train for a golf match he could train for a fight.

That night at home Nancy sat on the arm of his chair and looked very sweet and interested.

"How's the system working, dad?" she asked.

"Huh!"

"We'll be pretty proud of you if you win that cup," she said, "and pretty grateful to Tim Freer."

"Huh!"

"I'll say he's a good sportsman—to take all this trouble and give up his own golf."

"Ar-r-rh!"

"And when this is over, dad, I'll bet you'll be in Class A, giving handicaps to all those men you've been playing with. Think of having a dad with a Class-A handicap!"

Mr. Webb began to soften. The idea of emerging from Class B was sweet to the taste. He saw his handicap cut to a figure which would bring him within the exclusive circles of the club's better golfers. If that happened somebody was going to be patronized. He thought up things to say to his friends. Of course, he told himself, he always had belonged in Class A. He had the game, but that infernal medal score—something always happened to it.

"I always play Class-A golf a dozen holes out of the eighteen," he told his daughter; "but I have to blow up on three or four and run up the old medal."

"Just steadiness you need," she said, "and I know Tim Freer will give you that."

"Impudent, stiff-necked young sprigging!" said Mr. Webb.

His daughter smiled toward the fireplace.

IV

THE Senior Championship was to be played this year over the course of the Appletree Golf Club, and the greens committee had been busy for a week putting things in shape. They worked harder than they would have worked had the club been host to the Open Championship, for they knew what they were up against. Nobody is so meticulous about greens and fairways as your middle-aged golfer who shoots around a hundred. He knows more about the proper method of caring for greens, more about turf on the fairways, more about watering and more about worm casts than a committee composed of Hagen, Barnes, Vardon, Ray and Duncan.

All was ready. Gallons of worm killer had been poured on the greens; bushels of fishworms, victims of the holocaust, had been carried off in wheelbarrows. The greens had been trimmed with that meticulous care which the barber must give to the head of a motion-picture actor, and as for the fairways—if there was one blade of grass longer than another, it was because it had escaped the apprehensive eyes of the professional and the committee. And so all was ready for Mr. Webb.

The afternoon before the tournament he had his final work-out with Tim Freer, moving an imaginary practice tee about the course as was the system, and doing very well indeed. When he returned to the clubhouse he found his friends waiting for him with honeyed words. Not one of them but had seen some particularly sweet shot which he was able to describe in detail; and McWhinney, chairman of the handicap committee, told him solemnly that he already had Webb's card out of the rack in the locker house preparatory to cutting down his handicap to eighteen at the very highest. Mr. Webb threw out his chest. But Tim Freer interrupted:

"You fellows get away. And you, Mr. Webb, go straight home. Eat dinner, play one rubber of bridge, drink no liquor and be in bed at nine o'clock. Don't get up until I call for you in the morning. Do you understand?"

Mr. Webb bristled.

"Say, who do you think you're giving orders, to, you young ——"

"You," said Mr. Freer, and turned on his heel.

Mr. Webb stared after him briefly, swallowed hard and turned to his friends.

"When this thing is over ——" he said portentously.

"Which it will be by this time tomorrow," said Weevil. "Now get home and do as you were told. I can't afford to lose the money I've bet on you."

"Eh?" Mr. Webb swelled to dangerous proportions. "You fellows aren't actually betting on me!"

"Me," said McWhinney, "after seeing the last three days' work, I got down a hundred bones."

He forgot to add, however, that he had also hedged by betting a hundred against.

And so, in an exalted frame of mind, Mr. Webb went home to his family. At eight o'clock next morning Tim Freer came for him, ordered him out of bed and under the shower, dictated his breakfast and dominated the conversation. Finally he conveyed his principal to the golf club just in time to arrive at the tee on starting time. Freer himself carried Webb's bag of clubs. Tim teed up Mr. Webb's ball.

"Practice swing now," he said; "slow back, swipe it!" The practice swing came off to perfection. "Now," he said, "we're back on the old practice tee—practice tee, remember that. We shan't play four balls today—just one; but we don't care where it's going. Just wallop it."

He kept up a running commentary in an effort to convey the suggestion to Mr. Webb's subconscious mind, and with such success, having duplicated the conditions of practice, that Mr. Webb came back slowly, and to the accompaniment of Tim's sharply uttered "Hit it!" he did swipe the ball, low and straight, two hundred yards down the middle of the fairway.

"Good eye," said Tim. "Now we'll try a shot with the mid-iron. We're on the practice tee again. Ball all teed up. Now, slow back, firm wrists, bat it!"

Again Mr. Webb batted it, and the ball arose cleanly, struck short of the green, rolled on and stopped eight feet from the pin.

Mr. Webb could putt. His worst enemy conceded that. If he could get on the green he could find the cup; but always it had been so difficult to get on the green. He dropped his ball for a par four; while his partner in the match, a fellow Appletree member who was just there as scenery and because the rules demanded another player, was content with a seven.

The second hole was a one-shotter. Again Tim put Webb through his paces and picked off a three. Two holes in par! The third hole was a long one, four hundred and seventy yards; but a drive, a brassy and a pitch put Webb where he sank his five. Not once, not on a single shot did Tim let down; not for an instant did he allow Webb to remember he was playing golf and not practicing. He reiterated the words "practice tee" and "hit it" until Webb had no room in his head for any other ideas, and the fours and fives continued to pile up as regularly as clockwork. He finished the nine with a forty-two, but so intent had Freer kept him on the practice swing that he had not the least idea whether he had shot a thirty or a sixty. Nor did Tim give him a chance to ask.

"We'll do a second nine today while you're fresh," he said, "Now for the tenth hole. Practice tee! Slow back! Hit it!"

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Mr. Webb was hypnotized. He had forgotten himself, lost sight of everything that would throw him off the game, and continued, in the same conditions, to do what he had been doing every day for two weeks, while his oversized caddie snapped commands at him like a rapid-fire gun. It was psychology applied, and the application bore out Freer's theory. Webb did not break

Ball after ball he cracked cleanly and sweetly, and finished the round of golf with only one six on his card—for a total medal score of eighty-three!

On the eighteenth green, when the last putt was sunk and the round was over, Tim Freer flung Mr. Webb's golf bag as far as he could fling it and, with the irritation of weeks gathered in his eyes, stood over his principal.

"Now, you cantankerous old grampus, that's done, and you may go sweetly and rapidly to the devil! I've stood you two weeks! I've suffered under you! I've eaten and slept with you, and I'm done. I've pulled you through with an eighty-three, which ought to win this thing—and that's that. And now if you want to do me a favor and save your life, you'll never get within the mile limit of me again."

With which he turned on his heel and strode away. Mr. Webb looked after him in a daze.

"W-what was that? Eighty-three? Did he say eighty-three? Did I shoot an eighty-three?"

Those magic figures were the only words of Tim's oration that had pierced to his consciousness.

"Eighty-three it was," said McWhinney, who had been waiting for the players to come in. "Eighty-three, and Jenks had a forty-five for the first nine. I guess you're it, old boy. Stick her there."

"Eighty-three!" said Mr. Webb vaguely.

And then it reached him. He realized it. He, who had never broken a ninety-five, had cracked eighty-five. He was a Class-A player; he had come into his own. At last, after fifteen years of labor and grief, he had pieced the loose fragments of his game together and had shot the lowest medal round in the whole history of the Senior Championship.

He stood stockstill for a moment; then he grabbed his cap off his head and hurled it into the air.

"Whoop!" he yelled. "Whoop! Whoopee!" Then:

"Where's that caddie? I want to give him money. I want to tip my caddie. Doggone if I don't give him ten bones!"

This, too, is a custom of such golfers. If they shoot a good score they feel an unholy desire to give money to somebody.

"Caddie!" said McWhinney. "Well, considering who your caddie was, I wouldn't tip him."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Glory has sent you off your nut. Freer caddied for you."

"Yes," said Nancy Webb, who had hurried down from the veranda, "but don't let that worry you. You can tip him just the same."

"Eh?"

"Not money, of course," said Nancy.

"What then?"

"Me," said his daughter. "I know he'll accept."

Mr. Webb goggled his eyes glassily.

"Eighty-three and the Senior Cup," said McWhinney softly.

"By dad," shouted Webb, "I'll do it! I'll give anybody anything! I want everybody to a celebration tonight. Eighty-three! Hey, you! Hey, you, Tim Freer! Come here! Come here, you young ——"

Tim Freer was posting the score on the bulletin board. He turned his head to gaze at Mr. Webb

"Go chase yourself," he said.

"Young man," bellowed Mr. Webb, "if you go back on your promise to marry my daughter, I'll —— Wham-bang it, what d'ye mean, leading a girl on and then —— Say, you young whuppus ——"

"Coming," said Tim.

"I think," said Nancy, "I'll go halfway to meet him." Which she did.

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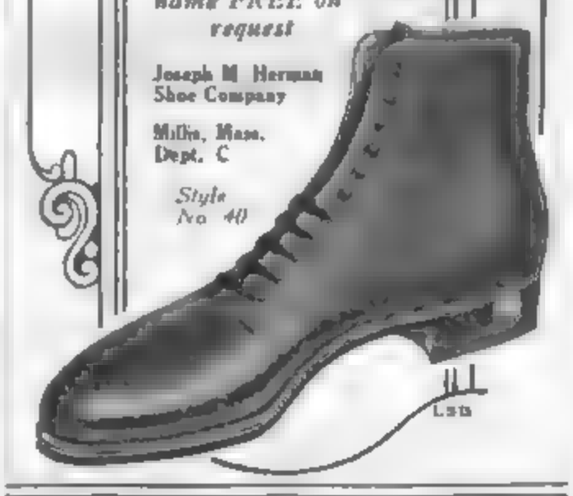

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Christopher Latham Sholes, inventor of the typewriter, at work on one of his experimental machines (1872)

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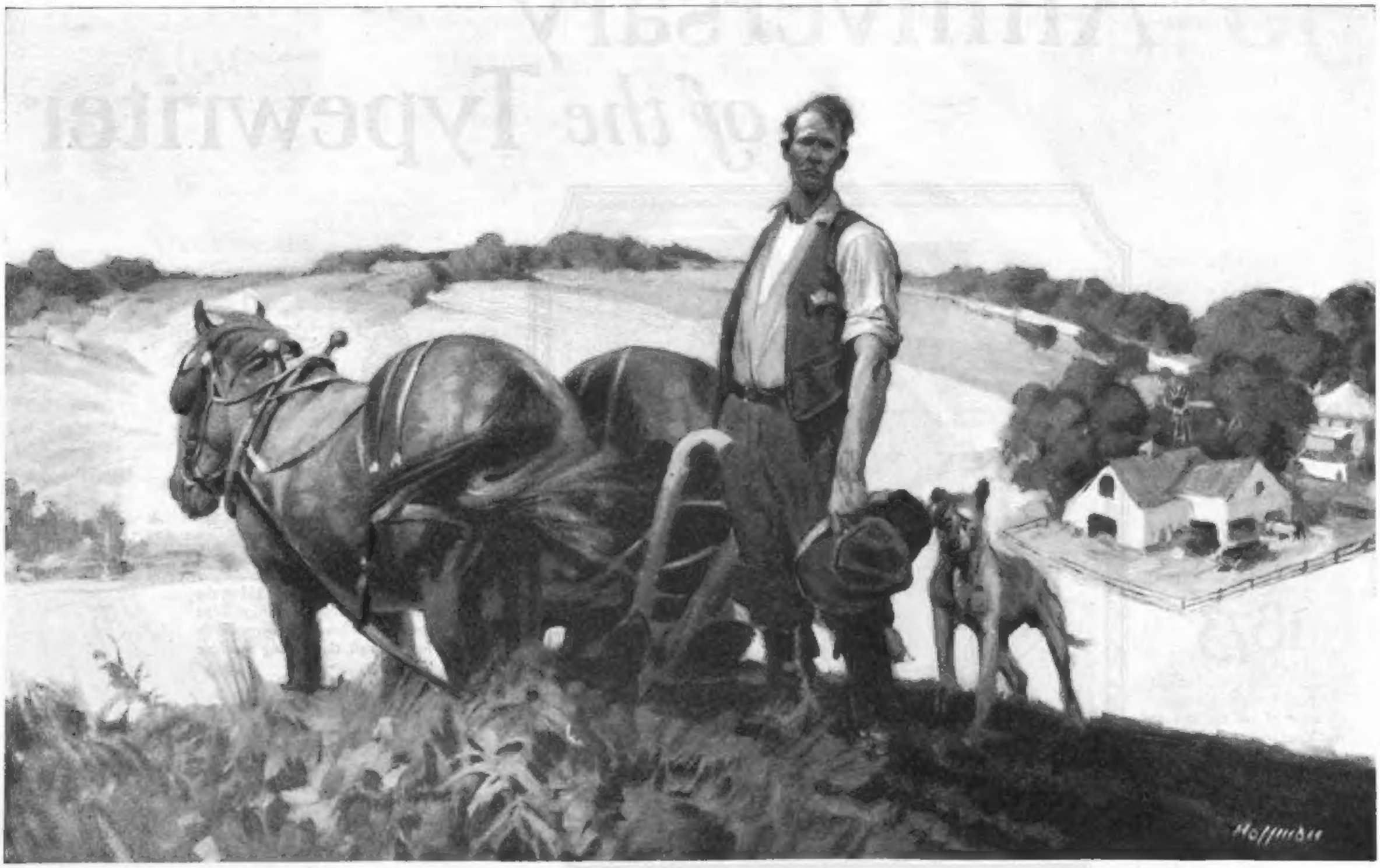

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The re-created dining-room

New wall paper, fresh paint, a rug that with its mingled rose and blues and browns catches mellowed sunlight through crisp window draperies. Furniture that Messrs. Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite might not blush to claim. And yet, something lacking! Some barrenness on the sideboard; and the table, set for dinner, not quite in tone with all the rest. Not enough silverware or the right kinds of pieces—that was it! She must get new silverware!

Is your home adequately supplied with silverware?

IN that last, swift glance at the table set for dinner perhaps you, too, have been conscious that the rich beauty of *enough* silverware was lacking. You have realized the important part that the soft gleam of silver plays in the furnishing of a room, quite aside from the utilitarian need for it in serving all meals smoothly. Yet you despaired of providing all the pieces you knew you ought to have.

But you need not! In "1847 Rogers Bros." you can purchase the silverware you need most reasonably—either knives, forks and spoons or a coffee or tea service of matchless grace. A half-dozen coffee spoons in the exquisite Ambassador pattern, or any other, costs only $3.75. Other refinements of the table—bouillon spoons, ice cream forks and serving pieces—are priced as moderately.

On a later occasion, moreover, you will be able to add to your treasure of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. Leading dealers everywhere are sure to have the newer patterns in stock.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet J-90, which outlines the table service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Ambassador and other patterns.

International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

AMBASSADOR PATTERN
Oyster Fork and After-Dinner Coffee Spoon

AMBASSADOR BOWL AND CANDLESTICKS
Pieces like these may be purchased to match the knives, forks and spoons of 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns. They add immeasurably to the charm of the dining-room, and are most practical for every-day use—whether platters, vegetable dishes, compotes, gravy boats, bread trays, or complete dinner sets.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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CHALIAPIN — Victor Artist

The same high standard which Chaliapin maintains in his public performances, he also demands for his record "appearances"—and his interpretations are given adequate expression only through the medium of the Victrola and Victor Records. Among the fourteen records he has made are:

	Single-faced		Double-faced	
Song of the Volga Boatmen	88663	$1.50	6058	$2.00
The Prophet	88655	1.50		
Mefistofele—Ave Signor!	87355	1.00		
Don Carlos—Ella giammai m'amo!	88665	1.50		

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JERITZA —Victor Artist

One of the greatest artists in the world today—and her Victor Records are equally great. To hear Jeritza on the Victrola is both to appreciate her art and to know why she chose the Victor to reproduce it. Her repertoire includes:

	Single-faced		Double-faced	
Lohengrin—Elsas Traum	74749	1.50	6172	$2.00
Tannhäuser—Elisabeths Gebet	74760	1.50		
Tosca—Vissi d'arte	66111	1.00	687	1.50
Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete	66147	1.00		

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SCOTTI —Victor Artist

Scotti's reputation as one of the most gifted artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company is amply attested by his Victor Records. They are Scotti to the very life—approved by Scotti himself. Some of his nineteen records are listed below:

	Single-faced		Double-faced	
Don Giovanni—Serenata (2) Falstaff—Quand'ero paggio	88194	$1.50	6283	$2.00
Otello—Brindisi	88082	1.50		
Maria, Mari	88083	1.50	6282	2.00
Pagliacci—Prologo	88029	1.50		
Forza del Destino—Solenne in quest' ora (with Caruso)	89001	1.75	8000	2.50
Bohème—Ah, Mimi, tu piu (with Caruso)	89006	1.75		

Victrola No. 400
Spring motor, $250
Electric, $290
Mahogany
Other styles, $25 to $1500

The above Victor Records played on this Victrola will clearly demonstrate to you the superiority of Victor products *used together*. The Victrola No. 400 is fully equipped with the Victor tapering tone-arm, goose-neck sound-box connection, improved Victrola No. 2 sound-box and the simple, reliable Victor motor. The best materials and workmanship are used throughout, and the carving on the cabinet is hand done. To buy a Victrola for your home is to have an instrument for a lifetime—it is built to last.

Choice of twenty-one different models is offered in the Victrola—each style specially designed to meet some definite requirement.

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Victrola

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Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.